

Paradise - Poetry  
Ella Worley  
Nundle Public  
School

Paradise

Paradise for me is....  
the swishing movement of the trees in the valleys of the mountain,  
the glowing of the moonlight,  
the bright sun shining down on my head,  
the sweet soft sounds of the birds,  
the wonderful howl of the dingoes in the moonshine,  
the lovely breeze that blows across the house,  
the softness of my toys and my bed,  
cattle grazing around the paddocks at home,  
the laughter of Mummy and Daddy and my brother Jackson,  
the sweet sound of my flute,  
the lovely sound of Mummy playing violin,  
The gentle bark of my dog Cinder,  
the lovely bonfires we have together as a family,  
me bouncing on the trampoline,  
Dad playing the violin,  
Jackson on the cello,  
the sound of people chatting in the village,  
the familiar sounds of my family,  
my mummy's love for me,  
the world's sweet sounds,  
going gold panning with Dad,  
the art works in our house,  
at school with all my friends,  
the glow of my mum's lamps,  
the funny pictures of Mum and Dad's wedding day with Elvis Presley in Las  
Vegas,  
the fire burning and crackling,  
playing fun games with my cousins Meg and Joe,  
the cute puppies that Cinder has during Christmas time.  
Paradise in Nundle.

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