

Snow

The snow does blow as the wind does whirl.
Coat zipped to your throat as the snowflakes twirl.

Woolly hat lies flat upon your head.
“Wrap up warm, there’s a storm,” your parents said.

There’s your friend at the end of the field.
Stood by the hedge with a sledge like a shield.

Snowball’s thrown high, through the sky with grace.
It’s a miss, “watch this!” you shout, giving chase.

There’s cheers, she disappears, you run happy as can be.
When the snow comes we know, best friends are we.

