**Joseph Buckland Aged 9 – Hampshire Young Poets**

**Lying Awake at home**

Lying between two cotton sheets, crimson sunset searches through the curtains.

Lavender clouds rest upon the skyline.

Feel the soft silk pillow as the clock ticks by.

The tap in the kitchen drips, comforting the scampering mice hidden to the world.

Hunting down the cool, hallway air, the soft, warm summer breeze drifts gently around my cozy bedroom and rests upon my cheek.

Happy memories gush from the living room of smells of spices on Christmas day.

A tingly feeling as a sweet, relaxing song dances around.

Watching loved ones approaching the front door, beaming with smiles and happiness.

Flowers on the windowsill glistening with the last of the day’s sun, reaching up towards the heavens.

Home is a place to rest and relax, feel safe and open up feeling superb for what the next day enfolds.