The Path

Snaking beside a lake,

A sparkling, looking-glass that

Darting silver fishes flood,

There is a path

Where the lilies grow.

It is bordered by primroses

That dance in the breeze,

Plants as green as can be,

And pebbles that crunch

Under your feet

But are as soothing as

Feathers as the

Wind pulls you home.

Bethany Price, Year 5

Coastlands School