

A Poem for Nana

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I called my Grandmother Nana
Sometimes we jokingly called her Nana Banana

She was a super great planner
She always told me how pretty I was
. . .and how much tanner

We went shopping
And she took me out to eat until
I felt like popping

Whenever I sang a song
Sometimes she would sing along

When I was little we made a deal
. . .that when we had raisin bran at a meal
I would eat the raisins and she ate the bran
So we made a team and that was grand

Sometimes she would call me stinker
And that would make me laugh and my face got pinker

And as a tradition,
She set on a mission to bake
for Mommy's birthday
a red velvet cake

Sometimes I would make up funny jokes and make her laugh
And that was a whole lot better than doing multiplication in math

I loved her so much
Doing various things and such

But she was ready to go
And I know
That we shall meet on heaven's shore
and I shall not be sad any more.