

## My Guitar

The colour of the countryside  
A burnt brown hue  
It looks so vintage, yet so modern  
Like an antique store filled with treasures

The body is as smooth as glass  
But the strings  
are  
                                bumpy like a  
  zipper

It's hollow, but feels complete  
It's the star in the darkest night time

It sings the note needed, you melt hearing its melody  
Only a guitar, a special guitar, can make you feel so happy

Georgie, Year 8  
St. George Girls' High School