

WINTER

By: Barbara Farina

Once upon a time when I was young and innocent,

Life was beautiful.

It was winter and the snow glistened and sparkled as the sun beat down upon it,

Life was beautiful.

Squirrels ran up and down the trees gathering food before the next snowfall,

Life was beautiful.

Birds were singing in the trees as the only rabbit looked on from a distance,

Life was beautiful.

The snowdrifts covered the yard and the small house on the hill with pure white snow,

Life was beautiful.

Winter comes and goes every year,

Life is beautiful.