

A December Day

Juliana S.

Old Donation School, 8th grade

A soft fog hovers over the wood

Its snowy haze shivering above the fox

Resting in its burrow below

A tiny orange fur tuft breaks out of the snow bank

And he continues his snoring near down below

His deep hole of a home is as warm as the summer mornings sun rays

The sparrows in the leaves blurt their morning tunes

Bringing down a blanket of song to the ground

The fox stretches his body

Shaking awake from the edge of his nose to the tip of his shaggy tail

He snaps his head through the snow and lets the water drip down his cheeks

The sparrow song continues, ringing through the foxes mind

He lingers away from his cozy small cave

He ventures out into the maze of a forest

And he pounces through the leaves and snow