



The Swing

Pushing your feet against the dirt,
you soon forget about the day's troubles.
You launch into the air,
the butterflies in your stomach
finally free to soar
into the sky.
Then you zoom out,
throw you head back
and gaze at the blueberry-muffin sky,
and notice a cloud in the shape of two eyes.
The eye-cloud winks at you lovingly,
and before you know it,
the ladybirds in your heart
are being released
from their glass jar,
moving further and further away
until they are just
flecks of colour
in the distance.

Haleema Sadia

