**Frame Poem**

I took this poem and used it as a frame. Instead of writing about my grandmother, I wrote about my sister, who was in China at the time.

**Mandy**

if I were to see

her from a mile away

i’d know so quickly it would be her.

the goodwill sandals

the blur

of freckles

the bright eyes and smirking smile.

if I felt

her arms around me

i’d know that they were her arms

squeezing me tight and comforting

like only a sister can.

if I heard her voice

from a rock

i’d pick up a rock

and look for a tunnel

to see if she’d figured out a way

to dog to me

from China.

-Ms. Zappia

Grandmother

if I were to see

her shape from a mile away

i’d know so quickly it would be her.

the purple scarf

and the plastic

shopping bag.

if I felt

hands on my head

i’d know that those

were her hands

warm and damp

with the smell

of roots.

if I heard

a voice

coming from a rock

i’d know

and her words

would flow inside me

like the light

of someone

stirring ashes

from a sleep fire

at night.

-Ray Young Bear

**Create your own poem using the frame provided above.**