The Moonlight Garden

T*he sad lonely figure,crying like the rain,*

*The ominous,eerie silence echoed through the plain,*

*He sprints down the path,with his head falling,*

*He strides through the branches with no pausing*.

*His withered hand reaches for the rotten branches,*

*But his withered hand,just can’t grab them,*

*The moonlit sky shines upon the river,*

*But as he peers over,he has no reflection.*

*He dashed past the haunted paths of the garden,*

*The winter breeze hitting him like a hammer,*

*As the deadly garden whispers him a tale,*

*He realises the mistake he has made.*

*He screamed and screamed and screamed like a siren,*

*But with no one around his screams fell silent,*

*He lay down, alone as it gets,*

*As he said “no!”,”I am a …………..”*