

Thanksgiving Poem

Mira Leichuk

Red leaves and trees sway in the autumn air

The car pulls up the driveway

It looks like no one's there

My footsteps on the pavement sound like a deer

The doorbell rings like a mouse, soft and queer

Suddenly the door gets opened

And we're just standing there

Then in the blink of an eye

The Thanksgiving feel bursts through the air

It's all laughs and smiles, people giving their stories

And all of us are sharing what a wonderful time we'll be having tonight

Stay up 'till midnight watching TV

Playing games by the fireplace

Oh, what could it be?

All we know is we'll be having a ball

This year, Thanksgiving is a present to all.