

Spring

By Hosler Whitney

When in the forest you hear the breeze,
blowing all of the new leaves,
hear the flowing of the stream,
and the sun shining its radiant beam.

In the late days of spring,
there is no snow on anything.

Hear the flutter of the humming bird's wings,
and listen for when the mocking bird sings.

See the tracks on the forest floor,
and then you go and look for more.

Climb the trees oh so high,
go until the top is nigh.

See the mouse running on the ground,
and then it jumps over a log in one big bound.

When in the forest you hear the breeze,
blowing all of the new leaves.

First Prize Winner of the 2011 Friends of Baxter Memorial Library Writing Contest ~
Grade Five Poetry Category