

Locked Winter

Amity Doyle

Grade 5

The few trees are bare
their branches covered
in transparent icicles

The snow falls on our mittens
then melts and disappears

We go to Central Park
and ride down the hills on our sleds watching the limp trees
and benches go by

Just like us every little kid is bundled
and covered up warmly
making sure the cold of the winter
can't get in

Like guards and knights
never letting enemies
seep in through the doors

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