



The Christmas Box

In my fancy Christmas box I will put,

The crunching foot prints of Santa Clause
The glimmering Christmas lights shine like smiles.
The exciting Sam scream from my nieces,
The very first bite of the humungous roast dinner.

In my warm Christmas box I will put,

The ice cold snow crunching,
A sparkling spike of the Christmas tree.
The bitter cold air,
The twinkling Christmas bells ringing.

I will put in my box,

The loud bark of my dogs.
A gift from the heart,
The wonderful snow man I build.



Carisbrooke Primary 9 years old

By Lena Hood