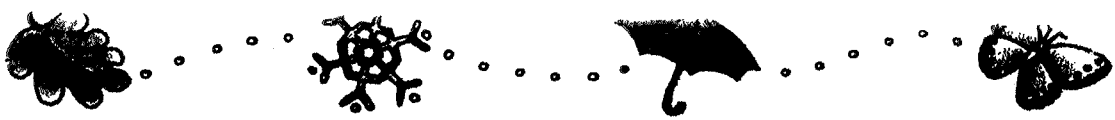




December



In the Summer We Eat

In the summer we eat,
in the winter we don't;
In the summer we'll play,
in the winter we won't.

All winter we sleep, each curled in a ball
As soon as the snowflakes start to fall.
But in spring we each come out of our den
And start to eat all over again.

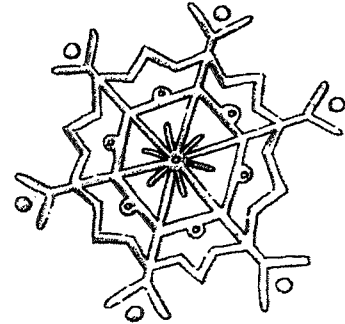
—Zhenya Gay



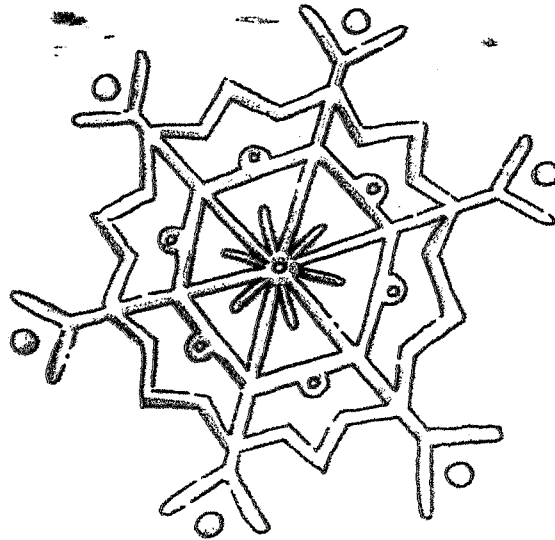
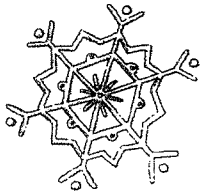


First Snowflake

Snowflake,
snowflake,
blowing into town
like one, last,
summer's-end
dandelion down,
or a cold little
raindrop
in her winter nightgown.



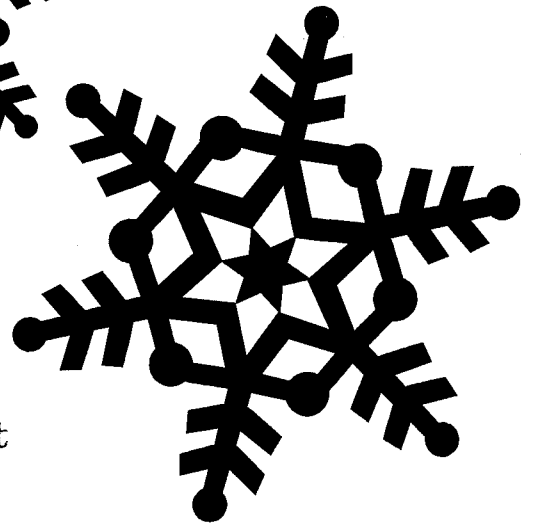
—N. M. Bodecker



First Snow

Snow makes whiteness where it falls.
The bushes look like popcorn-balls.
And places where I always play
Look like somewhere else today.

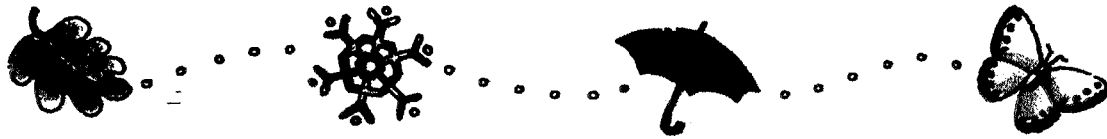
Marie Louise Allen



Snowfall

Someone in the sky last night
Had an awful pillow fight,
And when I woke today I found
All the feathers on the ground.

