

A Garden At Night

Leaves fall, brown and old,
A new story to be told.
About a ghost, tall and white,
Hiding in shadows, just out of sight.
Moths flutter to his glowing aura,
The ghost looking at the waving aurora.
Floating over the lavender bulbs,
Darting over the frosty shrubs.
The guardian anger of this silent heaven.

Not always so harmonious and calm,
This garden has sinister plans.
Colder than the white, icy lands.
The ghost has sworn to fight and protect,
Making the garden hard to ravage and detect.
Eventually, the morning star shines,
Opening flowers and releasing a powerful scent,
Of wonderful poppies and roses.
The time is up; the job has been done,
The ghost drifts away from the glowing sun.

By Timo Walker Arvola



How does your poem compare with the original? What did you change and why?

How did you use the original to inspire your writing?

My poem doesn't rhyme the whole way, where the original rhymes the whole way. My poem is longer but not as rhythmic as the original.

I changed the ghost to a guardian instead of a wandered because I wanted the 'good against bad' theme. I also changed the ghost to a 'him'.