

SEASONS CHANGES POEM

The hills retiring to the sun
Tired tourists hiking up hills dreading to come down
Looking up to the sun like missiles in the sky
When the change to autumn comes we jump out to fly our kites
Leaves like amber gold scattered peacefully among red hills
Prancing squirrels peering for sweet acorns
Here come singing kids holding their lanterns walking through woods
We frown when the rain comes chucking down
Then changes from autumn to winter
The frost gets colder
The snowflakes get bolder
Snowmen are all around
Up snowy hills where there are many mills
Everyone learns that changes are everywhere

by Phyllis PG
St. Mary's Dunblane

