War Garden

Trees are arboreal soldiers,

Standing to attention at the end of the garden.

Holding their woody branch rifles,

Dressed in green camouflage uniforms,

Taking in the energy from the sun.

They want to march on,

To defend the garden battleground next door,

But are rooted deep in the soil,

Never to move once more.

Dark soil filled borders are muddy defensive trenches,

A place thought to offer safety and protection.

Now holding only the remnants of what were bright young saplings,

Cut down before reaching maturity never to reveal their full potential,

They lay there and rot.

Plant pots are gravestones,

Holding the memories of the fallen and keeping secret the horrors of war.

Some broken and stained they stand against all weathers as a grim reminder,

Scratched names hinting at the slowly decomposing contents.

Busy insects are nurses,

Fetching and carrying - efficiently clearing debris and mending what they can.

Trying to be caring and gentle they help to restore normality,

Ensuring the regeneration of life from what has gone before,

To make this war garden a little more peaceful and great once more.

Raindrops are parachutes, Moisture coming to the rescue from above.

Quenching the thirst of the brave soldiers,

They each land safely upon every leaf,

Washing away the dirt of battle,

Absorbed by parched ground for roots to take nourishment.

New seeds will grow and life will begin again.