Poem, 11-14-15, Gurpreet Singh, Class 602

It was the night of thanksgiving,
but I just couldn't sleep,
tried counting backward,
tried counting sheep,

The leftovers were calling me,
The dark meat and white,
But I fought the temptation,
with all my night.

Tossing and turning with excitement,
The thought of a snack became a obsession,
So to the kitchen I raced, Flung opened the door,
And gazed at the fridge full of goodies.

I gobbled up turkey and buttered potatoes,
Pickles and carrots, beans and tomatoes.
I felt myself swelling so plump and so round.
Till all of a sudden, I rose off the ground!!!

I crashed through the ceiling, Floating into the sky...
With a mouthful of pudding and a handful of pie,
But I managed to yell as I soared past the
trees.

The End!!!