

My Lucky Bean

A small round bean,
Simple but special.
As light as an eyelash,
Smooth and firm like a pebble.

A dusty red desert,
An isolated white streak.
Forever preserved,
Within its thick coat of paint.

It spends its days,
Sitting patiently in my pocket.
Grown in the Guatemalan highlands,
Given to me by my grandma.

Precious like my friends,
Comforting like my sister.
Reassuring like my mum,
Protective like my dad.

More special than a bucket of gold,
Makes me feel safe and secure.
Listens to my wishes and stores them up safely,
My Lucky Bean.

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