

Emily Mish - *The Wonders of Nature*
Peters Township Library Writing Contest 2025

Winter

Snow is coming very fast,
Swirling along an icy blast.
As I watch snow swirl outside
I wonder when it will subside.
The grass is covered with snowy white,
Which will last all through the night.

The pond is frozen very thick,
Soon ice skates will glide on it.
I look in awe at the little flakes,
So unique, so different, and so ornate.
The trees are burdened with an icy load,
Wondering when the snow will go.

Animals are burrowed underground,
Where they sleep all safe and sound.
I gaze, amazed at the growing drifts,
Wondering how snow falls so swift.
Icicles are hanging on everything,
Waiting until they melt in spring.

The clouds in the sky are heavy with snow,
Waiting for just the right time to let go.
I wonder how the air so cold,
Still has snow within its hold.
The wind is blowing with full force,
Showing no sign of any remorse.

The flowers are nestled in their bed,
Waiting for glorious Spring to spread.
I think in awe of all the things,
That frigid Winter always brings.
The pine trees, that are so green,
Are covered with an icy sheen.

The snow is falling softly, at last,
And the wind gives one last blast.
The trees are shaking off the snow,
While icicles melt and slowly let go.
I wonder as I gaze out
when more snow will be about.

Seasons

Spring trumpets its glorious sound,
rousing the flowers underground.
Baby animals are brought into the sun,
Their mothers teach them how to run.
The trees are blooming pink and white,
They grow until their blossoms are bright.
In awe I gaze at these marvelous things,
The ones that Spring always brings.

Summer's sun comes out to play,
Dancing through the sky all day.
Sun and rain mingle together,
Creating a rainbow, as light as a feather.
The sky blue waves come crashing down,
Packing sand into the ground.
I admire the perfectly modeled shore,
It's a sort of beauty I just can't ignore.

Autumn's magic turns the green
Into red, orange, yellow, Oh, what a scene!
Pumpkins and apples growing fast,
Wondering if it all will last.
Crops are in, the harvest moon is full,
Safe and sound before winters pull.
With one strong wind, the trees all sway
And the magic of Autumn has gone away.

Icy snow covers the ground,
Falling down without a sound.
The trees are majestic, covered with white,
The pond froze over throughout the night.
The world is transformed - pure and clean,
Marred by nothing, it's a magical scene.
I wonder how all the marvelous snow,
Can melt so fast in the sun's glow.

Wonderful Places

The lovely meadow is green and bright,
And it defies the dark of the night.
I marvel that this beautiful place,
Seems decorated and fringed with lace.
Suddenly there is a springtime dance,
Where flowers twirl and animals prance.

The royal rose, who is the queen,
Looks down at all that beautiful green.
The violet, lily, poppy and daisy,
Help the bees, not the least bit lazy.
In awe, I smile at the busy bees,
Who spread the flowers to the edge of the trees.

In the woods, the oak is the king,
And peace to the forest is what he brings.
I wonder how the forest gets along,
And how forest people know they belong.
The forest folk sing a song,
And it reaches far and long.

The trees, mighty, tall, and old,
Do not have anything to them told.
The animals and the birds alike,
Know what to do on the daily hike.
I wonder how the forest, that is so strong,
Is beautiful and wise all along.

The pond, glistening in the sun,
Is a home where fish swim and have fun.
I think in awe that every part of the pond,
Is a place that someone or something is fond.
The pond is home to lots of things,
Like ducks and frogs and crickets that sing.

The pond is blue on sunny days,
On rainy days fish love to play.
Dragonflies zip their iridescent wings,
Joy is what the pond brings.
I marvel at these wonderful patterns,
That brings happiness, peace, and all that matters.