

Space Poem

I wish I could live in outer space,
I could have my own place,
I will see the bright, shining sun,
Won't it be so much fun!

The stars are floating in the sky,
How I want to fly so high,
I dream of rockets oh so quick,
To make me travel to the stars I pick.

The stars are calling me each second,
"Come here, Come here," they do beckon,
How do I get to that great place,
I wish I could live in outer space.

By Neil Lodhia