

## **Her and I    by Charlotte Welch**

I sit on the grass, as it gently prickles my legs,  
The dog at my side, out of breath.  
She likes to chase the squirrels, back up the trees  
While I watch and laugh, a moment of free.

I watch the birds fly, circling around,  
And the buttercups sway, their yellow tips blanketing the ground  
Up on our hill, her and mine, we sit in silence  
Watching time fly.

But now I have grown, as has she,  
Our hill stands lonely, ruffled by a hollow breeze.  
Until the day, seeking strength, I return  
alone, tears in my eyes, watching the birds.

But despite my sadness the buttercups still sway  
And I realise, sat up on the hill that was once hers and mine,  
She never really went away,  
She is the squirrels, the buttercups, the trees and the grass,  
and so, we still sit there, her and I.