

Summertime Magic*

With summertime a certain
Magic* appears, not the kind
You and I see or hear,

No,
This magic* is only explanable
In the eyes of a poet. Summer
Is one of Mother Nature's most
Beautiful wonders. The magic*
Exposes us into different warm
Dimensions, ones too beautiful
To mention.

Oh.....
I'm on the beach, glowing sands
In every direction I step,

Shh.....
The waves pounding on the
Shores, the birds sweet singing
Tickles my ears.

Like that, summer is gone, when
Winter comes everyone is filled
With woe, Oh why did summer
Have to go.

Don't worry
The wonderful magic* will
Be back in a hurry.



Award

Young Writer's Contest

Dena Robinson 'Summertime Magic'



for Second place Poetry Sixth grade

June 8, 1982
dated

Lucia Allison Joann Bone
signed

