

Practice Cursive Writing with Fun Poems!

NAME:

DATE:

My Trip to the Grand Canyon

I saw a canyon, big and wide,
With red rocks stretching side to side.
The river flowed so far below,
A quiet, winding, gentle flow.
The sun went down, the sky turned
gold,
A story of the earth so old.
I smiled as I stood in awe,
At all the beauty that I saw.

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