

A Garden at Night

Here lived an old, old Spirit,
From days where the world had magic,
An old woman whose spirit lives on,
To protect the garden from evil and wrong.
Moonlight dances across silvery petals,
While the soft smell of steam drifts from the kettle;
The house tells of warmth and of kindness in the day,
But dark corners of the garden speak of death and decay,
Yet the good spirit protects it for evermore,
And evil and darkness can't live here, for
Warmth in the petals and the strength of the sun
Outnumber the darkness two to one.
Then the sun rises,
The spirit finds repose,
And the day begins with the sweet scent of the rose.

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Written at The Saturday Challenge Enrichment Centre

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