

R A C I N G



D A Y S

poems by Stephanie Malley



Relay

Winter
hands off to
spring
hands off to
summer
hands off to
fall
hands off to
winter.

Never a
winner.
Always a
rerun.

W I N T E R

S P R I N G

S U M M E R


F A L L

The background of the page is a soft, light blue and white gradient, suggesting a snowy day. Several dark, bare tree branches are silhouetted against the sky, with small white dots representing snow or frost on them. The foreground is a white, snow-covered mound with subtle, wavy lines indicating the texture of the snow. Small, stylized snowflake icons are scattered throughout the scene, particularly around the trees and in the lower right area.

Old Man Winter

Watch out for Old Man Winter—
He's sneaky, sly, and bold.
He likes to steal your breath away
Outside when it is cold.
Then, before you have a chance
To ask, "Where did he go?"
Old Man Winter covers up
His tracks with fresh white snow!

Throw a Snowball, Please



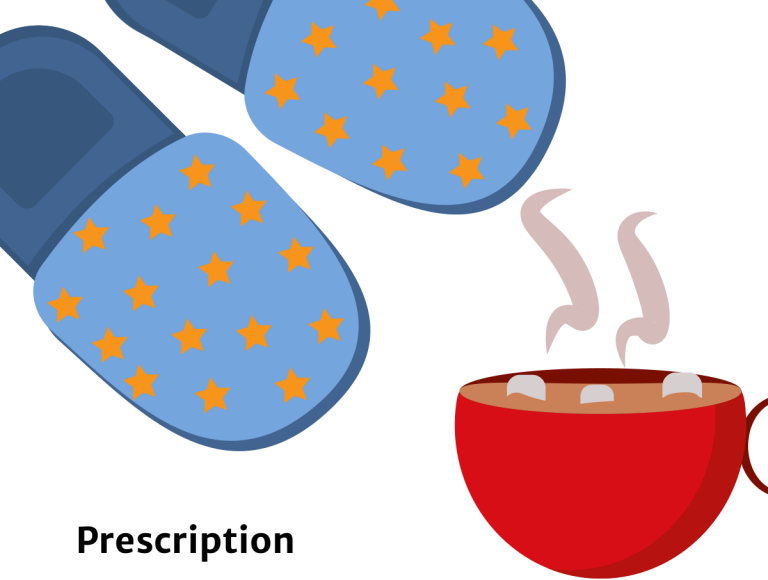
It's the dream
of every snowflake
to be invited
to a snowball,
admired and told
"You look smashing!"



Winter Blues

when
leaves depart
that's the start
of winter blues

when
lonely trees
post vacancies
and all the sky
shows through



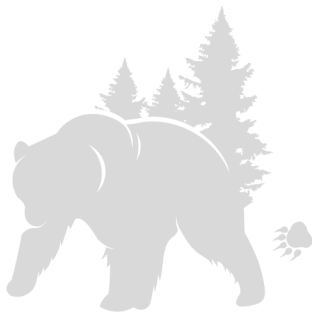
Prescription

Take one hot chocolate,
Two warm slippers to ward off
A December chill.



Shadow-gray branches
Drift across the unplowed road—
Winter monogram
Embossed by the setting sun
On snow-white stationery.

Winter went,
I don't know where.
It wandered off
Like a sleepy bear,
Vanishing
Without a trace
To hibernate
Some secret place.



Winter Went



No phone number
Or new address—
It wants to rest
In peace, I guess.
Somewhere out there,
Breathing slow,
Winter lies
Buried in snow.



W I N T E R

S P R I N G

S U M M E R

F A L L

Lighten Up



winter dressing
is compressing



spring is when
we breathe again

SPRING HERE!
Leaflets announce
the grand reopening of blooms.
Robins cry, "You heard it
here first!"



Spring Has Sprung

Spring has sprung
And the grass is ris,
And that is the very best
Spring there is.