Margaret Hillert



How to Talk to Your Snowman

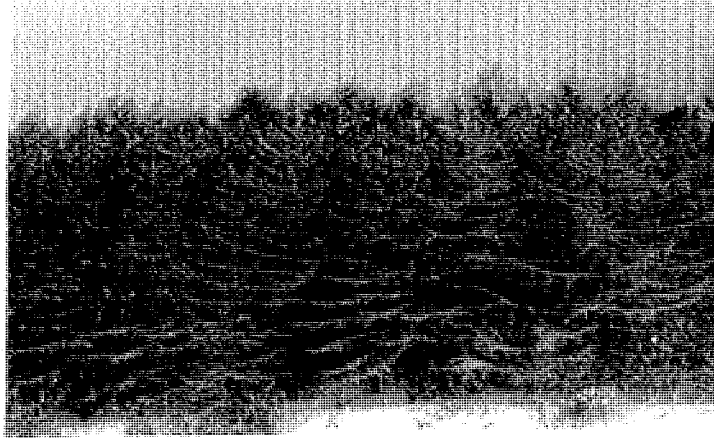
Use words that are pleasing,
Like: freezing
And snow,
Iceberg and igloo
And blizzard and blow,
Try: Arctic, Antarctic,
Say: shiver and shake,
But whatever you never say,
Never say: bake.

—Beverly McLoughland



I made myself a snowball,
As perfect as could be,
I thought I'd keep it as a pet,
And let it sleep with me.
I made it some pajamas,
And a pillow for its head,
Then last night it ran away,
But first-- it wet the bed.





*STOPPING BY WOODS ON A
SNOWY EVENING*

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost



Hanukkah Treats

Come, children, come,
Come quick as you can.
Latkes are sizzling
Hot in the pan.
Soon they'll be browning,
Ready to eat.
Come, children, come
For Hanukkah's treat.

Come, children, come,
Come merry and bright.
Presents are waiting,
Hidden from sight—
Secrets in wrappings.
Need I repeat?
Come, children, come
For Hanukkah's treat.

—Elbee Jay





Kwanzaa

Where there is Kwanzaa
there is corn:

An ear of corn
for every child;

Where there is corn
there is a dream,

a dream of growth
wondrous and wild;

