

# Poem of the Month

## March

### Where is Spring?

Spring's behind the storm clouds,  
hiding beneath the snow;  
Spring is after the cold winds  
have finished all their blow.

Spring is when the icy rain  
becomes a soft warm breeze,  
and sidewalks fill with skating kids  
who fall and skin their knees.

Spring is when the lilacs bloom,  
perfuming the air for free;  
when balls bounce, kittens pounce,  
and a kite gets caught in a tree.

Spring is absent so far—  
for one thing, it's too cold!  
I hope the sun begins to shine  
before I get too old.

