



Favourite places

Maybe it's a tree with winter snow
Or green leaves in the summertime
Branches for swinging and pulling on
And seeing how high you can climb.

Maybe it's a beach with yellow sand
And waves that splash on the shore
Boats you can wave to as they go by
And a brighter sun than before.

Maybe it's a garden with grass and trees
And a path that winds all around
A swing and a sandpit for you to use
And flowers all over the ground.

Maybe it's your kitchen, warm and safe
Where everyone meets each day
They cook and eat and laugh and chat
And share all that happened today.

Maybe yours is different from all these
A shop or a train or a zoo.
All that you need in a favourite place
Is that it is perfect for you.

Gillian Craig

Poems

