

New York City, September 18, 2001

PIPERS

Dear Grandfather,

We saw the parade today

The men wore plaid skirts
Like our school uniforms

They marched in small steps

Step Step Step

All in a row

Step Step Step

The music didn't breathe
It just kept coming out

High notes and low
High and low again

*Amaaazing grace
How sweet the sound...*

Step Step Step

Many people were crying

The pipers acted like they were doing
What they always did when people were sad

I will never forget them

I wonder if I will ever see them again

Love,
Marianne