

WHAT DO YOU THINK COUNTS?

I'm counting how many licks to finish a lollipop,
how many times a grown up says "no",
how many marshmallows I can fit in my mouth,
how many times I cry about homework,
how many sticky notes I can put on Mum's face,
how many monsters I have in my head.

I'm counting the days
until I'm a famous tennis player,
days since the war started,
days until I see Daddy,
until I have a friend.

I'm counting on my Nain and Taid
because they give me hugs
and say "sweets cost 1p
back in the day".
And the friends
I don't need to pretend to,
that respect me,
that play.
And my bunny, Binky,
my axolotl, Bob,
because although they eat my homework,
they always keep my secrets safe.

I'm counting on the people in power
to protect the planet,
on teachers
so I can get a good job,
money, a better life,
and my football coach
because

I WANT TO PLAY IN THE PREMIER LEAGUE.

I'm counting cows on the way to school,
raindrops in my mouth,
memories of people I've lost.

I'm counting on someone
to love me no matter what,
to want the best for me,
keep their promises,
listen,
and keep me safe,
so I don't have to worry so much.

I'm counting on
the small things –
because they all add up.

What do you think counts?