

Change

The thing that I have always found
So very, very strange,
Is how time passes quietly by
Bringing lots of change.
I can't remember what it was like
When I was only three.
I probably won't remember now,
When I turn seventy...
In winter I want sunshine.
In summer I want snow.
Coronavirus is here now,
And I wish that it would go.
Near the end of holidays
I want school to start again,
But when I'm doing boring maths
I wish that it would end!
Of course, now I'm not going to school,
Or really anywhere.
(Though Mammy says "That's no excuse
For not brushing your hair")
I'm only saying what I sometimes think.
I'm not always thinking it,
But therein lies (so I've always thought)
The rather peculiar bit!

How do things change? How does time pass

Without me noticing?

I doubt I'll ever have an answer

To this complicated thing.

In school I've learnt that there are

Sixty minutes in an hour,

How quickly all these hours pass!

Will I ever have the power

To freeze the time, keep others still

While I wander around?

This amazing power is sadly

Not likely to be found.

Hopefully someday in the future

Coronavirus will end.

I'll be allowed to leave my house

To go and see my friends.

There'll probably be another change

Every now and then.

Perhaps sometime in the future

I'll meet an alien!

I really don't think I'll be able

To stop time going by.

Here's a change now on its way

I'm writing the word "Goodbye!"