

Poem—

SWEET, SWEET OUTDOORS

Kids are playing—out in the snow.

Kids are filling their lungs, too.

Sweet, sweet air—the smell of outdoors.

Kids are sliding all in-a row.

Kids are filling their lungs, too.

Sweet, sweet aire—the smell of outdoors. .

Kids are enjoying—down they go.

Kids are filling their lungs, too.

Sweet, sweet air—the smell of outdoors.

—GRACE SLWOOKO