

Memories

As I dream of a place forgotten,
random thoughts come to mind.
Could I relive the moments of yore,
solace in the memories I find.

I think of that clear stream,
young boys splashing and diving.
Laughter bound the pure souls,
life was , but a dream.

Or of that old fort,
daring us to seize the top.
Times tested our courage and mettle,
but challenge couldn't make us stop.

Bony frames , straining and sweating,
labouring under the midday heat.
All the forces of nature combined,
strengthened us , couldn't defeat.

Like brothers we stood our ground
Not a hint of jealousy or evil we found
Conquering , victorious we lay breathing
The only adversary being the fear within

Hence we remember the adage old ,
that the fruit of labour is labour itself.
And to this day face the world affront,
thanks to the wondrous, joyous lessons learnt.

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