

Bonfire Night Poem

The fire was burning orange and
bright,

The sparks were jumping into the
night,

Crackling, spitting, hissing and
popping,

Flames were leaping, dancing
and bopping.

Catherine wheels whizzed around
and around

Leaving a trail of sparks on the
ground

Up go rockets, way up high

Into the depths of the black
night sky.

With a sizzle and a sudden
great boom,

A speeding rocket goes up high,
BOOM!

For a awhile it went silent,
many did cower,

Until down on the crowds came
a bright colourful shower.

Screamers whizzed and bangers
banged,

Sparklers sparkled, where did the
sparks land?

A night full of surprises,
excitement and fun,

Without Guy Fawkes, what would
we have done?