

Hallie

My Nana

My Nana is like her garden
waiting calmly
for me to dig up her wisdom
with my questions and comments.
She filled in my holes
with her answers.
She knows it may
take a while.
When she talks
her voice is as gentle as
the ocean,
gliding across the rough sand.
She is never angry.
The soil of her garden
holds knowledge,
not academic knowledge.
The knowledge
of baking,
planting
and decorating.
But most of all
loving.
I play and work
with that knowledge from the soil,
from life,
the same way she had
in her Nana's garden
when she was a girl. For that kind of knowledge
you can only get
from someone who
deeply loves you.

Hallie's poem.