

Ours by Charlotte Faulconbridge

Before we put a man on Mars
We must put ourselves on trial
Pleading guilty we shall be charged
For ignoring all that does beguile

Walking home in the early hours
Singing Brit pop to bins and flowers
This is the time to greet rebirth
With nature's gifts from Mother Earth

The sun's warm rays that heal and blast
The dreary days of winters past
At each new dawn the day does break
Where songbirds call their chosen mates

Birds returning from the South
Butterflies dance thereabout
Beneath the shrubs some petals peep
Whilst other plants still sound asleep

Petal hues of pink and white
Bedeck the trees like fairy lights
When blossoms spent and fallen down
They lie like snow upon the ground

Where the sky and sea agree to meet
They instruct the waves to kiss my feet
Sunsets like Sir Galahad in armour bright
The spectrum's colours now bowed in light

Strolling hand in hand under moonlight
Fireflies begin lighting up the night
As one by one the stars shut up shop
The moon slips off her shoes when she's off the clock

It's a beautiful life we've all been given
The odds we're here are less than a million
It's worth the neck ache from staring at the stars
Because at home in the world
This place
Is ours