

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. The **red** parts are where the beats fall.

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!*

Every**one** 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 to**morrow** 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 what**ever** 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