

Change

As I lie in the rays of the vibrant sun,
I recall my endless days of laughter and fun.
My galloping mind dashes through hills of green,
Hints of sorrow and pain nowhere to be seen,
No words can ever fill this space.
Milltown has become my happy place,
Happiness so pure I could nearly drown,
Oh please don't wake me from this intoxicating Milltown.

But the marching time has change in mind
A new dawn ushered in by the sound of rasping hail and rain,
My joy replaced by searing strain and pain,
As the clouds gather at an ever quickening pace,
darkening, swirling filled with rage tell me leave this place
I feel a grey shadow has dropped a veil upon my face,
I pray this veil to lift, the clouds to fade,
And my warm thoughts of Milltown return to centre stage.

This misery must leave me or can it last for days
A Milltown far behind me, would just leave me in a daze.
I want my future to be my past
And let my dreams of Milltown last and last.
No need for change this time will pass or can it last
Or do I need an exit from my glorious past.

By: Jason Flannery