



Ly winter was a boy By Poppy Taylor



Ly winter was a boy, he'd be angry,



and stomp his leather, brown shoes spreading
ice. While lying in your crib you awake



to tip, tap on your shivering window, that is winter



crying, sorrow.



When you wake, when you step outside and



all you see are trees and snow that is



winter plotting a prank. Even with a tiny



body its fights and blue ice.



On Christmas day when your asleep and

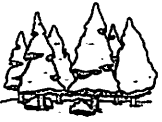


you think you've heard santas sleigh bells



you don't that is winter, winter ready,





winter steady, winter angrily marching covering
land with his mysterious ice.



By winter was a boy he'd become.



calm, as one day you may just core



winter, because it turns out winter was just



upset and needed a cheer-up. Winter went



from sad to bad to upset to ferice.



Now we know winter is a boy he is calm.

