See me walking down the street  
Can you walk with me?  
Walking with my head held high  
As proud as can be.

See me skipping down the street  
Can you skip like this?  
Throw your head back look up high  
And blow the sun a kiss.

See me jumping down the street  
Jumping oh so high.  
Jump like me and stretch your arms  
And try to touch the sky.

See me tiptoe down the street  
Softly on the ground.  
Tiptoe, tiptoe just like me  
Making not a sound.
See me hopping down the street
Hoppity, hoppity hop
Hop with me until we’re tired
And then we’ll have to stop.

Now look at the poem from yesterday.

If I had Wings by Pie Corbett

If I had wings I would
touch the fingertips of clouds and glide on the winds breath.

If I had wings I would
taste a chunk of the sun as hot as peppered curry.

If I had wings I would
listen to the clouds of a sheep bleat that graze on the blue.

If I had wings I would
Breathe deep and sniff the scent of raindrops.

If I had wings I would
Gaze at the people who cling to the earth.

If I had wings I would
Dream of walking the deserts and swimming.
Do you notice anything the same about the poems? Are there any differences?

- If I Had Wings
- See Me Walking
- Both