

Months

Twelve are the months.
Every month runs
After another,
Like a sister or a brother.
December, January and February are cold,
March, April and May are bold;
They are warm and full of hues,
Washed up by warm rains, cold dews.
June, July and August are hot,
Having fun and joking a lot.
September, October and November
Are the autumn months or the fall,
When the cold and winds are on call
Every month has its own beauty
Its own rights and its own duties.

By Ivan Petryshyn