

The Little Dance

By: Daryna Yushchenko

They swirl and twirl
their little dance
they swirl and twirl
at every glance

They have no wings
but fly so high
At open air
without frostbite

They start to fall
so ever fast
the race is on
come first come last

They hit the mittens
They hit the hats
The road gets cleaned
but doesn't last

All around one color seen
White, White, White
Not even Green

It's such delight
They go and go
The world is great
when all is snow