

winter blues

Maheema Haque-10

the trees shiver and shed their leaves,
the warmest lake in winter will freeze
crackling fires cannot beat the cold
and golden leaves will turn brown and old

new blankets of snow will fall
answering the winter season's call
the winds that will sail through the cold and frost
it's bitterness will not be lost.

Breath will rise like mist
Hands will go blue to the wrist
Humans will shiver and chatter their teeth
Through their anger they will seethe:

"Winter is a chilly breeze
A wind of cold
And the urge to sneeze!"

