

# Hand-Made Turkeys

The sticky brown paint clenched to my right hand  
firmly pressing the paper as I took a stand.

I washed off the paint rejoicing with my friends.

We grabbed colored pencils  
and decorated the faces till the class ends.

Comparing the turkeys--some neat some not.

Gobble gobble gobble--as we pretend  
the Turkey is us because we can.

Running home that day,  
firmly gripping the paper in hand,  
it was pressed upon the fridge  
so it can stand.

Stand for what Thanksgiving means.

Thanksgiving is more than just a windy-seasoned moment,

It's the beauty we share together

It's what brings us back to our families every year.

Now holding the paper in my hand,

Gripping to the moment when

I first

understood what Thanksgiving meant,

to me now and back then.



