

Winter Holidays

A Reading A-Z Poetry Book
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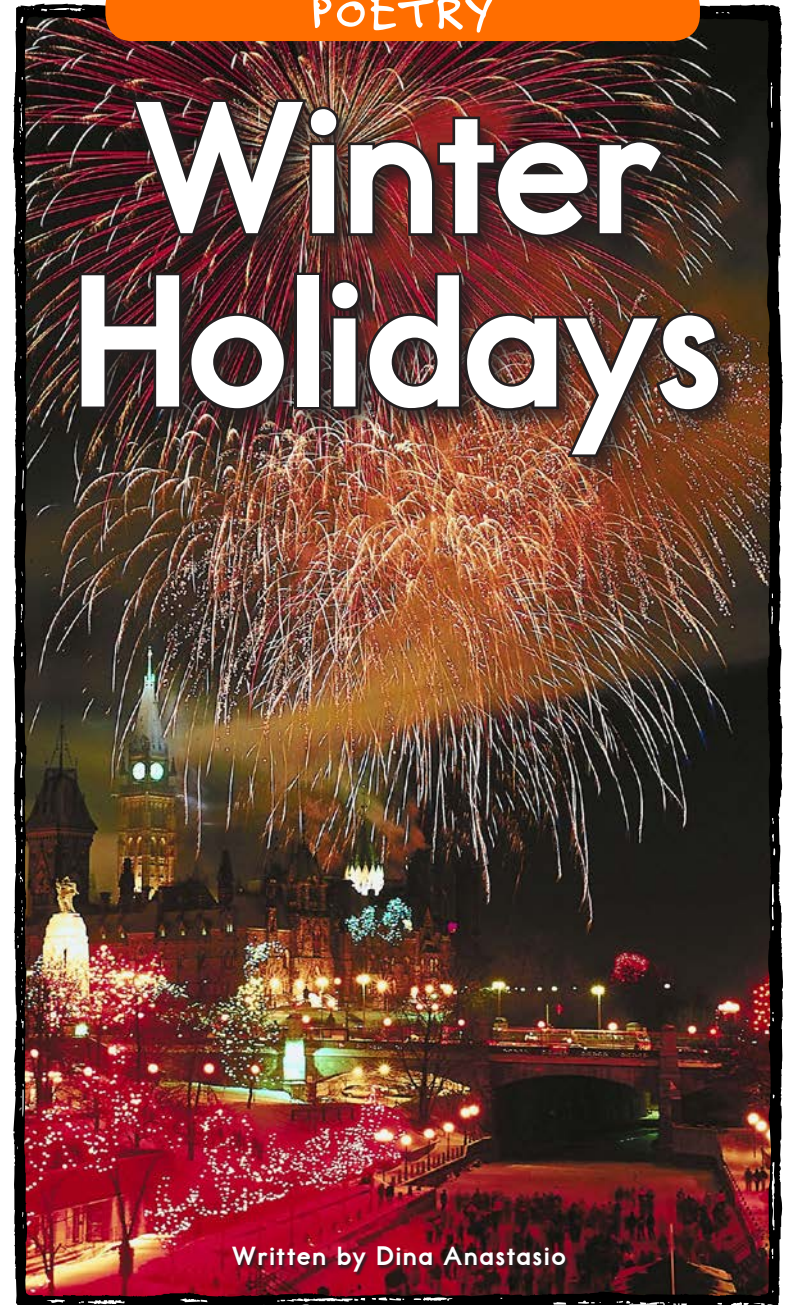


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POETRY

Winter Holidays



Written by Dina Anastasio

www.readinga-z.com

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Christmas Around the World

Somewhere in France a girl is holding
 A small figurine that she’s made out of clay.
 Softly she places it inside a manger,
 For Jesus, the baby, was born on this day.

Far away in America a boy gently places
 A bright silver angel on a branch near the sky.
 Church bells are ringing, carolers singing,
 Someone is baking a sweet pumpkin pie.

Father Christmas brings presents
 to children in England.

Santa arrives in Chicago and Maine.

Papai Noel brings the gifts down in Rio.

The Three Wise Men come to the children
 in Spain.





Freshly baked cakes and pies
come from kitchens
All over the world from Toronto to Greece.
Christmas cake in Japan,
plum pudding in London.
A rolled Christmas log cake
in Paris and Nice.

