

## A View of an Old, Forgotten Garden

The Garden was overgrown now. The roses,  
previously kept in perfect order, Their blood  
red color once pristine, was now marred  
with holes eaten away by bugs. Their  
stems, tangled in matted webs, overflowed onto  
the cobble path. So different from before.

Next to them was the old magnolia  
Tree, Broken and twisted grey. The swing  
that hung from the branches moulded and  
rotting. The rope, damp and covered in  
mildew. Abandoned nests and dead leaves crown  
The ancient tree. So different from before.

The land was painted with sunburst orange,  
Capturing the tiger lillies so perfectly its  
Like one can still smell them. Like  
They still spread like wildfire in the  
Plant beds. I can almost remember the  
Damp grass underfoot. So different from before.

Without pruning the tiger lillies would crowd  
Out the forget-me-nots and honeysuckle,  
until they too withered away. The husks  
Of sunflowers bowing their great heads, as  
If mourning the times when they were  
Treated with care. So different from before.

In the center of this forlorn garden,  
A formerly grand fountain with puddles of  
Pungent, stagnant water residing within slowly crumbles.  
The lichen covered marbled slowly being chipped  
Away by time and her trusty pick.  
A former masterpiece. So different from before.

Once a centurion over the flowers and  
Trees in the garden now stood a  
Lone soldier, watching over a battlefield of  
Bloodshed roses and tiger lily fires, weeds  
choking what stubborn flowers happened to remain.  
An old garden. So different from before.