

WRITING

Taco Family

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TYPE**POETRY****GENRE****GRADE 8**

I am like a taco.

My family is all the ingredients for me.

My dad is the tortilla.

He holds the family together

and protects the family,

just like a father.

My mom is carne asada.

She is one of the most important ingredients.

Carne asada takes time.

It takes hard work to make

and takes warmth,

just like a mother.

Cilantro is like my aunt.

Cilantro could be peppery,

but at times it is savory

The times it is savory is when we would get invited

and spend time with her.

To spend time with my aunt—it is very fun but very fast.

It is very hot.

In Christmastime it is very colorful in Mexico,

Like a cilantro and an aunt.

My cousin is salsa verde.

He is the most fun flavor of them all.

My cousin is really fun.

He is the one who takes me on trips.

My cousin would take me go-karting.

Every taco has salt,

and in every family there is a grandpa.

Salt is always there in food,

and a grandpa is always there,

getting along with people.

Salt is the thing that has started flavors, just like a

grandfather.

The onions would be my grandmother.

They would start out

spicy and grumpy,

but then they make things taste better.

My sister is the limon.

Most of the time it makes things taste really good,

but sometimes it is really sour.

Limon gives everything flavor and fills me with joy.