

I MUST GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AGAIN POETRY CONTEST 2ND PLACE POEM

Willow Women

By Lucy, grade 6

Creeping in the shadows
I chanced to catch quick sight
Of fifty swaying willows
In the full moon's light.

The more I looked upon them
The more they seemed to change
Their figures slimmed and shortened
In the night, 'twas very strange!

I could not pull my eyes away,
They danced with so much grace

Such leafy hair, such mossy skin
So tall, so fair of face.

The stars, they sparkled in their eyes
They did not make a sound
The trees were of our average size
They danced around and 'round.

Yet when the sun rose red and gold
No marks were on the ground
No willows in the grassy wold
No women could be found.



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