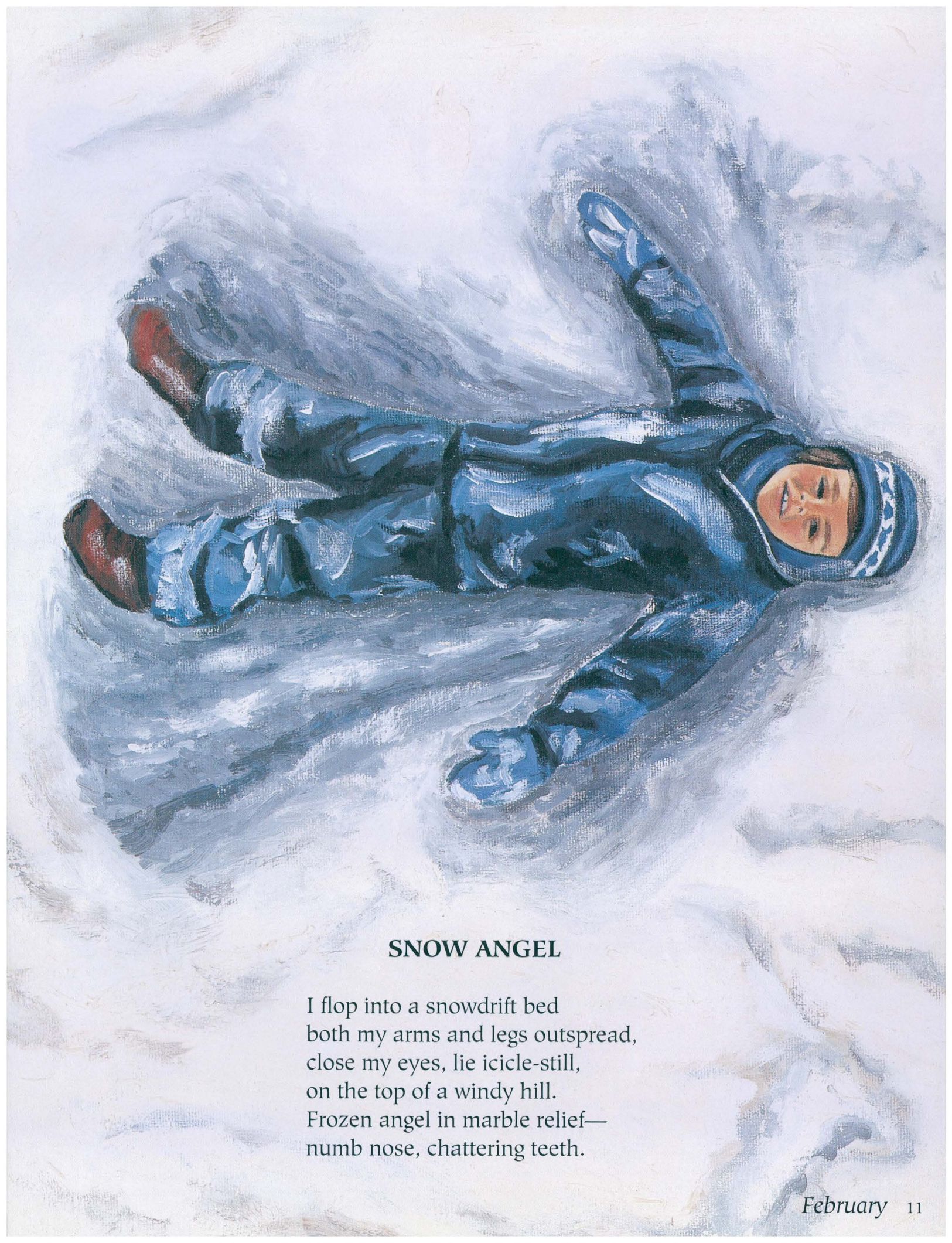


A Year Goes Round

poems for the Months



Karen B. Winnick



SNOW ANGEL

I flop into a snowdrift bed
both my arms and legs outspread,
close my eyes, lie icicle-still,
on the top of a windy hill.
Frozen angel in marble relief—
numb nose, chattering teeth.



