

Holiday Huzzah

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Grade 10

the six train flies by, sweaty bodies rushing in
they're all different, yet the same, an NYC kin
boxes and bows, our eyelashes frozen
each scrambles to pay, their gifts not yet chosen

the rush has returned, sales skyrocket hard
arms fly around clutching bills, credit cards
the children can't wait, for their holiday morning
it's the laughs and the smiles their hearts are adorning

the season's back folks, here it comes once again
we know that it's coming, but never see it begin
it hits like the breeze circling lady liberty
and radiates over the island, in her ocean's vicinity

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