

## When I was Young

When I was young my hair was long,  
No fancy hairdo, just plaits of blonde.  
Ballet and horse riding were not for me.  
My favourite sport was climbing a tree.  
Knees were scraped and grubby grey  
And summers endless as I played all day.  
I roamed the fields, no cares and safe,  
Finding frogspawn in some secret place.  
Then watching tadpoles grow some legs  
And caterpillars emerge from tiny eggs.  
These moments make me smile  
To think of that child running wild.  
And now I'm old and getting on in years  
I've little time for sadness nor any tears.  
My legs and eyes aren't what they used to be,  
But all the rest is still just me.  
For what is time but yesterday  
Especially if you belong to U3A!

By *Rosemary Smith*