

# Poems by Jeffrey

## In My Grandma's Kitchen

It is in my grandma's kitchen  
where smells of blueberry  
and flour fill  
the nooks and crannies in the tiles.  
Where a rusty old stove  
and some crumpled wallpaper  
is a symbol of love.

It is in my grandma's kitchen  
where food is not the only matter  
but where love is always what counts.  
Where my grandma and I  
can bond  
and let our hearts love  
take over.

## **Alone**

Long I stand  
deep in the grass  
hidden by weeds  
and tall wild flowers.  
In the distance, nothing,  
only sky  
and silence  
and the long horizon.

Alone I stand  
lost  
lost in the fight,  
lost in my mother's anger,  
lost in the confusion,  
lost in my thoughts,  
lost within the tangled weeds  
and dark shadows  
Asking, why was I to deserve this?  
Why was I to deserve this?

## Determined

I might make the shot  
But the others will jam and earn the  
applause.

I might throw the football far  
but not far enough to reach the receiver.

I might be winning  
but lose in the end

Someway

Somehow

Like a bird that can't fly as well as the  
others

Like a snake that can't slither at all like  
his sister

Like me

Who can always run fast  
but not the fastest

Who can never win the gold  
but can easily win the silver

That doesn't satisfy me

I want to be the best  
number one

And someday I will get that quality  
Someday.

