At seven when I go to bed

I find such pictures in my head

Pastel rainbows in the sky

Enchanted deer trotting by

Vibrant bushes, candyfloss clouds

The magical castle standing proud

Clear still water sparkling in the day

Gentle sunlight-you want to lose your way

I find so clearly in my head

At seven when I go to bed



At seven when I wake again

The magic land I seek in vain

A national pandemic pausing our lives

But protests a carry on-we need to thrive

Ice bergs are melting, there’s no planet B

There’s plastic in the ocean because of people like you and me

People are escaping-they will feel alone

They have no place-not even a home

I seek the magic land in vain

At seven when I wake again.

By Phoebe McColl Age 11