



THE PLAYGROUND IS EMPTY

The playground is empty, just one or two there

Wandering around, hoods up, eyes in stare

An eerie silence envelopes and flows

Distant memories of excitement echoes

Our bustling playground where happy time passes

Our coffees with friends...our chats with our classes

It's not there right now.... it's quiet and strange

No hustle or bustle or football or range

Of lovely activities that kids choose to play

To occupy themselves and get through the day

Our playground is empty, our school is too hush

Our beautiful classrooms waiting for the rush

Of our wonderful children, our energy...our fuel

To return to the building and reignite our school.

Written by Mrs Wroe