 









**Christmas**

*By Paulette*

C is for Christmas, my favorite time of year,

H is for a Holiday that brings us so much cheer.

R is for Reindeer, that pull Santa’s sleigh.

I is for Icicles, dripping on a warm winters day.

S is for Santa who tried not to be seen.

T is for the Tree, so festive and green.

M is for Mistletoe, for kisses and a hug,

A is for the Angels who at our heartstrings tug.

S is for Stockings, filled up with toys,

for all the eager girls and boys.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| https://poetry4kids.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/12/I-Got-a-New-Laptop-for-Christmas-300x224.png  **I got a new “laptop” for Christmas**  I got a new “laptop” for Christmas. It’s awesome and couldn’t be cuter. It isn’t a regular laptop. It isn’t some kind of computer.  This laptop’s not battery-powered. It’s missing a keyboard and screen. It doesn’t connect to the wi-fi. It’s not some device or machine.  And, yet, I’m in love with my laptop. You might even say that I’m smitten. I asked for a laptop for Christmas, so Santa Claus brought me a kitten. This winter I went sledding This winter I went sledding. I crashed into a tree. I ran into another one while learning how to ski.  I slipped upon the sidewalk; I didn’t see the ice. A snowball hit me in the face. (My sister’s not too nice.)  My snowman toppled over. It landed on my head. My tongue got frozen to a pole. I pulled it off. It bled.  I froze my toes and fingers. They hurt so much I cried. So, yes, the snow is pretty,  but I think I’ll stay inside.   — Kenn Nesbitthttps://poetry4kids.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/12/This-winter-I-went-sledging-300x228.png | **Spellbound**  **Emily Brontë**  The night is darkening round me,  The wild winds coldly blow;  But a tyrant spell has bound me  And I cannot, cannot go.  The giant trees are bending  Their bare boughs weighed with snow.  And the storm is fast descending,  And yet I cannot go.  Clouds beyond clouds above me,  Wastes beyond wastes below;  But nothing drear can move me;  I will not, cannot go.  ***Santa***  Two merry blue eyes  A very little nose  A long snowy beard  And cheeks like a rose  A round, chubby man  A big, bulging pack  Hurrah for old Santa  We’re glad he’s come back! |