

I wrote this poem after the NYC public schools were closed because of a blizzard. "BBL" stands for my school's name, the Bronx Charter School for Better Learning. An amazing actress on the staff read the poem during one of our school's in-house TV broadcasts. The kids watched on SmartBoards in their classrooms and snapped their fingers with her at the end of each stanza.

Snow Day Poem

When a Nor'easter blows,
And the sky above snows,
Then you know that schools could close. *- snap!*

So you send out a prayer
That New York's mayor
Will decree what's firm and fair. *- snap!*

Everyone can attest
That an extra day of rest
Will still let BBL be the best. *- snap!*

Thus you cry with glee
When the mayor does decree
That tomorrow you are free. *- snap!*

So you stay at home,
Where your mind can roam,
And in your spare time, write a poem. *- snap!*

You can write about school
Or a swimming pool
Or whatever you think is cool. *- snap!*

You can watch a cartoon,
Stay in bed 'til noon,
And eat spaghetti with a spoon. *- snap!*

And because you're smart,
You can create some art,
If you follow your mind and your heart. – *snap!*

Then when night comes along,
You can hum a little song
Of how the day was lovely and long. – *snap!*

And when you go to bed,
Still churning in your head
Are the things you thought, did and said. – *snap!*

For our minds still work
When we finish homework;
It's what makes being human a perk. – *snap!*

And when we drift off to sleep,
Dreaming dreams so deep,
Our minds do not rest. They leap. – *snap!*

Thus the next day at school
We're nobody's fool.
We're smart. We're with it. We rule. – *snap!*

So when a Nor'easter blows,
And the school does close,
A kid not only rests, but grows. – *snap!*

– *Bruce Ballard, January 27, 2015*