

## NEVER MIND, MARCH

Never mind, March, we know  
When you blow  
You're not really mad  
Or angry or bad;  
You're only blowing the winter away  
To get the world ready for April and May.

*Unknown*

## MARCH WIND

We made a brand-new kite today,  
And soon as we were through  
We came out here to fly it,  
And the wind just blew and blew.  
And now the kite's a tiny speck;  
We've used up all the string;  
I'd like to go and get some more.  
Anne's such a tiny thing  
To hold the kite all by herself;  
I wouldn't let her try,  
For fear I might look back and see  
Anne sailing through the sky.

*Eleanor Dennis*

## OLD MAN MARCH WIND

That Old Man March Wind blusters through the town,  
Twisting the tree tops, blowing chimneys down,  
Rattling the windows, shaking the doors,  
Rushing around corners with howls and roars.

That Old Man March Wind will chase you down the street,  
And if you're not careful, he'll blow you off your feet.  
He'll set your hat spinning and snatch at your cloak,  
And scatter your belongings, and think it all a joke.

Says Old Man March Wind, "I'm cleaning house for spring—  
Sweeping up the rubbish, dusting everything,  
Fanning the air, polishing the sky—"  
Says Old Man March Wind, "I'm blowing winter by!"

*Julia Powell*

## WINDY WORD

I am the Wind  
And you'd better watch out!  
I can run, I can fly;  
I can whistle and shout.

I can tap on your window  
And howl at your door.  
Tug on your coat tails,  
Bellow and roar.

But in March I'm the loudest:  
Look out for my might!  
For when you're not looking  
I'll steal your new kite.

*Jean Conder Soule*

