

My Streets
by Vida Lev Wolstencroft

My street
Is at the very edge
Of town
In the midst of
All the trees
The gravel beneath my feet
Goes c r u n c h c r u n c h
When I'm walking the dog
My mom teaching in the background
When I'm reading
My cats meowing,
Wanting us to let them in.
The s w i s h of the trees
Blowing in the wind
My dog barking like crazy
At nothing at all
Every once in a while
I hear a car
I go out every day
To play with my chickens
They used to be scared
But now they'll eat out of my hand
Every Tuesday I hear the r o l l i n g
Of people taking their trash bins to the curb
To be emptied.
In the evening
We give our tortoises grapes
And laugh as they go hyper
Running around and around the table
As if they have somewhere important to be.
Every week
I hear a car pull up in the driveway
And the c r u n c h c r u n c h of feet on the gravel
And I go with my dad
Who's taking me to my other street

My other street
Is right in the middle
Of town

And I can walk to the grocery store
If we have time.
My favorite place in town
Is right around the corner
Although my dad doesn't like the coffee there.
We live on a side street
So we hear cars on the main road
Going v r o o m v r o o m
And sometimes we go out
Onto the street
And play ball
S q u e a k s q u e a k
B o u n c e b o u n c e
But usually it's too hot.
In the morning
I can hear my dad
Playing piano
He's really good
And I can hear my stepmom
In the office
Type type typing
And sometimes
I hear my dad talking
If he's on a conference call
With some people
Talking about work
In the afternoons I play roblox
B e e p b e e p b l o o p
And I shout and laugh
With my friends
And sometimes my dad comes in and tells me to quiet down.
We go for walks in the evening
And then watch Horrible Histories
It's my favorite show.
At my other street
I sometimes miss the meowing of my cats
Or the barking of my dog
But I love it just the same
At my other street