

The Heart of the Farm

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Seventh Grade, Central Middle School

Honorable Mention

In the early dawn, when the sky turns gold,
Hooves beat the rhythm, steady and bold.
The horses race where the meadows meet,
With a galloping echo, soft and sweet.

The rooster calls from the high wooden post,
Announcing the day with a proud, loud boast.
The cows in the pasture, calm and slow,
Gaze at the rising sun's warm glow.

In the barn, the pigs snort and squeal,
A family of goats nibble the meal.
Chickens cluck softly, scattered and free,
Each one a note in the farm's harmony.

The sheep wander close, in soft, woolen flocks,
While ducks take their stroll by the pond's smooth rocks.
The dog barks a greeting, chasing his tail,
As the barn car prowls, silent and pale.

The horses, with power in each flowing stride,
Share the farm's pulse, the life that abides.
The wind whispers tales of the fields wide and far,
Where the sun kisses earth, and the moon lights each star.

Together they live in a simple, sweet grace,
Every creature has found its own place.
With hooves and feathers, paws and wool,
The farm's heart beats strong, calm, and full.

