



If Winter Was A Boy



Winter is a boy,



With skin like Snowhites,



With frosty blond hair,



With eyes that twinkle in the lights,

With a thick, brown coat like a bear,



Winter is a boy,



A sly one who tricks,



A unkind one who bites,



A rude one who flicks,



A angry one who spites,





Winter is a boy,



He freezes the springs



He throws lots of snow



He tells the animals to hide their things,



He makes night, I truly know,



Winter is a boy,



There he is, he is alive,



There he is, he likes to spread,



There he is, he is cold to thrive,



There he is, he is now lying dead,



Till next year when born again,



by Eloise Paice

