

Cloud Watching

I can see a train, puffing heavily as it passes
And there over that mountain, a pair of white rimmed glasses
Looking out the window, of a speeding car
Is a waving boy, is he going far?
Maybe to another planet, very far away
I wonder when he'll get there, is it night or day?
A dragon spreads its wings, roaring at the sun
A puppy wags its tail, like he's having fun
At night a fearsome warrior, stands guard over the moon
A peach tree is in his reach, dawn is coming soon
Sometimes there are no pictures, just a swirling sea
Waves crashing far above, to the house I flee
Sometimes white as snow, floating way up high
Maybe grey and stormy, frothing in the sky
I like to sit outside, and watch the whitest doves
Imagine I am up there, in that world of clouds above

By Jade Mitchell 30/6/2009