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The Secret Garden

Once, there was a garden,
a place of teeming bloom
with rosebuds spurring
and insects stirring—
still alive in moonlit gloom.

With precious trees with crowns of green
and roots so deeply buried,
and when the breeze
caressed the trees
the seeds of those were carried

along with herbs of rosemary and thyme,
strawberries, chives and wild heather.

A pond of fish
with many a dish
was the washing of a bird's feather.

The sun would beam over stone laid floors
with rays of golden light,
and when the rain
filled the drain
it poured with all its might.

The darkened woods around the haven
towered with shielding force,
and the blooming flowers
and endless hours
were safe and sound from worlds so coarse.

But as time elapsed over years and years
the garden seemed to fade;
no more forever—
not now, not ever!—
the sunlit floors were put in shade.

Now it's just a looming shadow,
an echo of a distant dream,
when the sun no longer

strikes beams ever stronger
and when blossoms no longer teem.

For inside the darkened woods of green
the garden stands forgotten,
with its peaceful suit
and sweet, sweet fruit,
now tainted, stained—rotten.

The stone laid floors are cracked and covered
by weed and tares so catching!
With grass and moss
and pain and loss,
the weeds are slowly patching!

The pond, no longer vibrant
with life of many a kind,
is dark and stained—
the heart is chained!—
its light has long resigned.

But somewhere far away from darkness,
lie the seeds the wind once bore.
So where the breeze
brought the trees,

a garden grows once more.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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