

## 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?