

Place

Smells of shops flow past me,
Sights of palm trees fulfil the eye,
As chatter and car horns fly through the sky. Everyone had their place, this was mine.

The rain would hammer down,
But I would listen and watch,
Every large raindrop skydive to the ground and splotch. Everyone had their place, this was mine.

Delicious food smells flutter above me,
Its alluring wings tempting me to a treat,
The formidable food ever so elite,
Everyone had their place, this was mine.

As the ravishing sun awoke and flew,
The peoples smiles filled my heart with hope If not here how could I cope,
Everyone had their place, this was my joy

By Steve T (8GFA)