

POEMA

Os paxaros marchan



buscando a calor.



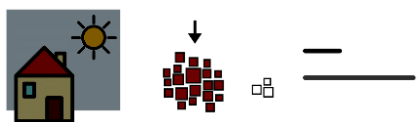
As follas caen



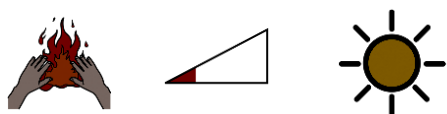
e cambian de cor.



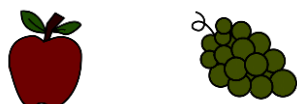
O día é máis curto



quenta pouco o sol.



As mazás e as uvas



que ricas son!!!

