

Daydream

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Winter has banished autumn with a snap of its frigid fingers.
Snowflakes race each other to the chilly ground.
Like diamonds, they hold no warmth or value for me,
Only cold, hard beauty.
They are lifeless.
I dream of bashful white cherry blossoms that blush a pale pink
And the sound of footsteps pounding on pavement,
The applause of summer,
But the clouds billowing in the sky howl ferociously.
They thrash about,
Struggling against the icy chains that bind them.
Like a rabid dog, they snap their menacing jaws and grind their teeth in anger,
Unleashing turmoil.
The colorless landscape shies away, grimacing,
Ashamed of its cheerless hue.
I try in vain to cling to memories of warmer days.
I can taste the sweet perfume of spring
And hear birds chirping joyous melodies,
But winter creeps into my fantasies
And snatches them in its heartless grasp.
They float away,
Merely wisps of smoke from a broken dream.