

Honorable Mention – Poetry

Pamela Davis

Grandma's Tub

GRANDMA'S TUB

By Pamela Davis

It's fun to bathe in Grandma's tub
With beards of bubbles no need to scrub.

Pretty pink soap bars, soft and petite,
I'll never forget that smell, ah, so sweet.

Wrinkled toes and wrinkled fingers,
Talcum powder thoughts still linger.

Stepping out on fluffy rugs,
Wrapping up so nice and snug,
In crisp, clean towels from open air,
With summer breeze to dry my hair.

As water trickles down the drain,
Fondest memories still remain,
Of times when I was sent to scrub,

And clean myself,

In Grandma's tub.