

Time

After I'd been fed.
Time for a bath Mum said.

It's time I was gone,
OK, Yvonne.

That was him,
His name is Tim.

I'll be home by nine,
That's fine.

Time for sleep
I started to weep.

Get it into your head
It's time for bed.

I had to go,
I couldn't say no.

I hid under the covers,
It's time like the others.

He crept up the stairs,
I was caught unawares.

It time for our game,
It was always the same.

If I didn't breath,
He might take his leave.

It's our little secret,
He put his hand under my sheet,

And tickled my feet.