



## Senses poem

I go to the seaside and what do I see?  
Buckets and spades, that's what I see.

I go to the seaside and what do I smell?  
Fish, chips and vinegar, that's what I smell.

I go to the seaside and what do I hear?  
Seagulls crying, that's what I hear.

I go to the seaside and what do I taste?  
My favourite ice cream, that's what I taste!

I go to the seaside and what do I feel?  
Hot sand on my feet, that's what I feel.

