



Winter's Come

Winter's come, the trees are bare,
no leaf now whispers to the air,
they've dropped away, and in their place
are filmy sheets of icy lace.

No songbird sings, they've long since fled,
no feathered wings beat overhead,
no cricket's click or buzz of bees
now serenades the silent trees.

The air sharp and clean and cold,
the grass has turned from green to gold,
in cozy holes beneath the ground
Small creatures sleep and make no sound.

Upon the frozen earth I lie
and listen to the silent sky,
winter's come, the trees are bare,
no leaf now whispers to the air.

By Jack Prelutsky

Catawba County Schools - 2007