The Path

Tripping along a soothing valley,

Where the river flows

And shadows glow,

There is a path.

It goes along Scooby Lane

By the village that is

Like a ghost town.

Step by step, tumbling and

Turning on the rocky lumps

That pepper the path,

Dark shapes flit along,

Confusing footsteps echo between

The curving trees.

Are these the people of the past?

But no one visits the path

Any more.

Will Gent, Year 4

Coastlands School