

The Road Where We Once Played

By Katie Smith

I remember a time

A time most people would know as Childhood

Childhood

For you Childhood may be that teddy bear at the end of your bed

The teddy bear with the glistening and hopeful eyes

The one with the warm and comforting smile

Oh how they were the simple days

Childhood has a different meaning for everyone

It could be that fresh smell of a Christmas Dinner

That one place where you would visit with your family

The sound of the wind whistling and singing to its heart's content

That one toy that would make you feel homely

For me Childhood is the cold, crispy air that filled our young lungs everyday

That chilly, breezy Autumn evenings

Where we would dance and sing

And run and hide

And seek and laugh

The road where we once played

Many memories of mine have been kept alive

By that old, dusty, faded tarmac

That grey, wide and long track

Oh how I miss them days

But at least

The road where we all once played will be the road of memories that will never fade