

# Winter Thoughts

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Grade 8

Winter thoughts in which I drown  
The tall oaks and pines all around  
The harsh wind finally dies down

Gazing upon deer sprinting by me  
Brushing through needles from a pine tree  
Breathing fresh air free from strong debris

POETRY FOR  
EVERY SEASON

Developed in partnership with  
 POETRY  
SOCIETY OF  
AMERICA

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN