

## Goodbye Playgroup

Oh well! I decided,  
To give up, what provides  
Me with an enjoyable time.

Painting and doing  
Playdough and glueing  
Paper, and suchlike was fun.

The sand and the water was fun.  
Playing fields out in the sun,  
With orange and biscuits for break,  
A chance then to take,  
A rest from all we had done.

Time for a story –  
a birthday perhaps,  
Time for a break with routine.  
Some music – some dancing,  
All this enhancing  
The life of a Playgroup child.

Sometimes without fuss  
We went on a bus,  
To Pixieland Park or the Zoo.  
And when the day was done,  
Home we would come,  
Exhausted, but happy, it's true.

At Christmas was great,  
The things that we make  
For family and friends,  
they're a treat.

Our party and play  
They led all the way  
To a man we all like to meet.

Santa came just once a year,  
His magic is special you see.  
We were all in awe  
When he came through the door  
So exciting when you're only three.

Ten years – I cannot believe it.  
'What will you do?' they all said,  
Do you want a job?  
Earn a few bob?  
Or just stay at home instead?

How I dreaded the day  
To stand up and say  
Goodbye, to everyone there.  
The presents, the flowers,  
So many long hours  
To prepare such a wonderful art.

I'll miss all the noise,  
The girls and the boys,  
The three special days of the week.  
The laughter, the tears  
From all the past years,  
The memories that I'll always keep.

Anne Collins