

M.S. 210
7L8

Palistha Dangol
November 10, 2025

Thanksgiving:

The leaves are full of twists and turns,
The fireplace cackles and burns
The time has come to sit cozily wrapped in blankets,
A whiff of the ice-cold breeze will have you in jackets
The warmth and joy fill the air,
With none in the room left in despair
Loved ones gather 'round,
Sharing blissful stories that are sound
Everyone brings a special dish,
But the moment you blink it's gone in a swish
Reciting memories like the back of your hand,
Remembering all the times that were grand
Taking turns loading our plates,
Licking them clean like new slates
Everyone sits around the table stuffed like the turkey once was,
Bellies too plump and round to even make a buzz
The feast is over but the smiles are not,
Grinning from ear to ear helping with every lot
The pumpkin smell lingers in the cool fall breeze,
It's so strong it might even make you sneeze
The days seem shorter than they appear,
The moon waits for the sun to disappear
Making memories and sharing smiles with every peer,
It'll already make you feel like Thanksgiving is here