

Summer

By pinkEnVxo

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I just wrote this, I hope you like it.

1. Summer

Summer

The hot summer sun is beating down on me
It is so blinding, I cannot see
There are children around playing in the grass
Not having to worry about class
A warm breeze hits my face
Worrying about school is not the case
In the summer there is nothing to worry about
As I sit in the grass and I do not pout