**“La Luna”**

There was once a little boy set on a mission,

Wondering if he had made the right decision.

As a bright full moon appears,

This little boys’ eyes filled with cheers.

He holds his questions on his back,

Like the anchor that was as heavy as shack.

Suddenly a ladder appeared,

As tall as Jupiter’s beard.

He put his questions aside,

And went in for the ride.

As he climbed up this ladder,

Fear was the only matter.

As he floated up to this bright light,

There was no longer fear in sight.

As he discovered this secret,

Where his feet touched beneath it.

The stars were covering the moon,

Like a flee on a racoon.

He was amazed,

At the discovery he made.

His family started to collect the stars,

Like a fast-passed car.

Learning the ways of the sweeper,

He became the star-kepper.

The ground began to shake,

It was trembling like an earthquake.

BANG!

A giant star landed,

They were all astounded.

They attempted to dig it up,

Like a bone with a pup.

The young boy found a solution,

It was his contribution.

He climbed this Mount Everest of a star,

He had passed the bar.

To a rough tough situation,

He thought of a little innovation.

He hammered the top,

And it made a big POP.

The stars started to rain down,

Like an avalanche in a snowy town.

They continued collecting the starts to one side of the moon,

They finished and reentered their boat “La Lune”.

As they looked up into the sky at their creation,

This crescent moon would be seen across the nation.