



Sideyard

The wind sang and sighed like an old woman
spookin' the dogwood trees back of grandma's
house last night.
My little brother said it was an awful fright,
but me, I loved it.
I never heard the wind sing or sigh before,
not where we live in the city.
And the garden is so pretty!
I never saw so many flowers, Lord.
You see the way those roses hug the porch and
climb the stair?
Just like they love this timber house and hardly care
if everybody knows.
But those roses don't love this house half as much as me.
Bless grandma, Lord, for inviting us to stay
And by the way,
ask her if we can stay again next year.

NIKKI GRIMES



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