

Amanda

Trudging down the street, I
bury deeper into my itchy wool
scarf hanging down coat.
Wind is banging and stinging
my face.
I hate winter.
Leaves are gone.
Trees are left bare and alone.
The leaves have whisked
away,
leaving behind no memories of
the way they looked in fall
colorful and bright.
I hate winter.
Then again,
There's beauty in
the snowflakes of
a first snow.
They cover the world in
a layer of white.
Winter's not so bad.

Amanda's poem.