

January Poems

Listen to the Rain

Listen to the rain,
The whisper of the rain,
The slow soft sprinkle,
The drip-drop tinkle,
The first wet whisper of the rain.

Listen to the rain,
The singing of the rain,
The tiptoe pitter-patter,
The splish and splash and splatter,
The steady sound, the singing of the rain.

Jack Frost

When Jack Frost comes, there's always fun.
He plays his pranks on everyone.

He pinches ears, and cheeks, and toes,
But where he standing no one knows.

He paints upon the window pane,
A flower, a bridge, a vine, a train.

He nips the leaves upon the trees,
This busy fellow no one sees.