

winds

of

change



Covers

By: Nikki Giovanni

**Glass covers windows
to keep the cold away**

**Clouds cover the sky
to make a rainy day**

**Nighttime covers
all the things that creep**

**Blankets cover me
when I'm asleep**

It Fell In The City

By: Eve Merriam

It fell in the city,
It fell through the night,
And the black rooftops
All turned white.

Red fire hydrants
All turned white.
Blue police cars
All turned white.

Green garbage cans
All turned white.
Gray sidewalks
All turned white.

Yellow **NO PARKING** signs
All turned white
When it fell in the city
All through the night.

Laughing Boy

By: Richard Wright

In the falling snow
A laughing boy holds out his palms
Until they are white.

The Drinking Fountain

By: Marchette G. Chute

When I climb up
To get a drink
It doesn't work
The way you'd think

I turn it up.
The water goes
And hits me right
Upon the nose.

I turn it down
To make it small
And don't get any
Drink at all.



Who Has Seen The Wind

By: Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.

The Wind

By: Robert Louis Stevenson



I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass--

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all--

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



Windy Nights

By: Robert Louis Stevenson

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Blow, Wind, Blow!

Traditional Nursery Rhyme

Blow wind, blow
And go, mill, go:
That the miller
May grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it
And bring us some
Hot in the morn.

