

The Playground

The playground is full of children today.

I've brought Maddy here to play.

She glides down the slide so fancy and free.

Maddy makes friends so easily.

She pumps her little feet,

She could swing all day long

With grandpa pushing her to new heights.

Like a cute little song

The weathers just right, not hot, not cold

And a nice slight breeze on the playground.

With the joy of laughter and glee all around

Parents making sure their children can be found.

Every now and then a cry of pain.

A banged head or a scrapped knee.

Daddies' or mommies will kiss the sore spot,

And the child will be off, exploring with other tots.

Maddy jumps on the tire that swings,

With a twist and a turn, she makes the swing sing.

I'm Madison; I'm Lucy, new best friends.

A single moment, repeated, a trend

After an hour and a half, Grandpa is ready to go.

Maddy's ran, played, climbed, and laughed.

She expresses a desire to stay,

But I firmly let her know, there'll be another day.

She looks at me with the beautiful big eyes.

OK Grandpa, can I come back tomorrow?

And play with the new friends, I made today?

Oh yes, I say, it will be another fine day.

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