

SMALL CHILD

Are there red buses in Heaven?
And do we all have to queue on the right?
Are the clouds a fare stage
And where do they sleep at night?
Do the shops all keep open?
Is money used up there
Or is each day a Sunday
To be spent in church and prayer?
Perhaps when God is angry
And the clouds send down the rain
The people who are in Heaven
Wish they were home again.

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