

Model Writing: Personal Ballad

Moments

by Nina Gurganus

At the time when every adult looked like a giant,
We met him, yelping with his siblings.
The aroma of puppies filled the air.
His fur coat glided through my hands, like it belonged.
We taught him the game of fetch, ultimately meeting our new playmate.

When my body was too small for my skis,
I wisped through the snow,
Feeling the cold breeze blowing in my face.
The tingly frostbite seeping into my ski boots
Made my eyes never meet the top of the mountain.

At 12 you went away,
I heard the tires crying as I came to a stop in front of your dorm.
Who else would I get to enjoy the warm feeling of our homemade cookies with?
Your hug goodbye made warmth out of the crisp autumn air.
I looked forward to the next time I would see your car meet the driveway.

At 13 I met a different kind of sister.
Her contagious laughter filled my ears.
The birds sang a happy song.
Someone to share the warm cookies with me yet again,
An empty hole in my heart filled once more.