Watsonville Public Library

Poetry Month Contest

Title: Ellen

Author: Alex Morgan

My mother used tie her hair in a knot with no scrunchie

She used to roll-up her pants so they wouldn't get dirty

She wasn't afraid to ask people for help

And she wasn't afraid to speak her mind

When I think of her

I think of her large shining smile

and her deep roaring laugh

She used to fold the pages in her books

And would read three to four at a time

She would cook with no recipes or measurements

And her food would come out deliciously

I miss her dearly and hope to see her again one day

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