

Snow.

O, the snow, snow, snow
making you think about sleigh-
rides, you know
But at that very minute,
A sleigh passes by,
Then up to the sky
Its contents are thrown;
And you yell out, O my!

O the snow, snow, snow;
Why don't you cheer me?
Confound it, I know
I'm not much of a poet,
But then I can blow

(My first attempt at poetry;
age 12, now number - three.)
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