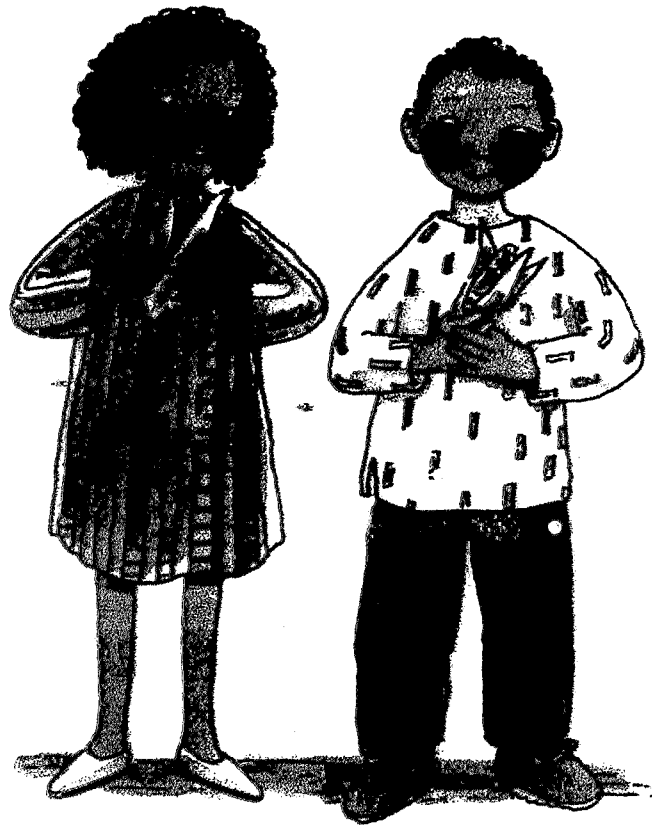
a dream of strength,
of unity

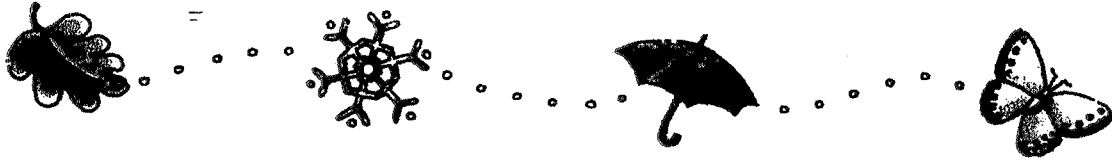
for generations
yet unborn.

Where there is dreaming
there is child.

Where there is Kwanzaa
there is corn.

