

Picking Apples with Daddy

Do you know what day it is?
I can't believe it's here!
I'm picking apples with Daddy today,
Just like we do each year.

Put on pants and socks and shoes,
Stand on tippy toes.
Button up my favorite coat,
Kisses on the nose.

Chilly in the morning air,
Smell of spice and rain.
Stop to watch the leaves swirl 'round
A twirling weather vane.

Finally reach the apple orchard,
Rows and rows of trees.
Harvest Hill: Pick Your Own
"Two big baskets, please!"

Green ones are too sour for me,
For pie they are just right.
Red ones are so sweet and crisp,
Have to sneak a bite.

I can see a lovely apple,
All the way up there.
Daddy holds me to the sky,
We make the perfect pair.

Baskets heavy, sleepy eyes,
Sun is dipping low.
Daddy lifts me on his shoulders,
As we turn to go.

What's my favorite kind of apple?
Well, you might have guessed...
Apples I picked with my Daddy
Taste the very best!