

Poem by Róisín Farrelly age 10 years

Beneath my Bed

Beneath my bed I crouch

Stuck down there squished up tight

I'd prefer to sit on a couch

I'm stuck in with nothing but a sliver of light

I'll be bored to death at this rate

I look around for others

There's Teddy he's always been a mate

Some long-lost Russian dolls searching for their mothers

And here's a box of other stuff

Copybooks and other guff

I'll sit here a while longer

While Mum's voice grows stronger

JENNY WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE BIRTHDAY CAKE !!

I lick chocolate crumbs from my lips.