

What do I miss?

I miss my football,
But not at school,
Saving goals,
I'm in between the poles.

I can't go out on my bike,
I may as well go on strike,
Over the fields I used to roam,
Now all I do is sit at home.

We used to have a family event,
Days out in Kent,
We would laugh and joke,
Now all I have is my cat to stroke.

Primary school is over for now,
The thought of secondary school....just wow!!
Life will return to normal,
And everything will become formal.

As I look out of my window,
I long for the hugs and high fives,
But seeing the beauty of spring,
Reminds me Nature is still alive.

The trees are as still as a statue,
But with my hayfever all I do is Atchoo!!
The flower buds are popping like corn,
My cats are playing on the lawn.

The sky is clear as glass,
How long will the boredom last?
As spring turns to summer,
With no school, I'm feeling dumber.

So what does the future hold?
Memories, they shall be told,
My life has not come to an end,
Soon I'll be back my friend.

By Oscar Gasson