

**A Patch of Sky by Rosalind Billingsley**

**In Kenya, from the age of three,  
I learned to climb our Cedar tree.  
I looked out where impalas roam.  
A farm called 'Chumbi' was my home.**

**With plagues of locusts, drought and sun,  
My parents worked while I had fun.  
Giraffes might eat our sisal hedge,  
While lions slumbered on a ledge.**

**The home we built, the land we tend,  
Our Kenya days would sadly end.  
Uhuru loomed, the dangers grew.  
In England we must start anew.**

**Accounts trainee, I tended files,  
And dusty papers stacked in piles!  
Trees lost their leaves, the wind blew chill.  
My hands froze to the windowsill!**

**Though all was gloomy cold and grey,  
They told me spring was on its way.  
They said that soon the sun would shine,  
The trees would bud, 'The weather's fine.'**

**I trudged a pavement, long and grey.  
Drab buildings lined it all the way.  
But hiding in the distant view,  
I spied a tiny patch of blue.**

**I hurried on with faster tread.  
Between the buildings up ahead  
Great wrought-iron gates were open wide.  
Is that a castle there inside?**

**A park with fountain, paths and trees  
I found, with flower beds and bees,  
And bench 'Bequeathed to Taunton town'.  
I entered, and with joy sat down.**

**I learned to love that antique land,  
Its heritage of stories grand.  
Accountancy was cast aside,  
A Secret Service job I spied.**

**Then marriage, children, studies, art,  
My graphics business played their part  
In making many years fly by.  
But still I yearned for that blue sky.**

**At last my husband shared my view  
Of warmer climes and pastures new.  
My patch of blue could now be sought,  
Visas obtained, and sun hats bought!**

**We swiftly joined the kangaroos,  
Where kookaburras shriek the news,  
That now my happiness is found,  
The bright blue sky is all around.**