

**WINNER, under 12 years**

**Winter Poem**

**By Hattie Millidge**

Autumn is over, winter is nigh,

It springs out at you,

With snow piled high.

Its frosty glance fixes you with a stare,

Stuck to the spot;

A winter's glare

The sharp bitter cold slaps your frozen face

Whilst icicles drip

An unstopping race.

Then the fingers of the sun tickle the blanket of snow

Winter's face is melting -

It's time for it to go.