

Pizza

Pizza

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Pizza doesn't mean the same to everyone. Pizza was once a lovely family tradition for some families. And now every time you smell it, you just want to cry in your mother's lap

Published on
Booksie

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Friday was my favorite day of the week
Friday was the day my mother baked for us

And every Friday I would peak

Wishing it would be my week

My pizza Friday week

while my sisters wished for other things

Every Friday Pizza, while baking my pizza, my mother sings

Her favorite song that we all loved to hear

Passing by every pizza restaurant near here

With that beautiful smell I can always hear that song

It goes on in my head for so long

Humming the song

Eating the extra cheesy pizza

With extra mushroom on it

I can almost see my mother baking it

In the back of my head I can see her

I can see the pizza in the oven

And I can almost taste it

Our Fridays were over

Restaurants opened

Pizza

Pizza was no longer home-made

It was only ordered

But in my mind, it has never been better

Than the ones we ate those Friday nights

Those family nights that will always be in our minds

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Generated: 2015-01-25 09:32:21