

My Bus

by Angela Clover

I am the driver of my bus
I like it peaceful, without fuss.
But the passengers that are in my seats,
are loud and bossy and full of deceit.
They're obsessive and anxious and full of fear,
always telling me how to steer.
But there's one passenger, sits right at the back,
quietly watching the others attack.
This passengers happy, strong and kind,
They know who they are and have peace of mind.
I cannot throw the noisy ones off,
they will just get on at the very next stop!
I begin to realise, in their own way,
they want to protect me with what they say
But I can drive my lovely bus,
I really don't need all this fuss.
I'll take on board what they shout,
but I won't stay on this roundabout.
I'll drive calmly, at my own pace,
this bus of mine, it's not a race.
Then the quiet passenger from the back,
comes smiling up to me.
I can help you stay on track,
if you listen and believe.
Know that you are worthy,
you are precious, kind and caring.
I know the noise you hear, can be so very wearing.
But just be you,
be happy, good and true.
And I know that you will find,
you'll have your peace of mind.

You can handle any fuss,
You are the driver of your bus