

Winter Night
By Claudia Cortell

Deep in the forest,
all asleep
are the animals
But the snow,
glistening in the moonlight
like a pile of sparkles,
lay there awake
On the ground and pine trees,
like stars that fell from the sky,
traveled so far,
staring at the sky
All there on that cold winter night,
just to hear the blue moon's
story

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