

A Winter's Reverie

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Grade 9

There's the snapping crackle of the fire's twinkling glow,
and the powdery banks of some white fluffy snow.

There's a peppermint scent that pipes in through the vents,
and there in the chimney is a Santa-shaped dent.

There's a growing excitement that shows on your face
as you dream of toy soldiers and dolls dressed in lace,

there's a quiet static on the radio
with the comforting chords of the songs we all know

-and then in the stillness, a change in the air,
rustling up snowflakes from here and from there.

As the clock ticks on slowly, the world smells of pine,
and we fall asleep knowing that it's wintertime.

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