Rhymes in Poems

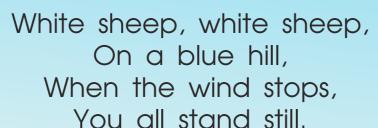




Read the poem.

Clouds

By Christina Rossetti



When the wind blows, You walk away slow. White sheep, white sheep, Where do you go?



hill pill well still

sheep head sleep beep

you slow go mow