

Winter Wind  
by Judith Pacht

Through cracks and holes I bore  
then glide along the floor  
looking for your knees and wrists  
(necks and arms are on my list).  
I'm winter wind shaking the door  
with both my fists.

When circling to play  
I blow cold gusts your way  
but all you do is stay in bed  
or bundle up, sip soup instead.  
Okay, then stay. I'll sweep away.  
There's snow ahead.

