






Snow



By Pat Lessie



I used to think  stars way up high
fell down as  snowflakes from the  sky.



Now I know this is not so.

 Stars are  stars, and  snow is  snow.

I watch the  snow come down at night.


It coats the  hills and  trees in white.

The  snow will sparkle in the  sun.



I'll ride my  sled down  hills for fun





and build a  snowman, tall and fat,

with a  carrot nose, a  scarf, and  hat.

I know the  snow may not last long.

It melts fast when the  sun is strong.

The  stars will stay. The  snow will go.

For  stars are  stars, and  snow is  snow.