The Path

Winding through a valley

In a forest ever-green,

There lies a path. It serves

The fuzzy squirrels

With their hard nuts

To bash against the side.

A trickling stream tingles

Like a bell. A bank

Of glimmering blue.

Comforting sunshine reaches

Through the leaves,

And on a midnight dreary

The soothing wind,

Thick with black shadows,

Rustles the bushy tops.

But as you walk further

The ever green thins,

And you break out of

The shimmering green.

You think the path would

Lead you to a legendary place,

But it ends

Where the mountain begins.

Ria Burton, Year 4

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