Winter

A long thin white blanket stretching over the globe.

Crystal like icicles hanging from the trees.

Children playing in the snow field with joy.

A crowd of people celebrating singing carols at people’s doors and a Christmas tree in the town square with colourful lights all around it.

A shining star beams in the night punching through the inky black sky.

It shines so bright, a burst of light,

but one day it must all go.

No trees and no snow

No carols, no celebrations.

But now we know that spring is almost here.

When winter goes, spring takes over.