

WINTER
by Anne Sloan

Do we really have to go there?
The autumn seemed so fleeting.
I think I can't face winter
With a very gracious greeting.
When the days stay warm and balmy
And the leaves begin to fall
I wish it could last forever.
It's my favorite season of all.
Then comes fickle December
With her gloomy days and snow
She brings a different world with her
And icy winds that blow.
A lot of folks love Winter
They ski and skate and sled
I don't like such cold weather.
I'd rather stay in bed.
But then I have to stop and think:
That Christmas comes in December
It's my very favorite holiday
And there's so much to remember.
I'll have to buy some presents
And pretend I'm Santa Claus
Those children will expect it.
And that does give me pause.
However, I always make it
In spite of all there is to do.
I guess I really do love it
It seems to be ever new.
Winter's not so bad after all
But I have to keep in mind
A poet said if winter comes,
Can spring be far behind?