

The Mother
By Reagan Griffith
1st Place, 4th Period

If Heaven has a library, I know she'd be there
Would there be epic novels and puzzling mysteries?
Would the floors be made of gold and will the walls be as tall as mountains?
Is the floor crystal clear so she can watch me from above?
Can she see I'm thinking, and I'm struggling to put my thoughts into words?
Because if Heaven has a kitchen, I know she'd be there
Would there be chocolate chip cookies- both soft and crunchy?
Would the fridge be endless and will the pots clean themselves?
Is there a space for me to do my homework, and she can stand behind me?
Can she see me struggling to grow older when I don't have my role model?
Because if Heaven has a park, I know she'd be there
Would there be swings over the clouds and tall grass to frolic in?
Do the trails have ends and is there a spot for a picnic for us?
Could we have a spot for a rest if I was tired, or we were hungry?
Can she see I need a break now because I'm looking for a way out?
I don't have to ask if she brought the books or the food or the blanket
Because if Heaven has a mother, I know she'd be *the* Mother.
Do all the babies taken too soon in Heaven listen to her stories?
Do they munch on her treats in the park and sit on the clouds?
Can't she just pause and see I need my mommy back?
Because if jealousy was a person, it would be me

And if Heaven would let me in, I'd find her, her stories, her cookies, and her blankets first.

