

# The Zip

You climbed the pole as tall as the tree  
Your hands as cold as ice  
You feel as small as a mouse as you look up  
And dizzy as a spinning top.

The staples are as slippery as a slug  
And you are a jet as you zip down the wire  
Your as free as a bird  
As you breathe the cold air.

The climb is as scary as nightmares  
The jump is as thrilling as a present  
The zip was as fun as a fair  
But getting back on the ground was the  
Most relieving of all!

By Philippa