Shhharades

By Still Figuring It Out

Ingrida Ivaska, Kally Mihova, Shubham Sachdeva, and Dakota Sorenson

No two are the same.

Spiked armour’s the game.

Covered with bling,

A green towering thing.

To find this clue,

put on your thinking cap.

It’s where you might sit,

or even nap.

I turn everything around,

but I cannot move.

When you see me,

you see you!

I am a food

that is so sweet.

A red and white,

big or little,

holiday treat!

It’s late at night on Christmas Eve,

and Santa’s here to make his stop.

One of the things that he will do,

is fill this item to the top.

You stare at me

but I don’t blush,

and switch me off

when you’re in a rush.

I sometimes have leaves,

but I’m not a tree.

I’m sometimes bedside,

and sometimes coffee.

It’s that special time of year,

a circle of some spikey cheer,

it hangs around the frontal port,

that turns a house into a fort.

So full of light,

but always in shade.

Runs, but cannot walk.

Sometimes sings,

but never talks.

Lacks arms, has hands;

Lacks a head

but has a face.