

Summer and Winter



When a warm dawn brings
the sun to your eyes,
blink three times –
it's time to rise.

When cold winds whistle
around your head,
pull it under the blankets
and stay in bed.

by Michael Dugan

Poetry Questions

What do you **like** about this poem? Is there anything you **dislike**? Why?

What does this poem make you **think** about? Does it **remind** you of anything?

What **patterns** can you find in this poem?

What **puzzles or questions** does this poem raise?