

Sunday Nights

By

Talia M.

We enter to the smell of Italy

My Grandmom greets us with a giant smile

From the back room my cousins call to me

I walk over knowing it's worth my while

Jade and Tori both giggle with delight

My aunt says dinner's on the table now

The girls run out which gives the dog a fright

My Uncle Mike tells them to please slow down

Uncle Joe cracks a joke and we all laugh

And then we sit and bow our heads to pray

We start and the food's almost cut in half

This is the best way to end my Sundays

Though quarantine has kept us all apart

They still hold a big place inside my heart