



I dream of flying far, Winter is cold and
 running fast... full of snow
 Spring brings flowers that start to grow
 The words are quiet, the trees...

THE SCHOOL POEM UK 2025

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Benefiting Grief Encounter



I dream of flying far and wide, of
 running fast with no one by my side.
 The city lights are shining
 bright, they sparkle in the
 darkest night.
 The woods are quiet, the trees...
 Winter is cold and full of
 snow, Spring brings flowers
 that start to grow.