

Favourite Poems from the Children of Stanton

Breaking through the clouds

Do you notice me or not?
My cheeks flushing hot
Will I break through the clouds or whimper and watch?
See you sail off in your fancy yacht
My soul is made up I'll give it a go
Retraining my aim taking a throw
My heart is waiting, waiting for love
Head in the clouds high up above
The clouds are nice breezy and cool
Up here there is not a single rule
Do you notice me or not?