

My Four-Metaphor Poem for Miss Nancy

by Jenna T., 9th grade writer

A memory is a tarnished copper coin concealed under leaves in the gutter on the walk home from school, waiting for a child to find it.
Or is it?

A memory is the warm smell of fresh bread, wafting from your mother's kitchen, teasing one's taste buds an hour before dinner.
Or is it?

A memory is that texture of sand pebbles scratching between the toes of beach-goers who dash towards the tide.
Or is it?

A memory is the nameless song that you hear on the radio that always makes you think of that certain someone, and that always makes you want to dance.
Or is it?