

Spring poems

Spring

Spring is lovely time, the sun shines , birds sing.
Snow melts off, trees get new leaves.
Our splendid spring is like an endless joke.
You can ride a bike when it is a sunny day.
The dark winter is over and a new summer may come.
The last tests I do when the summer holidays are coming.

By: Essi Kaukko

Spring

Summer is coming. You can notice it because the sun is shining and it`s raining.
Birds are singing and children are laughing. Soon there is no snow but we are waiting for beautiful summer days. No more ski slides but leaves grow in trees.
A spring jacket is put on and the last exam is thrown on the teacher`s table. At the break without a jacket, because you don`t need a thick hat anymore.

Spring in Finland



When April comes



and the sun shines
there's no more snow
and you can smell the scent of
the pine

People are jolly
no need to worry

Butterflies and birds all over the sky
Say goodbye to coldness and darkness
Spring is here

Anniina Halonen

Kevät

Aurinko alkaa paistamaan.

Lumet sulavat ja suuret siniset järvet paljastuvat jäiden alta. Linnut ilmoittavat laulullaan, että ovat palanneet takaisin Suomeen. Koivuihin alkaa tulla nappuja ja ötökät alkavat pöristä. Ihmiset ovat iloisia, koska talven kaamos on ohi, aurinko paistaa jälleen ja kesäloma odottaa.

Spring

The sun starts to shine. Snow melts and big blue lakes get free from the ice. Birds indicate with their songs that they have returned to Finland. Birch buds are starting to come out and bugs begin to buzz. People are happy, because of the winter's polar night is over, the sun is shining again, and the summer vacation awaits.

By: Jutta

Spring

I throw the jacket in the corner and slam the hat in the ground.
Snow melts away and that's why I can ride a bike.
Children can play in the yard when the birds sing on the background. Still
we need the last tension, before we march out of the school.
Spring is nice, because you can be careless.

SPRING



Don't you just *love* it
When you wake up and the sun is shining
straight at your face?
Don't you just *adore* it
When you see a colourful butterfly flying
above you?
Don't you just *fancy* it
When it's not cold anymore?
Don't you just *love* it?
Spring.



Anniina Halonen