

Gifts from my Grandparents

By: Carolin Brigl

My grandma gave me legs.

To flee through the deep, Prussian snow,
Away from the people who burnt her home to the ground.

My grandpa gave me hands.

To rebuild and to create,
To make new things when he had left everything behind.

My other grandma gave me a heart,

To love those around me,
Even though her mother left her for another family.

My grandpa gave me a mind.

To calculate and to engineer,
planes to soar through the German skies.

My grandparents all gave me hope.

That no matter where I am and what I have,
I can make things turn out right.

Carolin Brigl