

(This is an original poem by Scott Ogle, age 12, 6th grade. The assignment was to write a poem, non-rhyming, that explained a season as another object).

WINTER'S WOLF

Winter is a White Wolf,
Leaping and stalking through the forest,
Leaving a trail of ice in its wake,
Lingering here and there to craft its frozen handy work.

Winter is a White Wolf,
That hunts down and devours all heat,
That howls through the trees which swing at its silent command,
That leaves the mark of its claws on everything.

Winter is a White Wolf,
Which calls to me, invites me, controls me,
Winding around me and erasing all thought,
Wishing me to allow myself to be swallowed by it.

Winter is a White Wolf,
That leaves when its work is done,
Forcing me to endure the endless heat,
Until the Wolf returns.

Ps: Mom Stacey Ogle was not aware of this piece until she happened to read a copy while reviewing Scotty's homework folder. 6/2004