—Myra Cohn Livingston



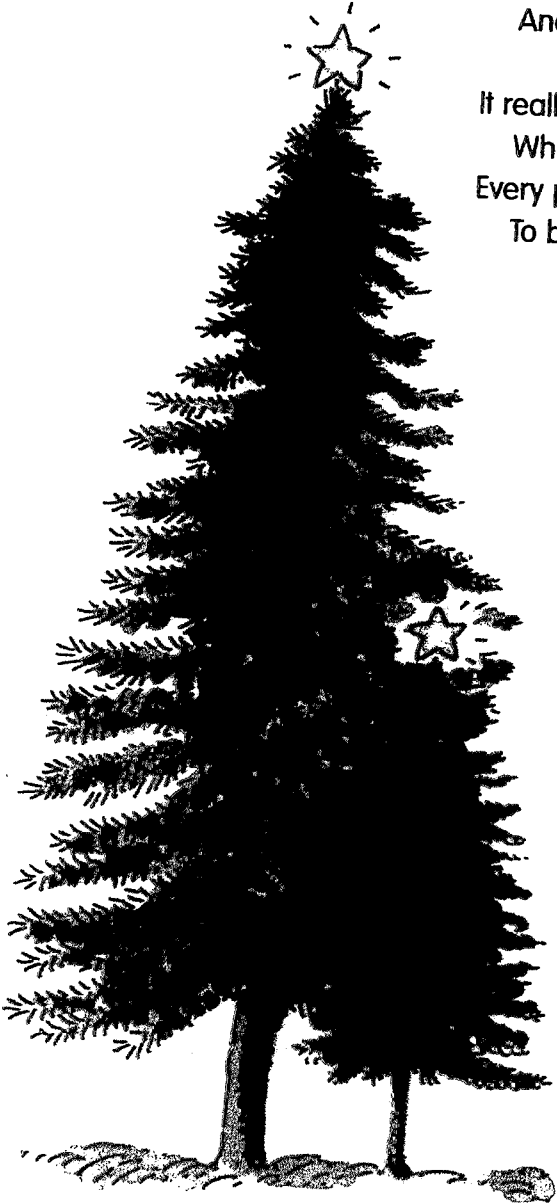


A Secret

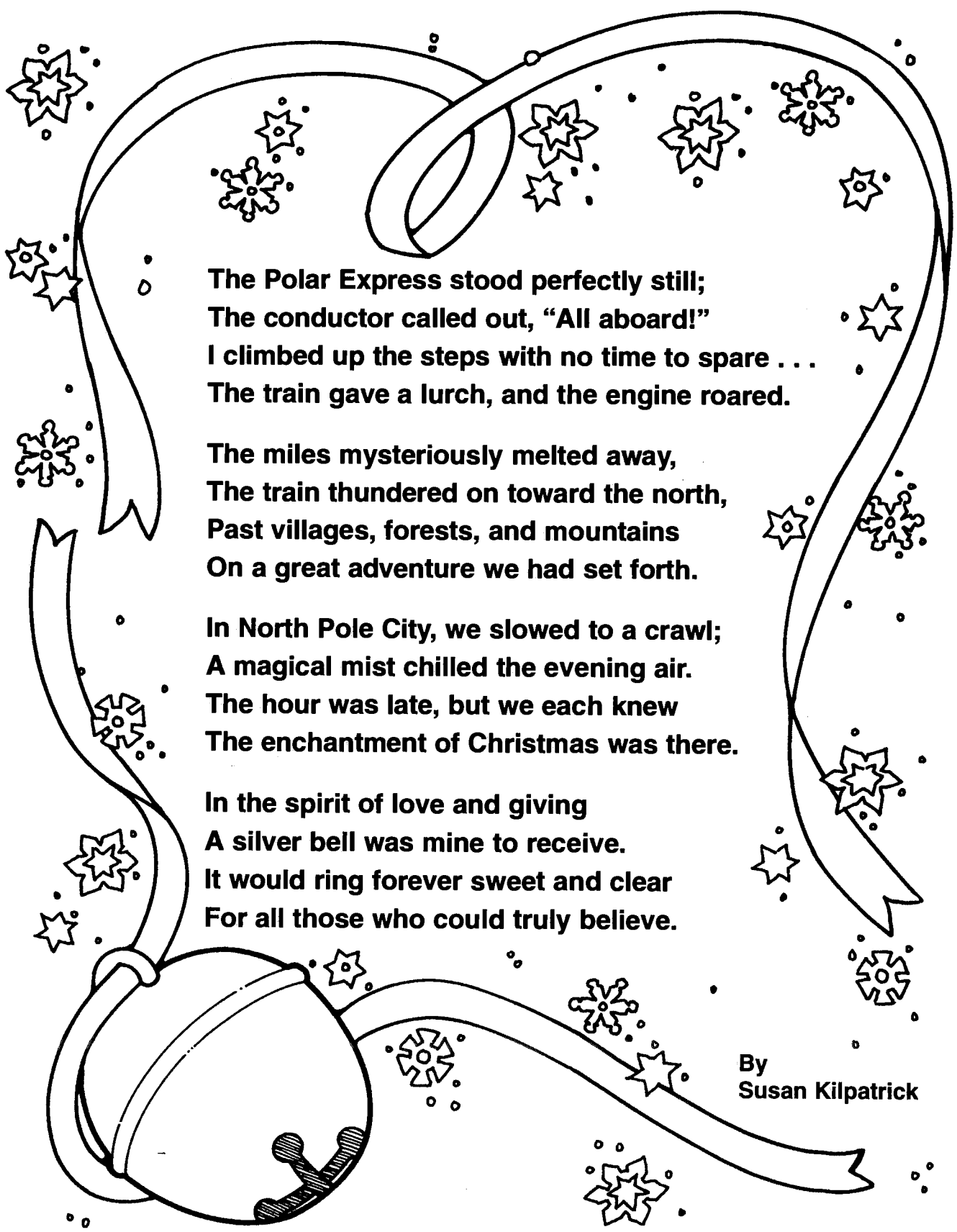
Do you know why the pine trees
Stand so straight and tall,
Spread their branches thick and fine,
And never stoop at all?

It really is a secret
Which the North Wind told to me:
Every pine tree hopes some day
To be a Christmas tree.

—Laura Alice Boyd



“The Silver Bell”



The Polar Express stood perfectly still;
The conductor called out, “All aboard!”
I climbed up the steps with no time to spare . . .
The train gave a lurch, and the engine roared.

The miles mysteriously melted away,
The train thundered on toward the north,
Past villages, forests, and mountains
On a great adventure we had set forth.

In North Pole City, we slowed to a crawl;
A magical mist chilled the evening air.
The hour was late, but we each knew
The enchantment of Christmas was there.

In the spirit of love and giving
A silver bell was mine to receive.
It would ring forever sweet and clear
For all those who could truly believe.

By
Susan Kilpatrick