

Weir Hill

by Shelagh Hogan

I wandered off inside my mind
My memories did trill,
Of past times spent collecting leaves,
At the foot of Weir Hill.

In autumn time I'd race along
The rooted paths until,
My brief hike would bring me to
The top of Weir Hill.

I could sit up there for hours,
Until with peace my mind would fill.
The kind of peace that could only be found
At the peak of Weir Hill.

I snap back to reality
As the schoolbell rings loud and shrill.
I smile inside because my next class
Will return me to Weir Hill.