

First Snowfall

Arpita Raisah

Grade 8

My family has come from Bangladesh
They complain about the bitter cold of winter
One of them looks at the sky
“What’s that?”
I tell them that it’s snow and that it happens when it is cold
They are excited, having heard of it before
The youngest runs out to play with it, and I must run behind her with her coat
The middle two go out with my brother and start a snowball fight
The oldest takes a photo of the sparkling snow to send to her relatives
After that, we all warm up with some hot tea
It was the perfect snow day

POETRY FOR
EVERY SEASON

Developed in partnership with
 POETRY
SOCIETY OF
AMERICA

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN