

99 WRITING

Ode to My Grandfather

by Amara, 826 New Orleans

TYPE
POETRY

If my grandfather were

A rainbow I would follow him

Until I found a pot of gold

If he were a flower I would give

Him sunlight to grow.

If he were my favorite song

I would listen to him every day.

If he were the sun

I would thank him every day for making me

Able to see.

Or if he were a story

With a moral lesson,

He taught me that

Even when you die, you're still alive

Because of what you've done while you were alive

That way, people will remember you.