

my personification poem

I wind through hills
And a past the coast
I am longer than a lizard's tongue
And I get painted over and over again
When I get walked on I go mad
And I am fed up of wheels going over me.



There are pipes and tunnels underneath me
And I get made bigger and smaller every day
And I have been around for hundreds of years
And I am very very old.

😊😊Leah Tennison 6LT😊😊