

Love is your grandmother
making you mittens.

Love is getting presents for
your birthday.

Love is being kissed and hugged
all the time.

Love is rubbing your back
at night.

Love is your parents taking
care of you when you
are sick.



Guitar Lessons



Twang. Zip. Clink. Screech.
Broken chords and muffled notes
Fingers move across the fret board
but never to the right note
What should be Love Me Tender
Instead is a dreaded sound
Coming from the fingers
Of an 11 year-old with a new guitar.

“Take it slow”, said the teacher
Again, the dreaded sound.
“Concentrate”
The boy listened and began to play
Notes and chords hit perfectly
And soon, Love Me Tender.

Learning to Deal

January 25, 2005



The hardest time of my life.

Morning frost

Headlights shine into the window

The door opens, dad walks in

"The cancer won," he says.

My heart drops to the floor.

Wait

They're all smiling still

Only a few tears shed

Why isn't anyone that upset?

Warm tears drip down my own face.

Just like the frost starting to melt outside.

God took my mom away.

"She's in heaven though, no more pain," they all tell me.

I know, I'm being selfish, wanting her back by my side.

She's happier, no more hurting

I keep repeating in my head

Over and over again

January 25, 2005

The hardest time of my life.

But I accepted the fact

My mom was gone.

I started to join the others.

Laughing, joking

Knowing my mom would be proud

And I know she's smiling down from heaven at me.