

My Family Tree

My great grandma is the roots
She is where my family came from.
We cannot see her, but she holds our family together.

My grandad is the trunk.
The wrinkled bark skin of his face
Smiles at us.

My mum is a branch.
She hold the leaves and blossoms of our family
Up into the sunshine and lets us grow.

My brother is a dancing leaf
Always turning in the breeze
Never staying still.

Our family tree grows and thrives
It reaches toward the sun,
it reaches toward the future.

Wind and rain might beating down
on a stormy night, but it still stands
The next day, stronger than before.