The Path

Meandering through the woods -

A strangely located maze

Which squirrels easily traverse -

There is a path. It serves brown mutts,

With lolling tongues and shrivelled noses,

For walking their owners, forcefully;

Tourists on their (continuous) daily stroll,

With delicious-smelling baskets, stomping

On the tired, worn track.

Yet in the dark and misty night

Nocturnal creatures invade the path.

Even the most prickly of hedgehogs

Steal from the grey, cracked gravel.

But they are not alone, as

Orange-black dotted balls

Gleam from the feathered-heads

Of owl sentinels getting ready

To swoop on their snack.

The path gleams with life,

Meandering through the woods.

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