

The Windermere Children

As those battered doors opened, I was welcomed with a sight,
Not of a monstrosity, but of a sharp, blinding light,
A sharp blinding light that weaved over hilltops and roads,
That shone on red tiled rooftops,
And striking blue rivers that rippled and flowed.

Admiring all the scenery, I almost forgot,
That there were kind, welcoming faces that were rooted to the spot,
They looked us up and down,
Scrutinised left and right,
As if we were wounded, after a fight.

When all of a sudden, out of the blue,
Those kind faces rushed forward, submerging us with woos,
We were welcomed into Windemere, like one of their own,
And I could never recompense the kindness that they'd shown.

By Sara