Traditions may differ in faraway places.
Carols and puddings, figurines made of clay.
But behind all these customs
are the very best wishes,
As family and friends join together today.

Kwanzaa!

The colors of Kwanzaa
are black, red, and green.
The black one's the strong one
that stands in between.
On one side stands red
to remember the plight
Of the African culture,
shining steadfast and bright.

On the other stands green,
for the future ahead,
Filled with hope for the struggle
represented by red.
But light the black first!
It's for women and men,
And children who struggled again and again.





Celebrate children!
Give them books they can read.
Learning and working
are the way they'll succeed.
Celebrate family and nation and race!
Celebrate people and culture and place!

The colors of Kwanzaa
are black, red, and green.
The black one's the strong one
that stands in between.



Hanukkah

I'll light the first candle
in the menorah tonight.
Tomorrow it's your turn.
You can light the next light.

I'll help fry the food.
We'll make latkes in oil.
Fried doughnuts and
chocolate coins wrapped up in foil.

We'll both spin the dreidel.
But where will it stop?
Will my favorite letter
be on the bottom or top?

We'll gather together.
Eight flickering nights,
Retelling the miracle
of this Festival of Lights.



Happy New Year!



Blow up the balloons.
Raise your arms, swirl, and spin.
Say goodbye to the old. Let the dancing begin.
Last year is gone. A new one is here.
Hold hands with your friends
and shout "Happy New Year!"



But I'm suddenly tired, so I'll say this instead,
"Happy New Year to you."
Then I'll go off to bed.
Outside the window, the bells keep on ringing.
The clock has struck 12,
and everyone's singing.



Chinese New Year

Sweep away the bad luck.
The past year's almost through.
Paint the front door happy.
Wish misery *adieu*.

Use red, it's bright and sunny.
Red paint, red dress, red blooms.
Write poems on small red papers,
And hang them 'round the rooms.

Tomorrow is the first day.
I hope I hear a swallow.
For if I hear a songbird,
I know luck is sure to follow.

Lay blossoms on the tables.
Place oranges on a plate.
Spread around the candy.
I can hardly wait.

Fifteen days of happiness.
Fifteen days to share
The rich and joyful wishes
With my family everywhere.

On the last night all the lanterns
That friends and family bring
Will sparkle as we celebrate
The good, the fresh, the spring.



Groundhog Day

There's a groundhog in a hole
With a mighty vital goal.
He's a rodent with a reason
To come out this chilly season
And take a look around.

There's a groundhog we call Phil,
On a snowy, icy hill,
Who needs a bright and shining sun
To show us whether winter's done
When he takes a look around.

Look! He's seen his shadow there!
Unpack your skis. Chop wood. Prepare.
Forty days more of winter cold,
Or that's the story I am told
As he takes a look around.



But should we believe it?
Should we take it or leave it?
Is this groundhog prediction
Based on truth or just fiction?



Valentine's Day

Some people give roses.
Some people send cards,
Some don't sign their names,
just "Hello. Best Regards."

Can you guess who it's from?
Is it family or friend?
And how many Valentines
did you color and send?

Some people write names
on balls made of clay
And drop them in water.
Let's get married one day.
One ball rises first.
Take a look at the name.
It's the person you'll marry,
if you believe in this game.





Some men give out chocolates.
Some women do too.
Some write silly jokes with mysterious clues.
The sender signs dots, instead of his name.
The number of letters and dots are the same.

Can you guess who it's from?
Is it family or friend?
And how many Valentines
did you color and send?

Leap Day

February 29th is the
day I was born,
So now I'm confused,
conflicted, and torn
Because of my birthday.
It only appears
Very rarely you see,
just every four years.



Some say I was lucky to be born on that day.
But I wish I'd been born on a bright day in May,
Or a wet day in March, or a warm day in June,
Because then I could say "My birthday is soon."

I'm never quite sure if I'm eight or I'm two.
How many candles when I turn 32?
Will I really be 8? Should I work? Should I play?
It's extremely confusing to be born on Leap Day.

I do have a party. I do celebrate.
Once I had it in March, but that was too late.
So the next year my party was one day before.
This year I think I'll have two, three, or four.