

Sabine Englert
Grade 5
Writing Wild
Daniel Clausen

The Grandfather Clock

The wind cries for
an old fallen tree,

The grandfather clock
ticks on.

The souls moan like
the wind crying for
a tree, their tree.

The grandfather clock
ticks on.

The wolves moan
like the souls,
clueless of the
great loss.

The grandfather clock
ticks on.

The grandfather clock
ticks on.