

SOLAR POETRY

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I know what you really are
Giant ball of glowing gas,
One of billions in a mass!
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Oh, how big you really are!

Stars are twinkling, every one,
Some are bigger than the sun!
Just a twinkle in the sky,
Just because you're oh, so high!
In the sky, a tiny dot.
Glowing gas that's very hot!

Beaming, beaming, gleaming moon,
Like a giant white balloon.
You have no water, wind or air.
No wonder, nothing lives up there.
You can't grow trees or flowers or grass.
Your soil is only rocks and glass.
Even your light is not your own.
Instead it's from the sun that's shone.
Your gravity is weak, I hear. You really have no atmosphere.
Round and round the Earth you spin,
Through the month, new shapes you're in.

Glowing, glowing, red-hot sun.
Shining light on everyone.
Earth goes round you once a year.
You're a star with atmosphere!