

From my window

I awoke and drew the curtains wide
And everything had changed outside!
All that had been green before
Now wore a snowy pinafore.
The bird bath which had looked so nice
Was now glinting with shimmering ice
The flowers were all bent so low
Their delicate blooms all covered in snow.
And everywhere on the snowy ground
Odd little footprints could be found.
Creatures who'd visited in the dark
Had come to play and left their mark.
And there was nowhere to be seen
Not even the tiniest speck of green.
All was quiet and white and still
And had I not been so ill
I would have run to get my boots
And stamped in that snow
With loud whoops of joy.
Instead I heard my mother shout
What are you doing up and about?
If you want to be well young man
Get back to bed as fast as you can!
You'll soon be up and out to play
The snow will keep for another day.