

# Christmas Memories

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*Gazing into the clear icicles*

*I picture my life as a perfect scene.*

*Those memories*

*That flawless reach*

*Is a puzzle inside my heart.*

*Instead of that perfect scene,*

*We seek memories.*

*Ones that are out of reach.*

*Ones that replace pain for happiness.*

*Ones buried deep inside our heart.*

*Ones as sharp as icicles.*

*Even the dark, deep memories*

*Are out of reach.*

*Because the only thing reachable is our happiness*

*Trying to escape my heart.*

*But the obstacles stands like icicles  
Blocking my perfect scene.*

*But now, our heart is in reach!  
Pain leaves and what enters is happiness.*

*Happiness that fills my heart.  
The obstacles break and the shattered icicles.  
Revealing my perfect scene,  
and a forgotten memory.*

*My heart is now free with happiness  
Happiness frolics with my heart.*

*Shattered, icicles  
melt, but not with my scene.*

*The memory  
is in reach.*

*My heart  
has broken the icicles  
to reveal my life scene  
and my flawless memory*

*of a never-ending list of reaches  
and a comfort of happiness.*