

Sun

It rained the day you went away,
Now clouds of grey are here to stay.
You were up there brightly beaming,
While children were happily screaming.
Looking down with your golden glow,
Why did you have to go?

Gone are the warm days,
When every child goes out and plays.
Gone are the long peaceful walks,
And barbecue talks.
Now all that's left behind,
Are the memories I can find.
I don't know,
Why did you have to go?



Rebecca,

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7-9 years, Energised finalist