

## **'One day I'll be a park bench too'**

One day I will be a park bench too,  
Silently watching seagulls swooping and children having fun.  
Will my name be inscribed on a tarnished brass plate?  
Giving simply only my personal arrival and departure date,  
While I reside here forever, watching quietly, and paying nothing for the view.  
How fortunate that I can rest my bones, and now help others do that too.  
I watch the white horses on the sea galloping, so wonderfully wild.  
As shell, shingle and starfish arrange themselves to attract a passing child.  
My once six small boys are now all men and have well and truly flown the nest .  
But, hopefully, life will be good to them, and give them time too to sit and rest,  
To let the world go by, as they sit upon their mum.  
But, I still simply remain only a name, arrival and departure date to some.  
Sitting observing life silently in the Seaford sun.