

The Frosty Garden

On flapping wings the black birds pass,
And woodlice squirm in the frosty grass.
Glistening snowflakes fell from the sky;
Whilst the birds in the trees start to fly.

But still the garden slept.

And still the ghost crept.

Round and round her spirit goes,
But never and never it finds repose.

The frosty snow fell in showers
Making the already suffering flowers;
Become colder and colder every day;
And the ghost in the garden started to dismay.

The frost on the trees started to shine;
Like the cold family of squirrels that lives on the vine.

Every trip to the garden she makes,
Longer and longer it always takes.

Waiting and waiting her old mind does,
Always waiting till the morning comes.

Written by Jessica Taylor

