

Joy

In the grounds of the park,
cyclists glide past,
children run to Nannies,
the Joy House stands proud.

It's white roof shines
like a fresh porcelain bowl,
awaiting crisp cereal
on a clear morning.

Its four stone pillars
protect the world inside;
a world of music, arts,
and positive minds

The surrounding flower beds
lie like colourful carpets,
fit for royalty and
decorate the deckchairs.

The old and the young,
the rich and the poor,
people reconcile at
the hands of Joy.