Pogo stick springs
Bounce you high in the air
But then when they break,
That leaves you where?
Bump on the ground
On your derriere.
(The springs I like
Have no need of repair.)

You can soak in a hot spring
And drink from a cold one,
Pleasures that, while they last,
May be second-to-none,
But in hours or minutes
Your pleasure is done.
(I'll take a warm spring
With whole weeks of sun.)




Spring has sprung
And the grass is ris,
And that is the very best
Spring there is.



Spring Fever

Call the doctor—quick!
I think this tree is sick!
I felt its bark
with the back of my hand;
it's warm to the touch *and*
branches that were bare
all winter long
are breaking out
in green bumps
and birdsong!



Racing Days

In just-spring
almost-leaves ready set grow
the length of each limb branch twig.

We U-N-Z-I-P our heavy cocoons
flex our winterwhite arms
and —r a c e to see who can reach April first.

Before we know it,
we've run into May.



W I N T E R

S P R I N G

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F A L L



Summer Soundtrack


lawn mowers and the whack
of weeds under attack





Something Sweet

Summer's simmering something
Sweet in flowerpots and pansies.



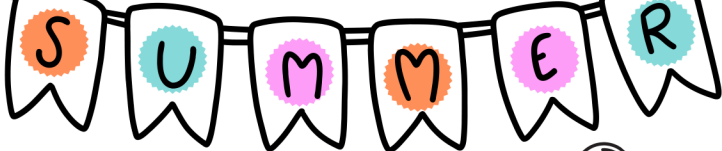
Luscious scents waft on the breeze,
Attracting hosts of hungry bees

Who never stop to wipe their feet
But simply step right in and eat.

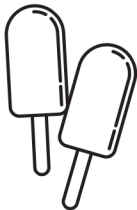
Sweetness in and sweetness out,
Honey, that's what it's all about.



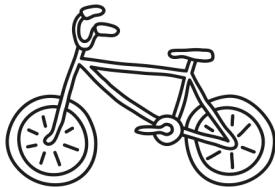
Summing Up



Summer is what
long days and no school
sunscreen and swimming pools
bicycles and popsicles



add up to.



Cookout

Bronze bodies poolside, Julying in the sun.
Coat both sides with sunscreen; fry until done.



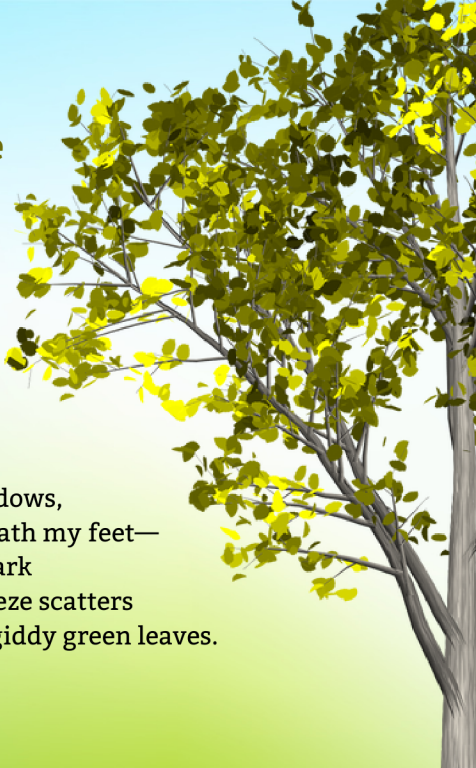
An illustration showing a pair of feet being washed by rain. The feet are positioned in the foreground, with water droplets falling onto them. The background features a field of green grass and yellow flowers under a blue sky with a sun in the top left and white clouds. The text 'Quick Shower' is in the top right, and a poem is in a white box at the bottom left.

Quick
Shower

Summer-dusty toes
under a daydark sky
wiggly welcome a
rainwash and sundry.

Summer Kaleidoscope

Bright patches, shadows,
Dappled grass beneath my feet—
Light frolics with dark
When a playful breeze scatters
Sunshine through giddy green leaves.




