

December Poems

Hanukkah Treats

Come, children, come
Come quick as you can.
Latkes are sizzling
Hot in the pan.
Soon they'll be browning,
Ready to eat.
Come, children, come
For Hanukkah's treat.

Come, children, come,
Come merry and bright.
Presents are waiting
Hidden from sight.
Secrets in wrappings.
Need I repeat?
Come, children, come
For Hanukkah's treat!

A Secret

Do you know why the pine trees
Stand so straight and tall,
Spread their branches thick and fine,
And never stoop at all?
It really is a secret
Which the North Wind told to me,
Every pine tree hopes some day
To be a Christmas tree.

