

## CHANGE

By Gypsy Thompson

My poem!

When I was in primary I was full of joy,  
wondering where secondary would take me.

Scared to lose all my beloved memories,  
thinking it was best for me.

Pacing up and down NOT wanting to lose my childhood.

But I just have to be thankful for my life.

Even now I am still thinking was it the best idea,

A wet broom a new school  
very thankful for everything.

Primary was a blast just like secondary

loving primary curios what  
secondary had brung me.

I think I can never go back to primary.

The most important thing are the memories I made.

Secondary is easier than it looks

because the leavers always do their best.