This is what I call home…

By Nia Matthews

The spinning sphere on the pitch, black backdrop,

The blues and greens blur as it slowly rotates,

The rickety outline contrasts against the blue wash,

This is the globe; this is what I call home.

As golden light bursts through the heart of the dry, ancient trees rustling in the wind.

The gentle, golden sand squeezes through my soft, pink toes,

I hear the crystal, clear ocean CRASH against the boulders.

These are the lands; this is what I call home.

The tall, dull buildings lay on the dusty, grey ground,

The bustling crowd run to their next train,

This is a city; this is what I call home.

The sandy bricks tower upwards, up into the clouds,

Around my house, the park, where we jump around like pogo sticks,

My dad’s warm jumper and my mum’s toasty hugs. This is what I call home.