

# Harvest Poem

Harvest is the time of year to gather the fresh,  
Juicy, tasty fruits and vegetables in.

The cornucopia gets filled with vibrant coloured fruits.

The golden corn whispers in the wind waiting patiently  
To be harvested.

Chilly mornings when the grass is sprinkled with dew.

The bronze , orange and golden leaves crunching underfoot.

The hay rolled up tight like a curled up hedgehog.

The sweet scent of a pumpkin pie baking in the oven.

The Harvest is the time to gather and offer food.

*Olivia Basher*

