



Discarded Shoes

In the evening still of a summer's day,
As I quietly ponder things,
Recollecting brings
On its fleeting wings,
Glimpses of a child at play.

Sense the musty smell of discarded shoes,
Easy humming of the bees;
It's so sweet to flee
To tranquility
Where my heart can fondly muse.

Fond reflections bring aching heartfelt tears
For a mum I've never known,
As in heart I groan
For a child alone,
Even after all the years.

In the evening still of a summer's day,
Return from my wistful muse;
Never want to lose
Scent of my mum's shoes
In that childhood place of play.

Vincent Lyons.