

## *The Secret Garden*

*A poem by Amy*

Sometimes seeds grow in my garden,  
With pastel petals,  
And thriving leaves.

Sometimes the buds are torn down in my garden,  
By thrashing wind,  
Or their unfulfilled desire for sun.

No one knows.  
No one notices.

Sometimes the sun glows in my garden,  
Above the buzzing bees,  
And flapping butterflies.

Sometimes there's a storm in my garden,  
They can go from light rain to tornados in one  
click of the tongue,  
But the storms rarely leave my garden.

No one knows.  
No one notices.

Sometimes weeds don't grow in my garden,  
They leave my plants alone,  
And I enjoy calm.



Sometimes the weeds come back to my garden,  
They squeeze their way through my defence,  
And I have to get rid of them myself.

No one knows.  
No one notices.

Sometimes there are lots of insects in my garden,  
Ants, beetles, wood lice, bees, butterflies galore,  
All living their own story, but still helping my  
garden.

Sometimes the insects leave my garden,  
They don't come back,  
Unless they know I need help.

No one knows.  
No one notices.

Sometimes the birds perch in my garden,  
Tweeting, squawking, peeping and twittering,  
As if they're checking that I'm alright.

Sometimes the birds are not in my garden,  
They fly to someone else's garden,  
To check if someone else is alright.

No one knows.  
No one notices.

This is my secret garden.

## *The Secret Garden*

*A poem by Annie*

The magnificent weeping willow  
Cries tears for the dead  
And the flowers sprouting  
Bring forth life,  
The flowers grow in spring,  
Their beauty bringing tenderness with it,  
Bringing soft love and virtues,  
To a world with too few,  
Bringing fresh life,  
To a world on the brink of death,  
Bringing new hope,  
And a fresh perspective within their bloom.  
The blossoms, rich in colour, mend hearts,  
Bring life to those nearly gone.  
The blooms and blossoms of a secret garden,  
Protect the fragile remnants of a world,  
Shared by all.



# *The Secret Garden*

*A poem by Ellen*

*This is my stress reliever garden.*

*Whenever anyone has a health issue,*

*Everyone prescribes my mood-lightener garden.*

*"I am so stressed!"*

*Rosemary's there - be my guest.*

*"I feel quite blue!"*

*Next to the trees - Thyme: brand  
new!*

*"I have a headache!"*

*Calming mint is here to take!*

*But behind my herb garden,*

*I have my true garden.*

*No one else allowed,*

*Quite small, but elegant.*

*Covered in blankets of Boston fern and English Ivy.*



*Whenever I want to get away,  
Away from school, work, screens,  
I know the best place there is,  
A place where I have:  
My friendly lilies,  
Calming ox-eyed daisies,  
Understanding orchids,  
Motivational Irises.*



*Where I have:  
My loyal pumpkins,  
Generous cucumbers  
And mischievous potatoes.  
An optimistic cherry tree,  
With pansies scattered around.  
I nurture everything with water and love,  
And they shower me in health  
and calmness back.*



# *The Secret Garden*

*A poem by Georgia*

*In my secret garden, it's just me,  
Nobody else.*

*No-one else knows where it is.*

*I go there regularly, to shut myself away  
From the strain, pain and worries of life.*

*It has curtains and fountains of roses,  
And the grass is a carpet of flowers.*

*And there is a single chair, just one,  
For me to sit on.*

*In my secret garden, I'm alone.*

*But I'm not lonely.*

*The flowers, birds, and trees keep me  
company,*

*They talk to me in nature's language.*

*In my secret garden,*

*There is every joy on earth.*

*With bright, cheeky bursts*

*Of all the flowers you can think of,  
And more.*

*Because in my secret garden,  
With no-one else around,*

*I feel as if I have more friends,  
Then I do when I am with others.*

*But now.*

*In my secret garden,*

*Of beauty and flowers and trees  
And creeping vines, and tweeting birds,*

*I wonder*

*If others have a secret paradise too.*

*In their mind.*

*Like mine.*



# *The Secret Garden*

*A poem by Jack*

The vines wrap around the trees  
like a blanket, they wrap it warm,  
The thrushes chirp away to a tune in the background,  
And the crocuses blossom in a royal purple.

Swelling leaf buds surround your feet,  
Snowdrops, pure white,  
Carpets of plants cover the lush green grass,  
The rose bushes, breaking out and uncurling.

Red poppies, a vibrant colour,  
In the corner are primroses with little leaves,  
On the left, is a green veil of trees,  
And splashes of gold, purple and white spread across the garden.

Cherry blossom trees fill the garden with a sprightly pink,  
Lilies gleam a shiny gold,  
Robins fly across like streaks of red,  
All is calm in the secret garden.

# The Secret Garden

A Poem by Lauren



## The Secret Garden

My nose smells the  
sweet scent of  
lavender, and my  
tongue tastes the  
floral aroma of  
roses, meaning I  
can breathe  
properly once  
more.

My hands feel the  
delicate touch of  
dandelions as their  
seeds float away; Just  
like all my worries.

As the heathers tickle my  
feet and the tulips stroke  
my legs, they feel stronger,  
as if I could race a  
marathon and come out on  
top.

Lauren.C

## The Secret Garden

A poem by Lily

A private place  
Controlled by my own mind,  
A peaceful sanctuary which grows happiness.

My imagination,  
My garden,

I breathe.

The sound echoes,  
The garden awakes,  
A sudden warm breeze embraces me.

My heartbeat steadies as  
Flowers sway gracefully,  
Like synchronised ballet dancers,  
Turning their heads, to catch a glimpse of light.

Birds swoop around the spiralling treetops,  
Twittering and chirping excitedly  
As the silhouetted trees wave their twisted branches,  
To greet the morning.

The sky overflows with amber and scarlet clouds,  
The eerie mist and looming shadows fade.

Creatures stir and scurry busily,  
Across a blanket of soft dewy grass,  
Pausing momentarily to admire the golden sunrise.

I smile.

This is my garden,  
Only I can control it,  
I may be alone, but I am not lonely



## *The Secret Garden*

### *A poem by Sophie*

My secret garden is an area in which I  
am free,

It is a place where I feel wild.

Guarding me, trees surround the premises,

Daffodils cover the floor like a blanket.

I am free.

Shrubs cover the outside of my garden,

Marking where I belong;

Bushes rustle in the breeze,

I am free.

Where flowers don't cover,

There is grass,

There is wildlife in every corner,

I am free.

The sky is charcoal-grey,

The plants let go of their leaves in frustration,

Everything is empty,

Dull, Boring,

I am stuck,

Like a prisoner,

And I wish it was summer once again.



# *The Secret Garden*

*A poem by Theo*



My garden is wrecked,  
It is destroyed  
All the unique things about it,  
They are gone  
This storm has ruined  
All the flowers,

The bushes  
And the trees  
The birds have died,  
All the twittering and singing  
The garden is quiet now  
No more bright flowers  
Sprouting through the soil  
Just the noise of rain,  
Thunder and lightning.

The time comes  
In spring  
The sun comes back  
After a long storm  
The flowers in the garden  
They are growing back  
The pearly white flowers  
Are flooded with springtime light  
All the wonders of the garden

They are back  
The carpet of colour is blooming  
And the tangle of vines  
Are climbing,  
And stooping over the ground  
The tulips and roses are uncurling  
The pink glow of colour  
Is bursting from the lilies

My garden is back  
Healthy and strong.

