

HOPE

All the time when I'm at home I'm bored and want some toys,
I miss family it feels like it will never stop,
I have loads of memories of guns and swords and crying little boys,
When I'm hopeful it always seems to drop.

I am as drained as a thunder storm,
Still trying to stay calm,
Whishing I could go back in time to when I was born,
I remember when I used to play with my cat who loves yarn.

You may break me down to dust,
But still like hope I'm strong,
My life is no longer dead or bust,
It feels like nothing could go wrong.

By Gray Simpson age 9.