

Scenes of a Winter Afternoon  
Kelli Stuckey

Season of white  
    snowflakes  
        falling  
            onto  
                the ground:

Children make angels  
    in the new snow,  
Run through drifts and laugh-  
Catching the crystals,  
    letting them melt

On their tongues-  
From their hands-  
    The first snowballs fly

As sleds  
    race  
        down  
            hill.

The only color in a colorless world,  
Comes from evergreen trees...  
And the bright coats, mittens,  
Scarves, and hats  
    making splashes of red, yellow,  
and blue;

On a late winter afternoon  
As tiny explorers  
Trudge home  
Happy  
    and  
        Tired.

Honorable Mention,  
OSU at Marion High School Poetry Contest