



Whisper of Secrets

~Poetry~



READ. WRITE. LEARN. GROW.

DECODABLES+

HI-MS R-Controlled Vowels Review 1

Whisper of Secrets

~Poetry~

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LightSail Decodables+
High-Interest Articles Collection

Whisper of Secrets

~Poetry~

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In Savannah's heart, where tales start,
there's an undercurrent, a mystic art.

Where moss hangs thick and lanterns flicker,
the paranormal makes hearts pump quicker.
Stroll the market, hear tales bizarre,
rumors of specters, from near and far.

Phantom whispers, soldiers that spar,
encased in history, each leaving a scar.

Orbs in paths, mirrors that lie,
Is it the truth, or just a sly whisper of secrets,
a southern charm,
Holding tales that disarm, cause alarm?

Are you brave, or will you explore
more of the first tales of southern lore?

Hear the rustle, feel the stir. The Past
reflects and begins to blur.

Edge through gardens under the glare of stars,
shapes that dance, some behind bars.

Harbor's its own secret, river's curse;
in each hazy corner, tales disperse.

Orbs in paths, mirrors that lie,
Is it the truth, or just a sly whisper of secrets,
a southern charm,
Holding tales that disarm, cause alarm?



Market squares, with vendors rare,
offering trinkets with phantom flair.
Pirates' treasure, smugglers' lore -
each artifact holds stories galore.
Glimpse the figures as they shadow
and lurch, mist in the corner,
wanting to perch.

The barrier thin, where phantoms
spring up - a world of wonder, so
made up?

Orbs in paths, mirrors that lie,
Is it the truth, or just a sly
whisper of secrets,
a southern charm,
Holding tales that disarm, cause
alarm?

Dare you linger, wonder what's real?
Chase the story and try to unseal.
The more you delve, the more you
discover stubborn judgments
waiting to uncover.

Cobblestone lanes where phantoms
still march; stories unfold, beneath
arch after arch.

In the midst of this phantom historic
decor, Savannah beckons, promising
more.



Orbs in paths, mirrors that lie,
Is it the truth, or just a sly
whisper of secrets,
a southern charm,
Holding tales that disarm, cause
alarm?



HI-MS

R-Controlled Vowels Review 1

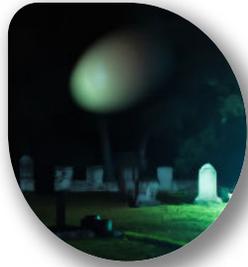
As you part now from this eerie
phantom walk, Its tales linger on,
forever locked.

In Savannah's care, dark tales
connect. Do you believe in
abnormal objects?

End with questions, let their minds
whirl. Is this our world, or a spectral
twirl?

In every dark corner, in every small
bar, Savannah's charm ignites its
stars.

Orbs in paths, mirrors that lie,
Is it the truth, or just a sly
whisper of secrets,
a southern charm,
Holding tales that disarm, cause
alarm?



Focus Words:

heart
start
undercurrent
art
lanterns
flicker
paranormal
hearts
quicker
market
bizarre
rumors
specters
near
far
whispers
soldiers
spar
history
scar
orbs
mirrors
whisper
southern
charm
disarm
alarm
explore
more
lore
stir

curse
corner
disperse
squares
vendors
rare
offering
treasure
smugglers'
artifact
stories
galore
figures
lurch
perch
barrier
world
wonder
dare
linger
story
discover
stubborn
uncover
march
arch
historic
decor
part
eerie
forever

Sight Words:

in
where
start
there's
an
a
and
the
makes
of
from
far
that
is
it
or
just
are
you
will
first
under
some

its
own
with
holds
as
they
wanting
to
thin
up
so
made
try
after
now
do
let
their
our
this
walk
every
small

Superstar Words:

Savannah's
undercurrent
paranormal
specters
phantom
lore
disperse
eerie
spectral
hear

blur	care
gardens	dark
under	abnormal
glare	whirl
stars	spectral
bars	twirl
harbor's	bar
river's	