

Her Father or Grandfather

She watches them grow
from her kitchen nook

There he is, an elderly man
With an everyday practice to keep his wit

Every morning he sits
On a bench, reading a book
To a darling little girl
Wearing a giant head-bow

Is it her father or grandfather?
Who knows
But does it really matter?
He's got innocent love to show

Both their eyes glisten with pure, genuine love
Her giggles and laughs are loud, he has to tell her to hush

On the luscious green grass
She dances in swirls
Her big puffy dress, she twirls

With her energy always a sugar rush
Her cheeks are a rosy blush

Happiness flows through the window's glass