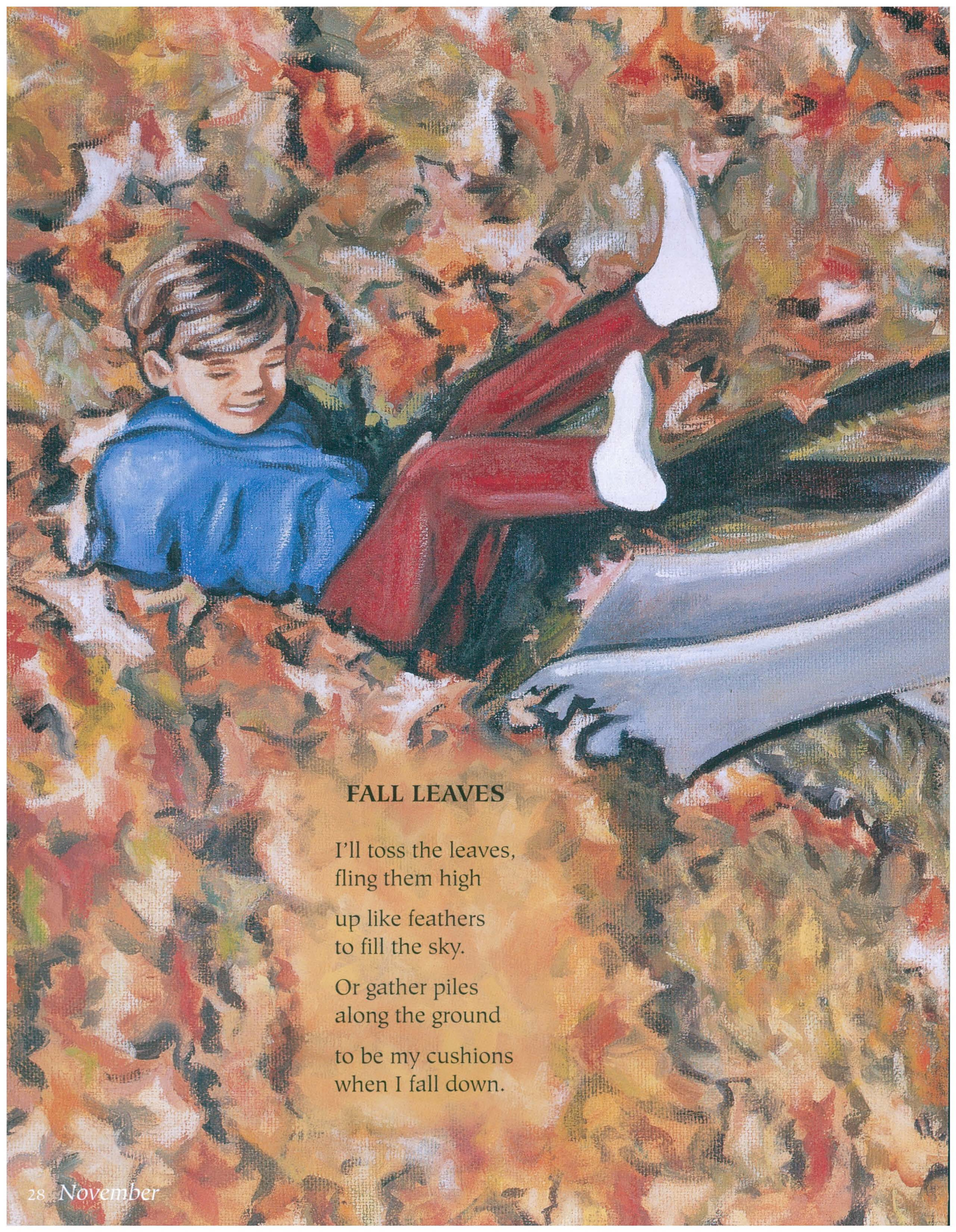
WELCOME BACK

Frog,
I missed you when
the pond froze thick with ice.
You disappeared but then—
you must have checked the clock.
Now you're here with spring,
back sunning on your rock.



THE WAVE

It's coming! Run fast!
Get out of its way!
This one's going to last.
Get out of its way!
An ear-splitting blast
and a thunderous spray!
It's coming! Run fast!
Get out of its way!



FALL LEAVES

I'll toss the leaves,
fling them high

up like feathers
to fill the sky.

Or gather piles
along the ground

to be my cushions
when I fall down.