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Winter

Winter
blows
his cold breath in my face.
I beg him to leave me but
he only laughs
and sticks his cold fingers
down my back
and lingers and lounges
and sits at the top
of the sky's tall staircase,
refusing to budge.
If only someone
would take
spring,
discover her everwarm nest
as fragrant and sweet as a green-wreathed day,
and wrap her up
in rough brown paper
and place her
gently
on
my
doorstep.

—Kendra Levin,
Sixth grade, Marblehead Middle School,
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Merlyn's Pen



Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand.

-Plato

