

## Volcano poem

High as a kite the volcano is towering,  
People and animals run cowering,  
The mighty mountain standing tall and grey,  
The clouds come over like a rainy day.

A mound of rubble started turning,  
The hot red rocks were burning.  
The ground started to rumble ,  
And rocks began to tumble

The volcano lava was blowing,  
The fiery liquid was flowing,  
The lava was slowly bubbling,  
This seemed very troubling.