W I N T E R

S P R I N G

S U M M E R

F A L L



b e c a u s e

e v e n

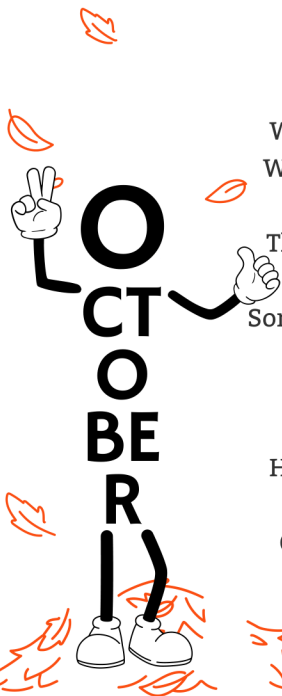
l e a v e s

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t h e i r

D O W N T I M E

F
A
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Here comes Mr. October—
He's the coolest month around.
Watch him strut his autumn airs
While his fan club gathers round.

The leaves sigh as he approaches;
They clap as he breezes by.
Some blush a brilliant shade of red
When he looks them in the eye.

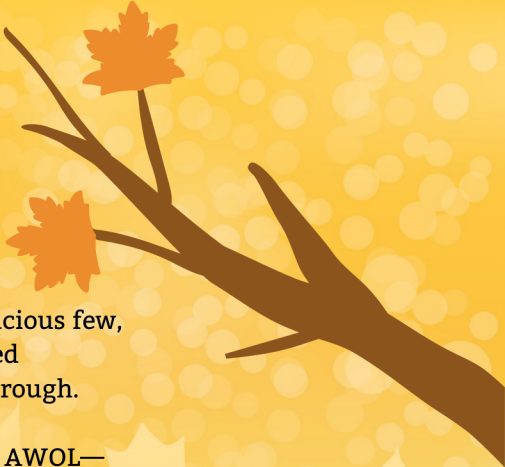
See, as he swaggers onward,
How the leaves fall down in awe?
They're swept up in admiration
Of the cool month they just saw.

Last Leaves

We are the tenacious few,
dead determined
to see winter through.

Not for us to go AWOL—
we'll hold the fort—
we will not fall,

not until, with crisp salutes,
we leave our posts
to new recruits.



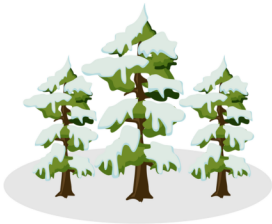
It's Getting Colder

Octobrr
pumpkins change
into jacket-o-lanterns



Novembrr
turkeys keep warm
in the oven

Decembrrr
evergreens huddle
under blankets of snow



Autumnal

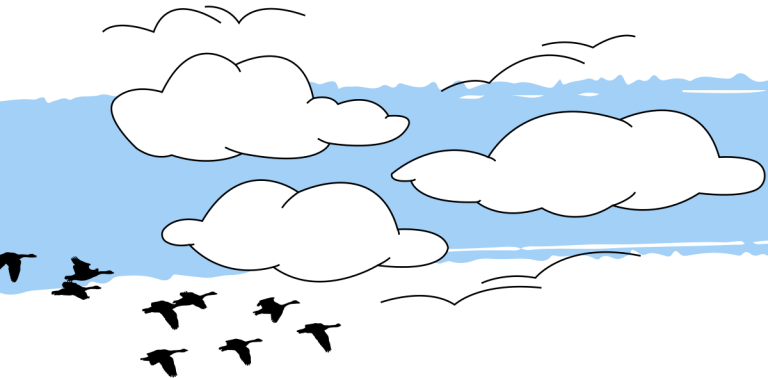
Autumn or fall, it's your call.

The season is the same:



Every leaf a lick of flame,
Every tree a fireball.





Autumn accelerates.
Clouds streak across the sky,
Pursued by geese,
Speeding toward winter.



Illustrations designed using Canva.
My thanks to all the artists whose
work I've used.

