



Scientist	Poet
The snow was wet.	The ground was a frozen blanket, the color of milk in my cereal bowl.
The rocks I collected were smooth and round.	I gathered stones that melted in my palm. In a pile, they were like overgrown M&Ms.
It is raining outside.	The sky is crying the tears that bring new life.
My heart was beating quickly.	My heart was jumping for joy.
The sun was very bright.	My eyes squeezed shut against the angry sun.