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A YOUNG ABORIGINAL POET

Vicky Martin,
Strathfield Girls' High,
Sydney.

GRANDMA

My Grandma was lovable and good.
She was a person I turned to,
And shed so many tears upon.
Her body was always warm.
A person you could snuggle up to.
Whenever you looked at her face,
It looked smooth and pretty.
There was always a smile
That would draw me near to her.
Her hands were old and soft.
They always reached out for me.
Her arms were always open
For me to run to when I needed
comfort.

When I felt so lonely,
She would put her hand out and touch me,
Also she would say to me,
'Vicky don't be like that, it hurts
me to see you this way'.
I'd turn my head up towards her face
And then look at her and say,
'Oh Nan Oh Nan'
What would I do without you,
Yes, what would I do without you?
She would smile and tell me not to
worry.

Then years passed so quickly,
I was always happy with her.
Then came the day,
The day God called her home;
My beloved Nan was taken away from me.

My world is shattered;
There is no one now, yes no one,
Nobody to shed my tears upon.
No one to run to for comfort.
Oh how I wish to be with you;
I cry to myself,
And think a lot about you.
But most of all Grandma,
I want you to remember,
There are these three words.
Just for you.
I LOVE YOU.

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