

Ice-Skating

In winter when the biting breezes
Blow and all the water freezes,
Then it's time, it's time to go
Skating on the ice.

Choose a day that's bright and clear,
Bundle up from toe to ear;
It's the time, the time of year
For skating on the ice.

I perch upon the snowy rocks
And pull on both my woolen socks;
I lace my skates and tie them fast
And then I'm up and off at last.

I cannot make a figure eight
(I still have trouble going straight)
But just the same I love to skate,
To ice-skate on the ice.

By Mary Ann Hoberman

