

**Mrs City**

**Nik Perring**

Mrs City

your hair is green like the fields I played in when I was small  
and even though you're MASSIVE – (and your voice can sound like THUNDER)

I was never scared of you, not at all.

Your shoulders are two mighty hills  
and your legs are two canals  
that make it safe for boats and ducks  
you're so big you could hold me in your hands.

Those hands!

they're as big as ponds  
you'd find in the countryside  
and whenever I was there with you  
there was nowhere I could hide (not that I'd want to...),  
because you are old and HUGE and bony  
you're like a superhero with a cape -  
and I know you're always watching  
you protect us – keep us safe.

You wear a thick, steel-zipped, warm jacket,  
to keep you cosy when it's cold  
that keeps the rain off when it's wet outside  
(well, that's what I've been told).

Sometimes you whisper like the softest wind  
or snow when things get bleak  
and I can hear you whispering softly  
- counting sheep – 1,2,3...  
- when it's time to sleep.

Mrs City, you're lovely  
you're old and sweet and kind  
and sometimes you are GRUMPY  
and make it rain  
but that's okay

because I find  
my way to get myself back home  
when it's late down at Meersbrook park  
you make sure you light the streetlamps up  
so we don't get lost when it gets dark.  
And when we're all tucked up  
and the night is all around in our beds  
I know you're watching each and all of us  
pushing the sweetest dreams inside our heads.  
You're magic, you're steely,  
you're brave, you're kind  
and you're here for all of us  
but, best of all: you're mine!

[www.nikperring.com](http://www.nikperring.com)