

My Paradise

by Zach Stacey

My paradise is an empty beach, where the seas are warm, the sand is as soft as feathered pillows and the grains are as fine as sugar.

My paradise is a luscious green forest, with soft, mushy moss underfoot and the faint sound of yapping from a friendly dog.

My paradise is a river as black as midnight but with a twinkle as bright as the sun, winding through a field of lime green grass.

My paradise is when people don't mind about my diabetes but actually help me.

My paradise is the sound of laughter when I crack a terrible joke because it feels to me as if it isn't quite as bad as I think it is.

My paradise is when people say that I am a good friend because it puts a smile on my face and I just can't believe how kind some people are.