

Mina Oates
Grade 1
Submitted independently
Pinson, AL

Silent Story

On a cold winter morning
The lake breathes out steam
Like a giant tea kettle.

Two ducks in the middle,
As still as a painting...
Why haven't they gone south?

A bird hangs up in the air.
Let's sit on the shore
And soak in the quiet.

Instead, we zoom by
And join in the traffic.