

Summer Day

The summer was long and hot,
we sat outside in our pyjamas
whilst the world ended.
It smelt of the perfume my mother wore and pizza.
My brother and I
made the roundabout our home
created a roof out of the tree
made a carpet from the grass
daisies littered the floor all scattered and dewy.

We drank lemonade
and stayed away from houses with mouths for doors,
dark and cavernous
dangerous in that way only strangers are.

The sun came in never ending and yellow
clouds hung like bedsheets in oranges and blues.
Our arms were never too far from our mother,
we had to protect her from the monsters under the bed.

We whispered in each other's ears
and lit the necessary fire in our bellies.
We spoke as if the sun would never rise again,
we spoke with laughter dripping from our lips
trying to be braver
and decided we would save the world;
with sticks as our swords
and sharpened ends
we saved the day
again.