

Winter

Leo Beirne

Grade 6

Snow piled on the ground,
Three feet deep at least.
Icicles hanging from my garage door.
The air, frigid, a million daggers
Clawing at my precious skin.
The wind howls in my ear, as if it is speaking to me.
Ice crunches under my boots, freezing my feet
The trees look beautiful, decorated by snow, as white as an angel's wings.
Snow falls, from the sky.
Winter has come.

POETRY FOR
EVERY SEASON

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NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN