

INTO THE GREEN

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS

by young people
in celebration of plants,
gardens and green spaces

Foreword by
ALICE OSWALD

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First published by the University of Oxford in 2021

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Designed and typeset by Dot Little at the Bodleian Library in 11/13 Gill Sans Nova



Production of this anthology was made possible through the generosity of the Helen Hamlyn Trust.

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FOREWORD

Kaspar Hauser was a teenager discovered wandering the streets of Nuremberg in 1828. He was aged about 16 and had been kept in a cellar all his life. When he revealed that he thought Nature was man-made, his teacher asked him to sow flower seeds in the shape of his name. The flowers appeared and Kaspar was astonished, because he realised at last what it meant to be alive.

This true story reminds me what a miracle a garden is and I hoped it might encourage young people to join our celebration of the Botanic Garden by writing a poem about gardens or humans or plants or seeds or smells or indeed anything that grows.

I am so pleased with the exuberant poems that were sent to me. Children are natural poets, as I hope you'll agree when you read this publication.

ALICE OSWALD

Professor of Poetry, University of Oxford
August 2021

INTRODUCTION

The Oxford Botanic Garden is celebrating its 400th Birthday in 2021-22. The *Into the Green* poetry project is an exciting opportunity to mark this important anniversary. It is being run jointly by the Botanic Garden and the Bodleian Libraries, who are hosting an exhibition called *Roots to Seeds* which explores 400 years of plant science in Oxford.

We invited children and young people aged 11–16 to submit their poems for this anthology. The first 27 poems in this anthology were chosen by award-winning poet and Professor of Poetry, Alice Oswald. All the poems submitted are included in this edition as part of the 400th anniversary celebrations.

LAUREN BAKER

Education Officer, Oxford Botanic Gardens & Arboretum

RODGER CASEBY

Education Officer, Bodleian Libraries



A SMALL BLADE

GAUDIA AGAHARU

I was surrounded in a legion
Of lime, emerald and basil
A home of greens that dazzle.
Look at the sun!
It's as gold and sweet as honey
I could hear it coming closer
And saw tiny blades tilting in reply around me

There were screams and footballs,
Streams of sweet stalls
And then the wet crunch of boots across the mud.
I was tugged out of the ground
By fingers splattered with melted chocolate
And thrown onto someone's hair.

Suddenly I could see the world.

This human raced across the field
And the view from her head was wondrous
I was finally witness to the mosaic of life
Free from worldly strife.

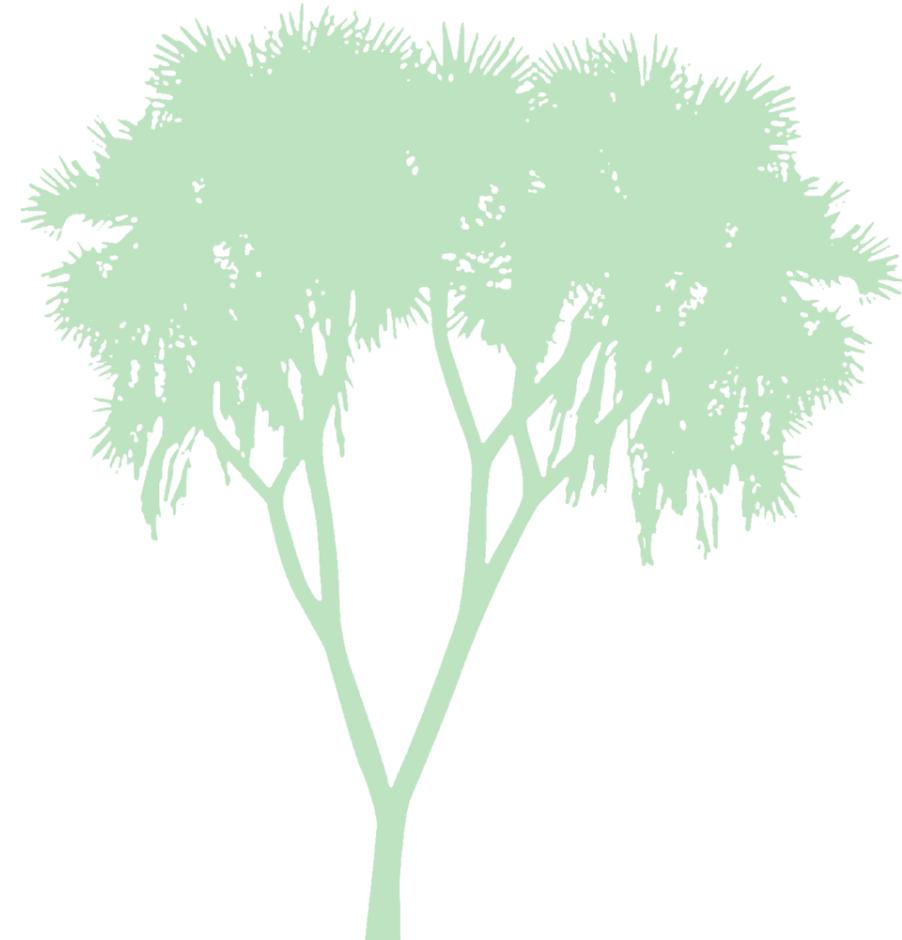
There were tender roses like the rich red of wine,
Peach calla lilies that screamed of summer,
Pink carnations that sang wedding songs
And tulips that held the pure white of the sun

There were no ominous cracks of thunder
While the bees did their duty.
It does make you wonder:
Which hand gave life to this beauty?

AFRICAN TREE

TYLER RODD

The tree almost darts
through the clouds,
The elephants sleeping like
ants between the roots.
Branches sprout with rubbery flowers.
Inside the tree there are squirrels sleeping.



AS THE WIND SWISHES

KENLEY WENBAN

As the wind swishes
all the leaves on the tree fall.

As the flower opens its feathers
drift into the heavens.

As the leaves jump from trees to sea
They flow down the river into a patch of bees.

As you gaze at the world
you will enter glistening atmospheres.



FOREST

INGRIDA BARANSKAITE

The picturesque forest,
So serene yet lively with its sacred chorus,
Chants a rhythm that draws me to it.
Once you get close enough,
You will find love.
Love for life,
Love for the world.
And yet it's right next to me.
The little plant I keep on my windowsill,
The sturdy tree I see up on the hill.
Explain adventure little Tarzan,
As if I am a Martian.
It can be found anywhere if you feel its pulse,
You shall not be deprived of it for this isn't false,
You'll find a sense of wildness, even in the city,
All senses engaged in its neuralisity.



GARDENS, GARDENS

AURORA HOLDING

Gardens, gardens
Such wonderful things
A great place to meet with all of your cousins
You can play on your swings

Great for summer
The birds come to play
And you annoy your sister
Whilst other people stay

You can play games
With all of your friends
Pretending to be planes
When your dad mends

The trees stand tall
The flowers stay bright
The bees are small
Gardens are bringing light

The birds chirp and sing
The insects hum
Whilst the door does its ding
And you hurt your thumb

The cherry tree blooms
The paddling pool splashes
You go to the moon
And you lose one of your eyelashes

There so much space
For all of your plants
You can do a race
With all of Aunts

The grass is emerald green
The sky is baby blue
You can make a scene
And your friends to

Gardens, gardens
Such wonderful things
Your sister says pardon
And I say I have wings



INSECTS FINDING FOOD

SOPHIA, HANNAH, AND LILY

Insects finding food,
Munching, crunching, lunching, yum!
From the peace garden.



JUNGLE

JACK CANNON

As I walk through the jungle
I see big, bright bushes surrounding the trees
The enormous trees so high and so wide
And glooming down on us

I see energetic monkeys swinging from vine to vine
The loud woodpeckers chirping and chipping away
The slow sloths curled up in a ball up the long static tree
And big black hairy spiders crawling up my back

The bright asters are vibrant and bright
And hold a sight
The tropical orchids staring at me
And the air is screaming with joy

As I walk through the jungle
I walk through the long spiky plants
the air is humid
And the trees are closing in

It's getting darker
I look up and see the moon
Looming around
And very lonely



LEAP FORTH, TO LIFE

NOAH DRYDEN-PELL

Leap forth, to life, with pleasant features
That most beautiful of nature's creatures
We watch, we gaze, we see and praise
To study or to pass the days

And what luscious days they are!
As we adore you from afar
You seek to enrich, not mar
To beautify and heal, not scar

Reach, reach up into the sky
Yours is more than to do and die
But to bring substance to our lives
To blunt our self-directed knives

And as you spring into existence
With a startling persistence
We will put up no resistance
And really try to close the distance

Between flesh and stalk
You and I, we stroll and talk
Sit and gawk
At this magical marvel

This astonishing carnival
Of firework petals
And surly, thorned nettles
For a celebration botanical

That is by no means mechanical
It's all that we need

A festival in bloom.



LILY PADS

TOBY SHEPHERD

Emerald platforms carry its majesty,
Floating adrift on the tranquil pond.
Lime green lily pads acting like fans,
holding up their hero
while he waves his hands.
Rose-pink petals providing protection
For the golden treasure hidden inside.
Swaying side to side,
the plant relaxes.



LUSH GREEN GRASS ENGULFS THE ROLLING HILLS

MAX BACON

Lush green grass engulfs the rolling hills.
Sheep and cows are mere ants in the distance.
Huge bushes part the fields like a referee in a boxing match
Separating the boxers.



MY CHILD, MY FLOWER

SADEEN AHMAD

Concealed from the outer skies of blue and white,
snuggled tight like a baby in a blanket.
Its beauty was still stirring, quietly, but any day and it would burst.
There was the bud.

Minute petals seeping out like water wringed from a saturated cloth.
It was already my big girl: already a piece of life.
Its beauty was still stirring, quietly, but any day it would burst.
There were the small petals.

It's crawling out: stretching its hand-like leaves for a hug.
Now it's yearning for liquid. It's hungry like a baby.
Its beauty stirring was nearly complete, quickly, but any day and it would be my child.
There were the last blush pink petals blooming.

There was my piece of heaven on the ground,
I guess it really elevated itself from those dusky, coffee-coloured pieces of ground.
Its beauty is doubtlessly there, contently but today my babies grown.
There were its rosy pads flourishing in the outer skies of blue and white.

There was my child, my flower



MY COUNTRYSIDE

JACOBO TERUEL MORAL

The best thing I remember from my youth, is enjoying
the interesting and colorful fauna of the countryside.

I remember the vivid plants
who greeted me with wide smiles on their faces.
That's my countryside.

I remember one fisherman enjoying the sights and smells
Of the countryside
I wanted to join him and take some breathtaking pictures
of the charming landscapes.
That's my countryside.

I remember the wet wind hitting my face
And converting it to an attractive and wet profile.
I saw a beautiful fish
jumping out of the water and splashing in it again.
That's my countryside.

I asked the friendly fisherman for a handkerchief
and after smelling a pretty flower,
He gladly gave it to me,
observing the magnificent countryside.
That's my countryside.

I love all the things I can remember,
Because they fill me with joy when
I think of them.
That's my countryside.



MY GARDEN

JIMMY CECIL

As I take my morning steps out of the snoring house, I feel the cool touch of the frostbitten grass seeping in between my exposed, numb toes.

As I gaze deeply at the colour-ridden garden, I realise the beauty of the morning world, as cloud-like sheep leap in circles.

As I stare behind my back I notice three forever black and blinding white dogs staring me down. Now running. Now jumping. Brushing past me with their waving fur.

As I follow the dog with my eye, I notice bees drifting along the sky, as a wave of flowing gold, giving off a relaxing hum as they fly, landing onto drooping lavender. Blue, and purple.

As I take the warm and comforting steps inside, I feel lonely and empty, like I am empty without the outside calmness.



NATURE IS BEAUTIFUL

ALEX IRONS

The flowers arise
They rupture out of the earth gamboling up into the air until they halt.
Swiftly a million colours explode out of the buds in a beautiful display of vibrant blues

The foxes awake
The newborn kits are around a new cheerful spirit in their Dijon-yellow eyes
The mice hide, the birds fly away
All is clear, the foxes are here.

The caterpillars return
The cocoon shatters
A million pieces are sent soaring through the air
The elegant butterfly emerges
Its wings are like glass, so delicate even a touch of a pinky could break them
Suddenly, out of nowhere it takes an ascent
And it's off.

The birds arrive
Another beauty in nature's eyes
They shy away from predators
They are the most beautiful colour one's eye could depict
Some bring omens and some bring good luck
They are present, no fear is near.

The trees stand tall
Striving for light, the leaves harmonizing all together into one impenetrable blanket.
At the peak the view so beautiful, one man's eye could not intake
Only nature itself can design such artistry
Nature is beautiful.



PALETTE

SAFFRON SANGRA

Come see the green! (come I say)
See the sun so high in the sky today
The birds trill gently up in the treetops
And the wind wound lazily through the copse

Algae, absinthe, artichoke green
Every hue known all be seen
On this one summer's day, so mellow
Under the shining sunlight yellow

Darker now, deep Dartmouth green
A cooler shade to set the scene
The floor dappled with rays of sun
Shadows growing, marking time 'til the day is done

River, stream, dew and brook
Running water and cawing rook
The jewels in the water and the gold in the air
Oh loving wind running its fingers through my hair

Behind the sea of trees the sun sinks
Staining the sky in reds, blues, purples and pinks
A chill creeps in through the branches and the sky of crayon
A reminder that another day has gone

Remember this for times to come
For when yet another day is done
It is the green that is constant and always there
Comforts and greet when you have laid all bare

Come see the green! (come I say)
Come pass the day away
And keep time's passing at bay.

ROSES

RUBY MANELLARI

It rained every day for weeks on end,
The once blue heavens were hidden beneath the sorrowful clouds.

For many weeks there was no joy
and then it changed.
The roses bloomed.

A kaleidoscope of colours lit up my garden.
I was overcome with the feeling of joy.
The clouds were all gone, the sun shone brightly.
The roses brought joy back to my life.
I cherished every day I had with them.

But as the days got shorter,
the clouds returned,
and with that blowing all my joy away.
The clouds brought the end to my roses.
Where my roses once stood
there was not the glowing sources of colour

Of what once was,
But wilted and brown upon their stems.
And at that moment I shattered into a million pieces
And every day I went to where my joy once stood
The feeling of despair overtook me
I was a different person for weeks.

But in the end,
I thought to myself,
at least I once had my roses
and the wilted petals of what once was.
At least they existed with me.
As a world with wilted flowers
is better than a world without flowers at all.



SOLITARY ORANGE FLOWER

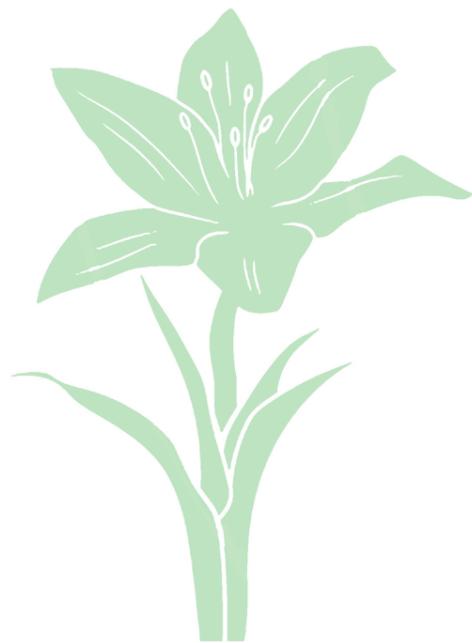
GEORGIA LEUCHTER-STEVENSON

Vibrant orange stares
Look at me if you dare
Colour binds your eyes

Green blades surround me
Like shredded curtains shielding
But I'm a periscope
Standing tall, proud, strong
Not ready to fall.

HELP!

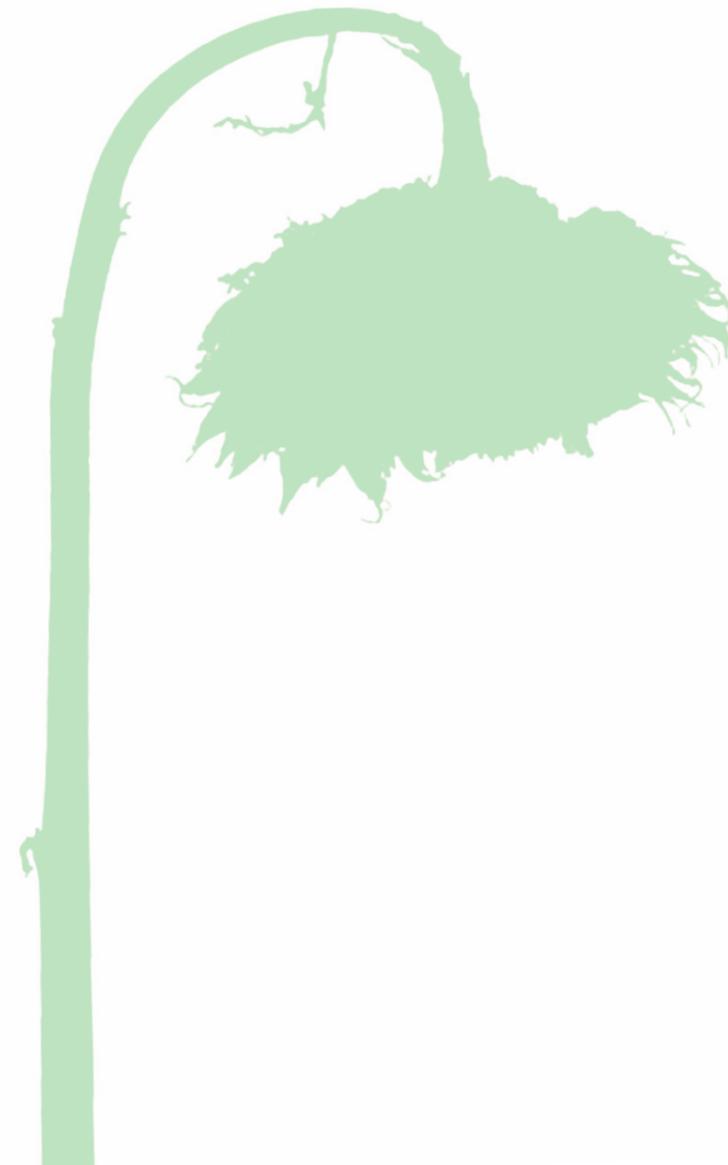
I hear the hungry engine about to eat the
luscious grass I'm exposed and about to
die, take one last look before I fly.



SUNFLOWER

JACOB VIERA

Battered and
Wounded
Even though the
Sun still shines
It droops its head
Instead.



THE FIRST TREE SHOT

FERGUS COLEMAN

Biting misty, wind dampened the arctic-hard
Grass on the tee box
A breathtaking view of the clubhouse created
An astonishing atmosphere.

The stupendous drive
Whistled through the cloudy air
Sun pierced through the
Miserable clouds in the distance.

The sun rose softly above the elegant trees
All of the soft orange leaves were eager to float off the gentle trees.
A misty figure stood still in the distance but then
Floated away in the wind
The sun tucked behind the clouds
Battling to find the smallest gap

All the blood-red roses
Looked beautiful but struggling to stay on the ground
A glacial wind picked up
And made me shiver with goosebumps
I could tell this was going to be
An up and down round.

But I knew that was absent-minded
I looked around and saw all the beautiful
And creative effects of nature
The hazy late-day sun finally pierced through the clouds

I felt a warm feeling of joy in my heart
The trees swaying in the now slightly humid wind
They say golf is the perfect sport and I can tell why
All the magic belongs to nature.
It will always make me smile

THE LEAVES ANTIQUE

DULCIE KINCH

It floats and sways like feathers breeze,
As gently falling down, one sees,
A flash of scarlet bronze or gold,
A sight of such is to behold.

The heavens are but dulled and grey,
No longer emerald rules the day,
Nor night, but such as every year,
The ambers creep as to appear.

Winds shall blow as boughs creak,
And tumble down the leaves antique,
For crunch they will beneath my feet,
Such skeletons of their old fleet,

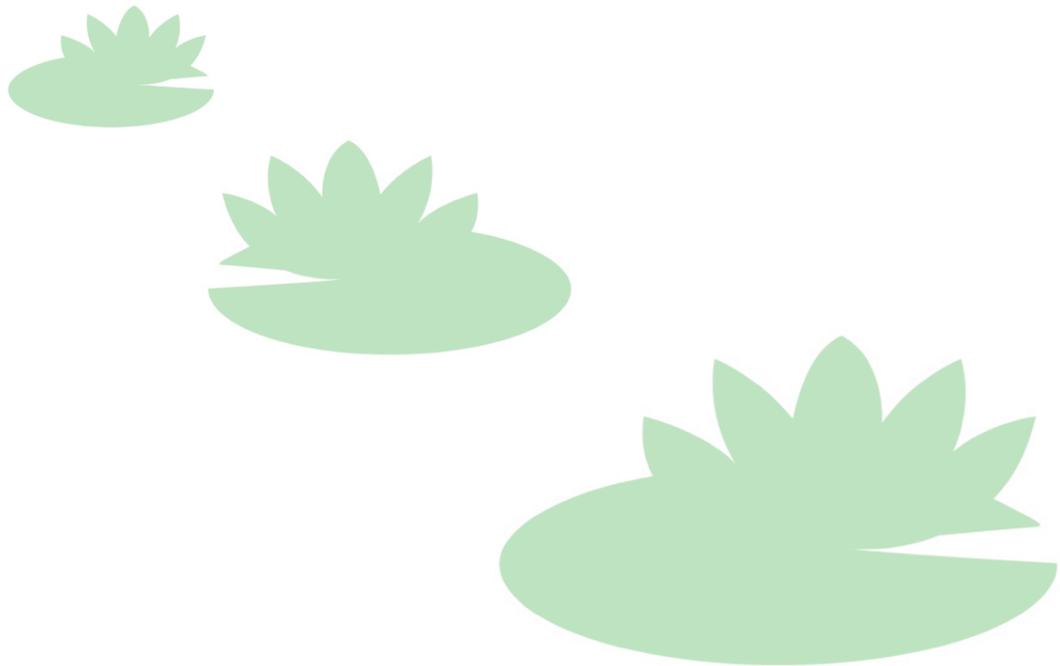
The time of this is called as such,
Autumn, thrives on colours much,
So verdant leaves finish your dances,
As new of flame creep along branches.



THE LILY

GEORGIA BIRTWHISTLE

It lies tranquil
like an angel on clouds.
Flowing in the water
not making a sound
carried carefully by emerald plates drifting
along the magic it creates.



THE SUMMER SEASON

EDWARD BERRY

“The Summer season the waterless wait the season I hate
The reason for the long dry drought. My mouth is dry and I want to sleep
I feel like I am about to fry and my summer holidays have gone awry.
The horrible pollen is unforgiving and its sting is not a lovely thing.”
Said the ancient pig

“The sheep are grazing the view is amazing
And the heat is blazing.
The scorching sun is on the run the summer is here it is now all clear
The deer are out to chase as are the bumbling bumble bees.”
Said the sheep dog

“The krill are migrating, the breeze is fresh, the eggs have been laid
Now the fun can begin.
Hundreds of us plunging in, diving low
The festival of krill.
The sea is filled with the glow of scrambling, velvet-red ants but
In a matter of seconds they were all gone,
eaten up,
Stored for the unforgiving winter ahead.”
Said the albatross.



THE SUN AND THE SUNFLOWER

EDWIN GU

A sun shone dangling in the sky,

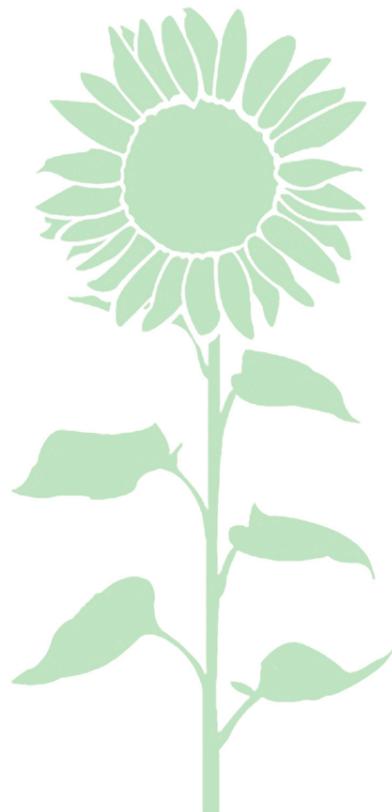
a brilliant ray shot down and beckoned the sunflower.

She turned her petalled face towards the sun and whispered
into the cool, appealing wind.

The loving sun mildly replied and sent billions of buzzing busy
bees to comfort her lonely friend.

The sunflower smiled and was grateful for the gold sea of
beloved friends.

The sun faded away into the alluring horizon and the sunflower
waved goodbye with her furry hand.



THE VIEW

OSCAR MUDD

I navigated my way through branches, looking up at the net of leaves.

I saw ants below me playing cricket in their red ties,
A crow screeched,
And all the ant scuttled into their anthill,
Pens at the ready.

I saw them labouring over their tasks,
Their master barking orders at them.

I feel happy, observing all,
Only the birds and the wind accompany me.

I like it here,
All alone listening to birds singing in the branches.

This is me.



THE WALK

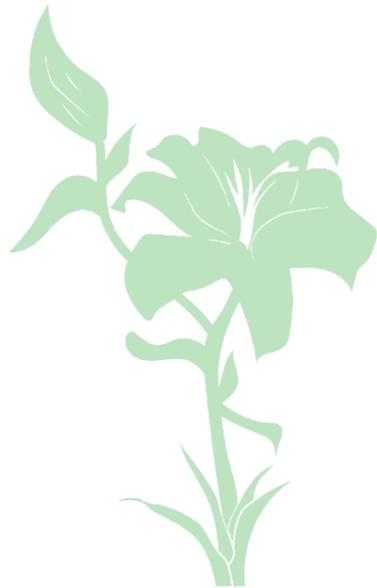
BRODIE BRACKENBURY

Bustling down the hill in the morning,
With that fresh breeze that tickles my face,
On the walk of a lifetime,
But no nature, apart from that lone lily,
The abandoned lily that no one notices.

As I get closer I start to smell it,
The scent is like the first summer morning,
When you get there the aroma is strong,
So strong that you could taste the lily in the air.

The touch of a lily is like feeling something for the first time,
But as you draw away it beckons you back,
As if it doesn't want you to go,
Like it hates to be alone with no one there with it.

So as I draw away, I remind myself I am not alone,
There is always someone with me,
To help me and to be a friend,
So I am not abandoned like that lone lily.



TREES

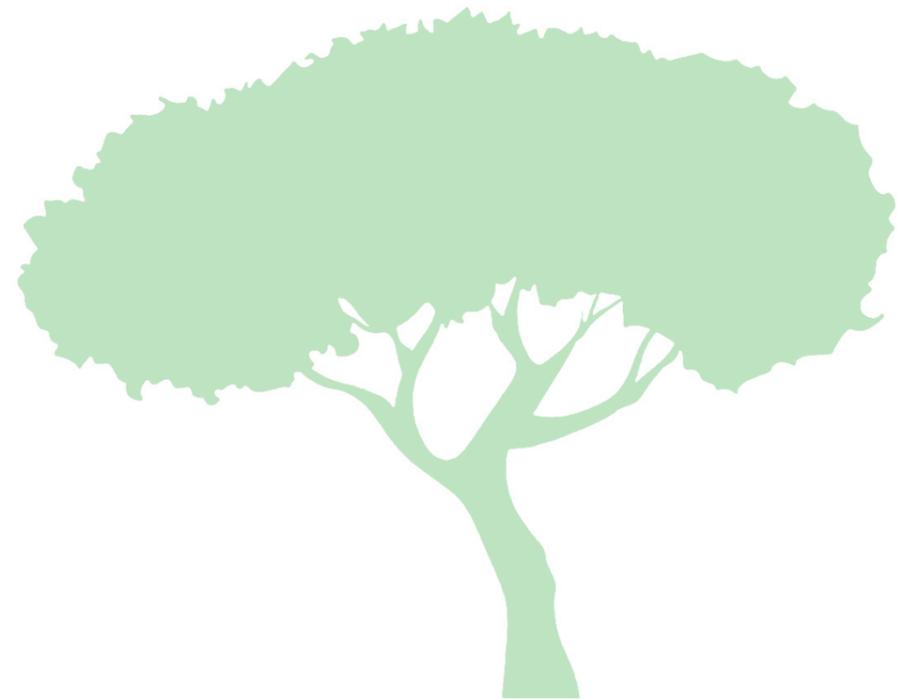
ALGERNON DELANEY

As the trees are blooming wildly
the bees humm past the trees

While the horses eat the grass
The trees look down on them with pleasure
The trees sway with the wind

When the leaves slowly start to rise
The trees emerge from their slumber.
And they see the horses
Come up from the hill
To graze on the grass once more

The horses look up at the precious objects
Thinking about what can be more magnificent than Mother Nature.



YEW

FREYA LEECH

Yew will stand for many years
For yew has stood a thousand years
Yew with heart-wood tough and black
steeped in magic, wet with blood.

Each year passes in a flicker
Yew will live till men's hearts split
and lands divide
Yew, death tree, will live.

Wonder while you wander by the yew
For yew will tell its secrets
If you know its bark,
learn its knots, you will live
its thousand years.



AS FLOWERS DO

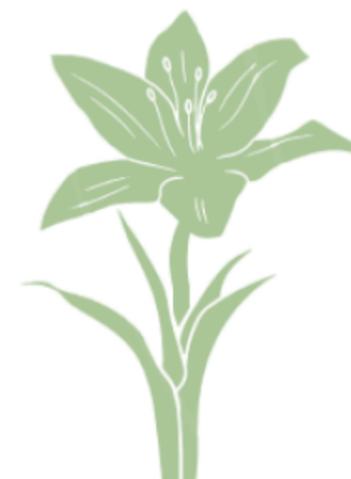
ABBY CLADINGBOEL

I wish to grow as flowers do,
To be the joy in someone's day,
A blessing under grey skies
To be a symbol of hope in times of grieving
And to be loved.

I wish for my life to have purpose
To be meaningful to somebody.
I want to be the reminder,
Of love, of childhood,
Of days spent laughing amongst the wildflowers.

I wish to live as flowers do,
To carry the burden of so much emotion,
To be the one to make somebody smile,
To serve as a reminder that,
Time is fragile, and fleeting.

I wish to grow as flowers do.
Strong and beautiful.
To push through the bitter winters,
To welcome in the spring.
To grow in all the places,
They never thought I would.



A BRIGHT YELLOW LIGHT

FERDINAND OAKES

As the yellow and red leaves fall,
The snow is coming
And the waters stop running
The lakes freeze up and the grass is nowhere to be seen
White surrounds me
No bright yellow light to be seen.

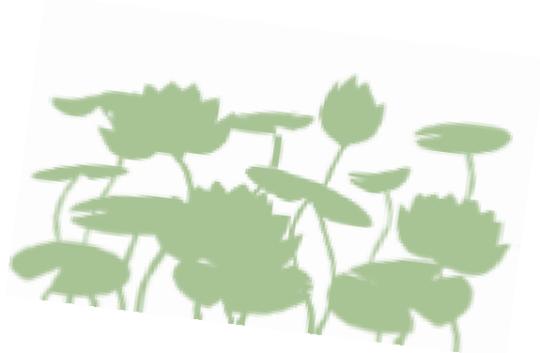
The fog creeps around me.
My heart starts pounding so fast, yet so heavy.

A very faint yellow light tries to breach through the clouds.
When the clouds finally clear I can see the bright green
Trees and the shiny, luminous bugs jumping around.

My eyes finally opened up again to a yellow and green canvas
And no white to be seen, I could hear the stream running
And the birds chirping.
And a bright yellow light checking on me every once and a while.

All good things come to an end.
The bright yellow light couldn't stay forever.

As the yellow and red leaves fall,
The snow is coming
And the waters stop running
The lakes freeze up
and the grass is nowhere to be seen
White surrounds me,
No bright yellow light to be seen...



DAISIES AND DANDELIONS DOT THE GROUND

WALTER PRESTON

Daisies and dandelions dot the ground,
Their shadows dancing on floor,
The moon shines...

A fox trots by,
A raven caws.

The owls are out,
The bunnies too.

Fruits and leaves lean from the boughs,
Casting their shadows on to the ground.

The blue bells, snowdrops and the elder trees too,
Scatter in the forest,
Shining in the moonlight.

A willow nearby,
Its branches all draped.

A blackberry bush,
With its fruit all ripe

A glow in the sky,
A ball of fire,
Glowing fiery red in the dawn.

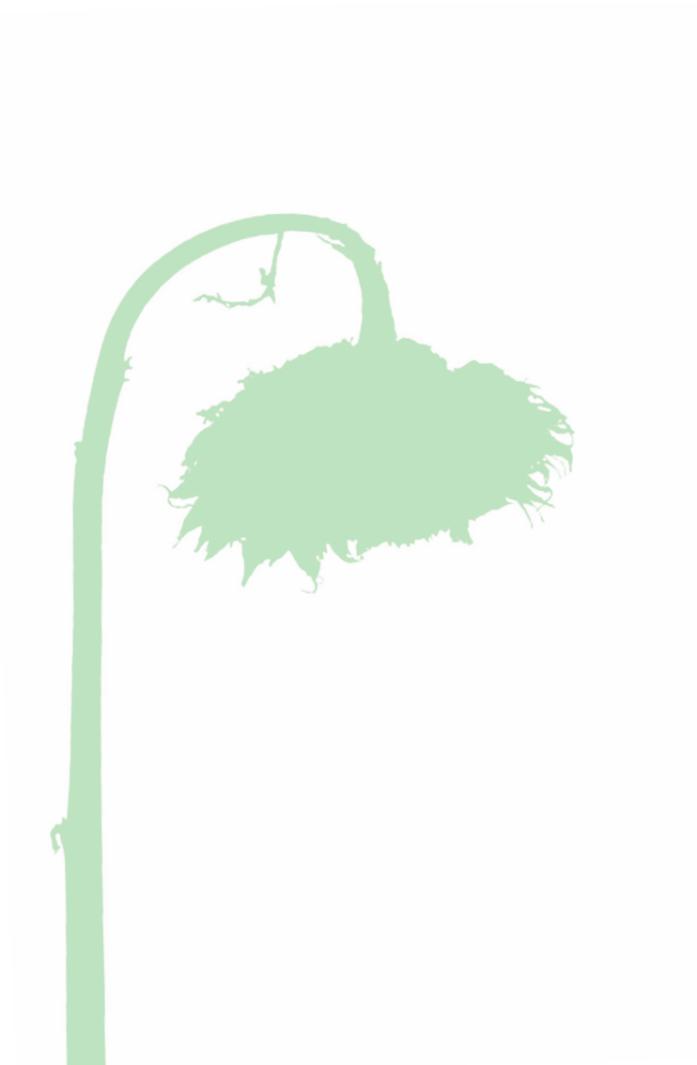
As the mist clears,
As the dew dries,
The sun begins to rise.



DEAD TREE

EMILIE SEPULVEDA

Standing here alone,
I let go,
everyone looking the same,
except me,
as the biggest dead tree overlooks,
the dark purple flowers
blossom in the sunset.



DISCARDED GARDEN

BIANCA

Discarded garden,
Seedlings springing into life,
Flourishing flowers.

EMPTY, NEGLECTED

RUBY & CHARLIE

Empty, neglected,
Then the garden sprung to life,
Peace and beauty here.

FLOWERS FLOURISHING

AMELIE

Flowers flourishing,
Spreading happiness and joy,
Let nature run wild.



FLOWERS RISE THROUGH THE GROUND

MAKSUD MAGOMEDOV

Flowers rise through the ground leisurely...
After that, they play- the wind like a violin.
I hear them whistle...

A man goes past, smelling them, smelling life...
A man taking a picture of all their beauty...
Plants smell with life...

Plants are healthy and will make you robust too...
I find them in a garden or forest and have a try...
Plants taste harmonious...

They grow to a substantial size or stay miniature...
They can shoot their seeds far away...
They look alive...

They look like they are trying to say but can't...
They say to us with silence, almost clamoring...
We are too blind to understand...

Love nature like it loves you.
Help plants like they help you.
See them like they see you.



GRANDMA'S GARDEN

BEN CARLOSS

The bright array of flowers,
Swaying in the wind as if waving hello.
The smells bombarding me
With scented info.
Bright pink petals,
Exploding with colour
Making the rest of the world seem duller.
The emerald green grass shooting me from the ground
Like the world's hairy back
It's here all year round.
You make me feel safe with a comforting hand
When I am near you I never feel sad.
The lonely shed,
Sitting abandoned and neglected,
Longing for someone to call it home.
Inside my grandma's towering apple tree,
It's an artist's finest masterpiece,
The complexity of the bark,
The clicks of bugs like a Christmas music box.
I love Grandma's garden,
There's so much to do,
I'll never get bored of seeing you.



HAPPINESS, LOVE AND PURITY

DHRITYA SAGIN

Sweet, soft soil, moist and warm,
Growing into the clouds, a strong green joist.
Golden petals shimmer and scintillate,
Spreading magic was simply its fate.

A saccharine fragrance,
Within creamy petals bursting with radiance.
Exquisite dusky sunset crimson,
Hundred petals of velvety linen.

Floating on calm waters,
Sun kissed with warm yellow and pink colours.
Like a graceful angel on a lake,
A delicate dream easy to break.

These are but three and so many more,
Lie behind Nature's enchanting door...



I REMEMBER

GUS LEETHAM

I remember,
The blue blueberries,
Which pop as I pull.

I remember,
The rotting crab apples,
Sinking into the glue-like mud,
With the moss flourishing over.

I remember,
The lady with the cold, blue hat,
With the cold purple tweed bag,
Filled with berries.

I remember,
The birds chirping at the trees,
With the song-like tune,
Blowing the whistling grass.

I remember,
My dog chewing on his muddy paw,
Next to the sun-yellow mango tree,
I was no more than five,
When I lived there.



IN THE GREEN

ABIGAIL PARNELL

I step into the vibrant colored decoration,
The trees sing and dance in the sun
And cheer me on when I run through the fields
With my hair blowing in the daily breeze
They give me a hug to re-energize for the way home,
The sun radiates its good energy to keep me safe on the way home.
I fall but the wind picks me back up on my feet,
They stay silent when I am in a mood
Their voices are as dark as ash or as light as a pillow
Giving me space when I am sad,
Always knowing what to do
The trees speak to me, my connection with them is stronger than it has ever been
When it is raining I still come and play with them
I when to run in the fields as normal but they disappeared,
I look around but they vanished
A tear runs down my eye, but no one is there to help



INTO THE GREEN

EMILY GEORGE

Into the woods
The darkness engulfs me
The shadows that cast
Are as black as pitch

Out of the woods
But oh—ho no not done yet
There's swamplands and quagmires
Ahead

Into the bog
Through marshes through sorcery
Squelching and squashing
Am I in too deep?

Out of the bog
My wellies are worthless
Caught on a bramble
A hole, I'm wet

Into the trees
Again there's no light
Twisting and turning
I run, semi-blind

Out of the trees
And light at last
Towering trunks looming
behind me

Into
A tranquil green
Field

I am, surrounded, by,
Grass,
Two ladybugs,
Flowers

Pink streaks and purple splotches
Speckled yellows
With bright
Red spots

And now the sun is setting
And the sky has gone
Blood orange
And now I best be getting
A—Home



MY GARDEN

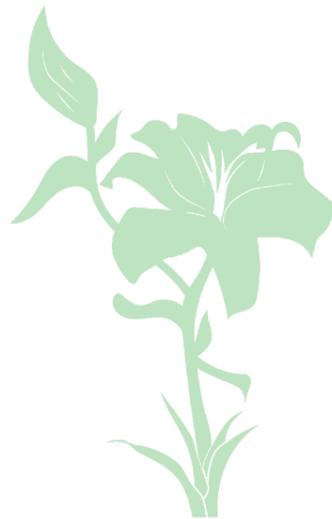
BORIS BORISOV

Outside,
there are bugs bustling,
in rows upon flowers.

Inside I feel the
Grass pave the way and the breeze
Beat my face whilst
I walk.

It dreams of
hosting many
BBQs on
the emerald grass.

If I give it to you,
make sure
to keep it alive
for it is a part of me.



MY OAK

ISLA STOCK

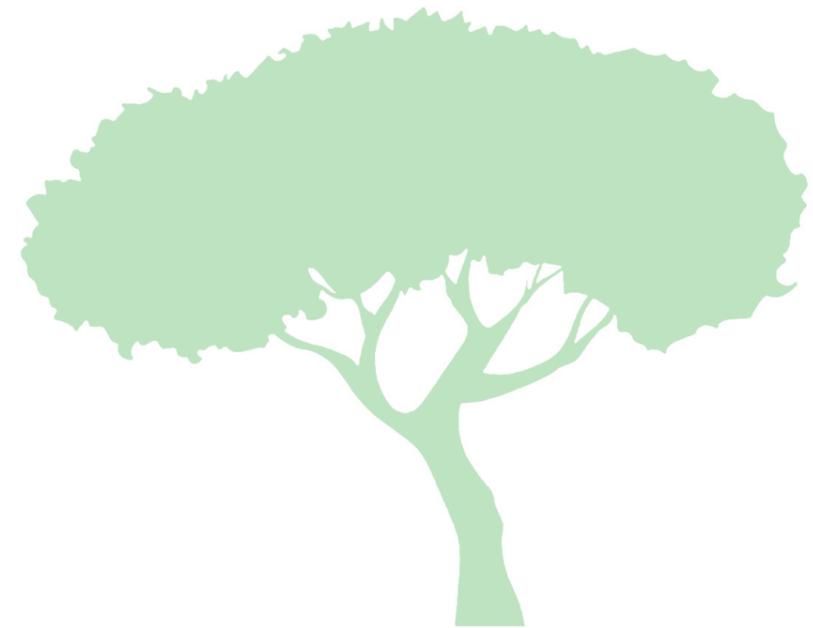
Inside my oak:
Fresh hazelnut wood
stands towering, but remains safe,
protected by the coarse coating.

Outside my oak:
Acorns stand among
silk leaves on the brawny branch
waiting to soon fall.

My oak dreams of:
Being in the Autumn when the acorns and the conkers
Will soon move on.

If I give my oak to you:
It must be cherished,
My oak grows mightier and
mightier... just wait.

Without my oak:
The fields would be empty
And in need of joy,
It would be all lonely.



NATURAE FELICITATEM

LOGAN FENG

The plants of earth,
Let the flowers give birth.
The perfume of the wild,
Beautiful, fragrant and mild.
Mother Earth's creativity is endless,
There can be plants that live waterless.
They can be carnivorous,
But her creativity is matchless.

Dionaea muscipula,
Devourer of insects.
Welwitschia mirabilis,
Sometimes called Bainsii,
Like a pile of leaves.
Mimosa Pudica,
The sensitivity,
Has yet to be beaten.

Euphorbia Obesa,
A baseball of lethal milk-like toxins.
Nelumbo Nucifera,
Elegant and vibrant,
It's got a pink and white shade.
Dracaena cinnabari,
Ruby red resin.

Nepenthes Truncata,
Eats rodents whole.
Sarracenia Purpurea,
Deadly to all insects.
Camellia Japonica,
Rarer than a diamond,
Only two known to be on earth.

Lilium,
Common but fragrant.
Amorphophallus Titanum,
Has the largest single flower
It smells like a rotting corpse.
Gloriosa Superba,
Exquisite like a flame
Strelitzia,
A bird in full flight.

The species of plants endless,
The beauty of nature is boundless.
Her exquisite shapes, fragrance and intelligence
The kingdom of nature,
Prospered under her reign

NATURE IS A BLESSING

AMY TADAY

Nature is a blessing
If you don't stop and look around you're going to miss it
The flowers blooming
The trees swaying
The grass growing.
Nature is a blessing
And we take for granted
The seed sprouting
The birds singing
Each raindrop feeding each and every plant
Nature is a blessing
If it wasn't for nature we wouldn't be here today.



NEW JOY AND HAPPINESS

POPPY

Joy and happiness,
A place of relaxation,
Flowers flourishing.

NEW PLANTS BEING PRICKED

RUBY

Plants being pricked,
Clean, fresh soil feeding the roots,
Colour fills your eyes.

NURTURED DAINTY ROOTS

AIMEE

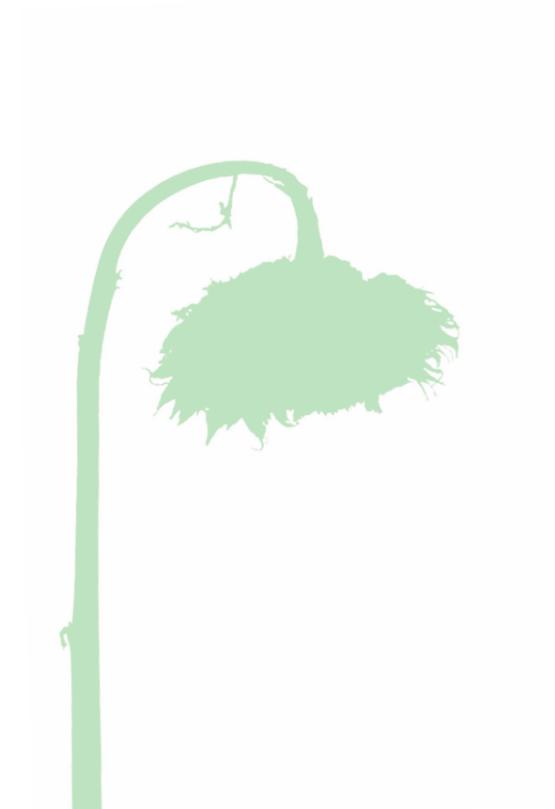
Nurtured, dainty roots,
Seeds searching for the daylight,
Watch the sprout-lings bloom.



OH FLOWER

MARCUS NEWMAN

Oh flower your colour is a crumpet,
Oh flower you're a trumpet,
Your bush is so green,
You are smaller than a tree.
Oh, flower never die,
Be a home for a butterfly,
How many trumpets will grow?
Only the plant knows.



ONCE THE TREE WAS LONG

SOPHIA, LILY & HANNAH

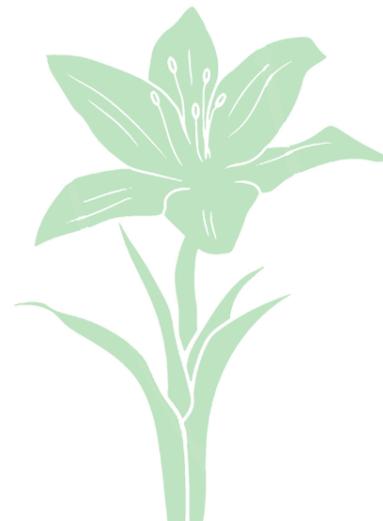
Once the tree was long,
It was pruned with care and love,
Leaves blossomed green again.

PETALS OF RED

KIERAN CLARKE

Petals of red peek through boldly
from behind veined green shields.
Smelling exquisite, open inviting
like a deep crimson sea.

Colour blasting through the earth,
lighting up the world
with a ruby aura surrounding it.
Beauty at its best.



PRECIOUS PACKAGE HOME

IMOGEN

Precious package home,
Water it, watch it sprouting!
Reaching for sunlight.

SCOOP IT UP GENTLY

SULLY & JACK

Scoop it up gently,
To bring it to its new home,
Then watch it flourish.



SEASONS

SAM MAYES

The Winter season
Full of snow
The season where plants glow.
Dark and gloomy.
Cold and snowy.
Stars at night, moon full bright.
Bumbling bumble bees gone, flowers blue
All light gone, flowers droopy.
Lakes frozen, trees cold.
The scorching sun of the summer's gone.
Few flowers are still alive.
With frost suffocating the earth

The Summer season
Boiling hot
About to explode, no more frost.
Sizzling hot, blistering heat.
Dazzling bluebells, grazing sheep.
Hot air whistling through my mouth
The taste of fresh outside air.
Sunflowers following the sun
For warmth, with dazzling grey seeds.
Like a glitter of a golden sea
Leaves sparkling, flowers glowing,
In the golden glittering sun.



SEEDS GROWING AT HOME

JACK

Seeds growing at home,
Watching them bloom day and night,
Brought them back to plant.

SEEDS RESTRICTED, TRAPPED

EVE

Seeds restricted, trapped,
Pricked from home, to support free,
Watch it pile up high.

SLUGS MUNCHING LETTUCE

DAYS

Slugs, munching lettuce,
Destroying leaves, decaying,
Eating the whole plant.



SUNFLOWER

JACOB VIERA

Battered and
Wounded
Even though the
Sun still shines
It droops its head
Instead.



SWEET, FRESH, GREEN LETTUCE

ALFIE & ALFIE

Sweet, fresh, green lettuce,
Much cared for by all, daily,
We grew together.

SWEET PEAS GROWING SLOWLY

DYLAN & CARLOS

Sweet peas grow slowly,
Curling around the trellis,
Arches smooth and hard.



THE AIR IS CRISP AND BRIMMING WITH SCENTS

AMIRAH DZULKIFLEE

The air is crisp and brimming with scents,
In nature there are all kinds of events.
With the morning lark singing its favourite song,
Squirrels hurrying swiftly along.

Spots scattered on a ladybug's back,
As if an artist had painted it red and black.
The trees which are Gods of nature itself,
Sway serenely along as I stand by myself.

I feel a drop – it's the dawn of rain!
Animals scuttle for shelter, hiding again.
I feel each drop collide with my being,
A natural phenomenon, that's what I'm seeing!

I taste the rain in its salty glory,
It marks the ground and portrays a story.
A story of life, a story of death.
I gaze in wonder as I breathe a fresh breath.

Something you can hear, see, taste, feel and smell,
Nature is everything and I know it well.



THE BEAMING FLOWERS

HOLLY WATKISS

The beaming flowers glistened in the morning sun,
Pink, orange, purple, and yellow all merge together,
The beauty surrounds the atmosphere around them,
As they reflect the blazing sight of the sun.

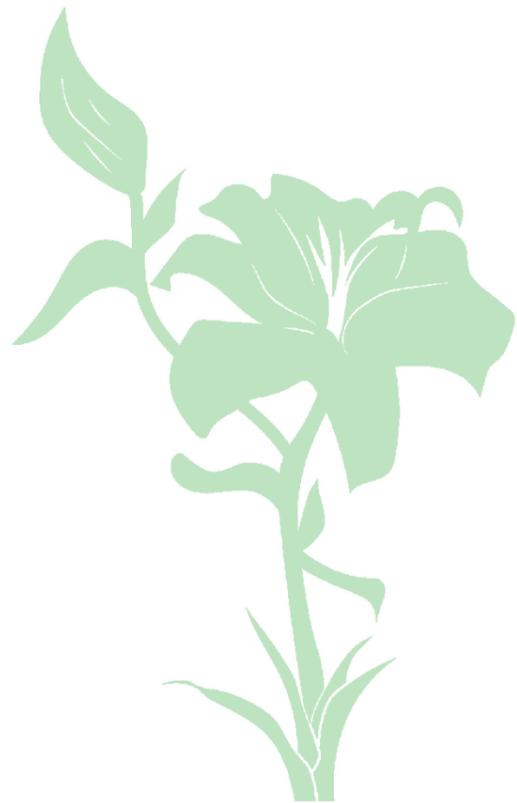
The mature trees spread their joyful hellos,
Which fills the everlasting land of nature,
They whistle in the wind as the birds sing,
That lovely song of hope.



THE DAPPLED RAYS OF SUN

FLEUR MYERS

The dappled rays of sun shone through the leaves of the proud sentinels,
While the gentle breeze whispered softly in my ear,
I could hear the melodious birds singing busily
The summer blooms like fresh paint on a green canvas
The warm summer air on a day so fair.
Against the tree bark I lazed, for spiders and ants a vertical maze
And the sun shimmered and glimmered on me.



THE FOREST

MEGAN MCARTHUR

Return to the forest
Where nothing is new
When nobody can hear the
howl that splits tongues in two.

Return to the field
To find peace in violence,
To learn how to become
fluent in silence.

Don't let the ocean stiffen you,
like you do with your voice
Don't drown in cold water,
or in even colder inarticulateness

Return to the forest,
Keep your voice, keep it in a clutch.
The best things in life,
you cannot see or touch.



THE FORGOTTEN FOREST

LIAM YU

I remember staring up an enormous tree,
Feeling the rough, rigid, unbalanced dark oak bark,
Stick out of the bruised and matured tree.
I also remember the sound of the winds hushed blow,
With a soft and calming flow.

I remember how my view was covered with a vibrant green,
With not a single machine to be seen.
To my left were crimson roses,
Swaying to each other like ballerina poses.

Twenty years had passed in a blink of an eye,
As I stood in the same spot, the ground rougher than usual.
The colourful view that I was used to seeing,
Was transformed into a dull and dim sight,
Of vast, and colossal man made structures,
Which spared no nature to where it belonged.

I felt as sad as a black rock,
Under a desolate dark and restless sea,
I stared down as I saw my shadow once again.
Then I felt like an abandoned ship at the bottom of the ocean,
Waiting to be found once again,
Like the brilliant green grass waiting to be grown once again.



WHERE LITTLE LEAVES SWAYED

PEONY SHAM

The little leaves swayed as the gentle breeze blew,
And brightly sparkled the early morning dew.
The crisp, cool, refreshing, and clear air,
Had sweet floral aromas everywhere.

There lay tiny flowers with
The brightest white,
The splendid yellow,
The crimson red,
The periwinkle purple,

The lushest green,
The sapphire blue,
The tender pink,
And the sun above shone radiantly too.

Bees perched on the petals,
Butterflies flocked and then they'd settle,
On the soft leaves, the gentle branches.

All the sights I've seen,
All the places I've been,
Would never be so unique,
If I hadn't stepped,
Into the green.



THE MEADOW

LUDO SEARS

All of the meadow's colors bursting out
My eyes do not know where to look
The bugs are crawling around on the floor
I start to relax and read my book.

The sweet smell, the smooth touch of the rose
The easy wind blow
Summer is here with no time for snow.

The plants are thriving
And so am I
I really can't lie.

I could hear the bees buzzing around
Flower to flower, petal to petal
Pollinating as they go.

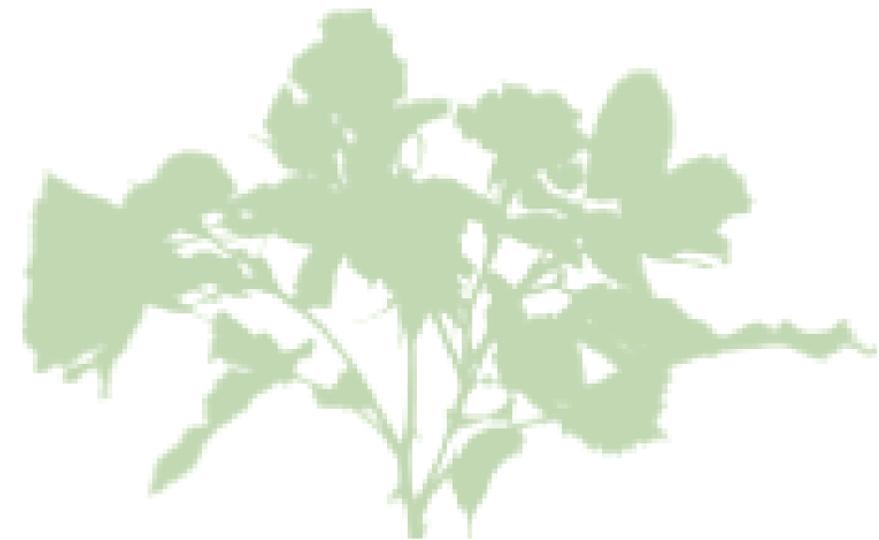
This is the meadow.



THE ROSE

MADDISON DEROSA

Lion's mane flowing through the breeze,
Brain opening to solve the answer
hidden in the back,
Spine holding up for support,
Roots spiking through the soil like
Darts being thrown.



THE SEASON SPRANG OUT

PROAD DEVAPHALIN

The season sprang out with blooming flowers,
Trees stood still like tall towers,
Beautiful creatures like dragonflies and butterflies,
The harsh thunder, wind attacking down has died.

Tuneful humming of paradise flycatchers fill the air,
Deers dashed through the forest like race cars,
Monkeys swung from tree to tree,
Blossoms and serenity float through the big puddle of tears.

The moon greets,
Howls and yowls echo in the pitch black when wolves and owls meet,
The river was a dark blue blanket in the jeweled sky,
The spiky spines and drenched leaves were squashed by some feet.

A fireball rose up into the sky,
Birds, monkeys and busy bees made the forest bustling,

Little did they know a big shadow was coming closer,
Little did they know that nature was going to die...

A month later buildings and factories stood tall,
Windows were all closed but games were open,
Animals chirping and greens were replaced with malls,
Switch off your screens and go outside.
Remember the true world instead of being occupied.

Our future hangs in balance,
The future is in our hands...

THE START OF SUMMER

KEANU RUCCI

When the season spring arrives,
These immature flowers just starting to grow,
Its trichomes small as an ant,
The picturesque, vivid, sour green hue as it goes within the landscape,
The first colourful leaves start unfolding after the lifeless, bitterly-cold season,
Butterflies are starting to be seen, ostentatious but breathtaking,
And the birds chirping, like giving a sign of nature resuming,

As months go by,

When the season summer arrives,
These mature flowers finally show their colours,
Blue, red rainbow everywhere,
Smell fragrant but has meaningful flavor,
As it goes within the landscape,
People playing in the fields,
People exhaling in the searing hot weather,
Finally, life-full, hot weather
Nature is complete, summer is here.



THE YELLOW FLOWER

HANNAH NEWMAN

The yellow flower is so tall
It looks like a star in the sky.
Oh how it shines so bright,
It will be a good home
For a butterfly!



THIS IS NATURE

PHUTHEP BIBEE KHANITTAWEEKUL

As I gaze upon mother nature's creation,
It calms me, all this vegetation.
An orchid floats down on my nose,
The rain sprinkles down like a garden hose.
Wisteria glows from pergolas,
Drops of dew drips from aloe veras.
Cherry blossom trees stand tall on the ground,
All these herbs sprout all around.
This is nature.

I stare at a foggy pond,
A frog croaks at dawn.
Miniature dragons fly by my face,
What a wonderful garden this place.
This is nature.

Bumble bees buzz around me
They land on an iris.
Life, what a beauty.
My feet find their way into a patch of lavender,
All these blue bells, asters and lilacs,
Gave me a chance to breathe and relax.
This is nature.

Have you forgotten how you were made?
It was not machines, it was love and it's aid.
Look up from your screens and ignore the strife,
Nothing in the world can replace wildlife.
Because this is nature and nature is in you,
Love nature and it will love you too.
This. Is. Nature.



2076

LUCIA GARCIA

I'm stood still. Thinking, dreaming –
Obsessing in what I could've been,
This is my cry for help. Silenced screaming.
We can't breathe and the grass is no longer green.
 The suffocation, contamination and radiation rise,
Ice cold cogs polluting the machine,
Consumed by scientifically suppressed cries and political lies,
We can't breathe, the grass is no longer green.
 Now orchids, tulips and lilies should bloom
But they stay closed – shut for the spring clean.
Seasonal hope locked into inevitable doom.
We can't breathe. Our grass is no longer green.
 Soon cities will be underwater,
This isn't a plot from a movie scene.
This affects you and I. Your son, their daughter.
None of us can breathe. Our grass isn't green.
 We're killing off the birds and the bees,
Losing our fundamental hygiene,
Demand peaks for papers, so no more trees.
You can't breathe. Your grass isn't green.
 Futures cut short, my own imminent death,
Now we don't make it past eighteen.
Surrounded by fields of greys as I take my last breath.
I can't breathe. Your grass wasn't green.
 Absorbed by broken air.
A future we'd all foreseen.
But you didn't care –
When the grass wasn't green.

WATER LILY

AMY MARCOOLYN

The bright tempter opening
like a single star
carried across the darkness.
Its transport never secure
constantly adrift
the deep below alive and frolicking.
Hidden inside, its golden core
Its precious load
Waiting for relief.
Darting across the deep
a blue spark flies
searching for home.
Up ahead the darkness opens
The star appears
One day it will succumb
But not yet.



WEMBLEY STADIUM'S GRASS

FINLAY MURTAGH

Rising from the legendary ashes of the roots, Echoes of
wind talking to me,
A new chapter of life arising,
I feel at ease being by your side.

For your ancestor's wishes and dreams,
You continue on being seen,
Heart beats like the sea's titanium waves, Levitating all
around.

The seed will dispatch all around
With a new world glistening above us,
The surroundings as soft as a baby's first step,
But as loud as heaven's quick darted flame,
A new colloseum for the world's new legacy.



WHAT YOU CAN FIND

PAUL TYN WONGPRASERTPHON

The rain pours down, through the clouds.
The plants sprout up, from the ground.
The feathered creature lands and it chirps,
Flowers blossom, the same with herbs.
I walk in the forest picking fruits,
Walking is hard because there are too many roots.

I hear tiptoes in the lush green grass,
when I look there is only a deer walking on the landmass.
I gaze up in the great oak tree,
I see so many buzzing bumble bees.

I see flowers growing all around,
roses, tulips building up from the ground.
There is good deal flowers in the forest,
look around and you will see countless.
I glance behind me and I spot a rainbow,
I feel the misty wind's big, strong blow,
I see flowers, more vibrant than a color palette.

Stop with your razor-sharp knives and saws,
drop it and enjoy the beautiful forest and what you saw.
Stop it with these devices, it's making you blind
Now, go out, observe, and see what you can find.



WILLOW

ANYA SHAKYA

There she stands alone by the river,
Her mighty torso holding her still,
Concentric circles imprint themselves on,
Flaunting wisdom and sagacity from years upon,
Her hair let-down swayed in nature's breath,
Aching to caress the gently flowing water.

