

Winter

by Gillian Brassil

Snow will fall and streak my cheeks,
It will cover the ground for weeks and weeks,
Children will run and play in the snow,
Drinking hot chocolate they love and they know.

And the cold licks the people's ears and noses,
Turning them red- like the color of roses,
Though humans will wait for the coming of spring,
Because sunshine is the most wonderful thing.

And while they wait they seem to enjoy,
The snow banks that otherwise would really annoy,
Those who freeze and cannot stand the cold,
Though they know winter has memories they hold.

I always think this winter is the one,
That will stay for a while for a little more fun,
I have not seen that winter in the past,
But the memories of them go on forever and last.