

portrait of nature

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By : rosieposie222

this poem has been written in lessons and as a short homework piece. its concludes how precious life is, how we habe to respect it. its shows you through britidh meadows and is written in the point of view of a young teenage girl. *enjoy :) x

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The heaven above shines down upon this portrait, in which I am captivated,
The pure Barnet rose dances in the meadows breeze,
As I swiftly drift through the ankle deep grass,
The most spectacular sapphire butterfly floats into sight, indulging my helpless soul,
Skipping over the bright twinkle that reflected off the flowers below,
Iâll make an adventure from this gifted, innocent creature,
I will follow its secret pathway to the most brilliant life it lives,
Puddles lay at random on the earthâs floor,
Bees buzz happily around us,
Bouncing from one spectacle to another,
However I still pursue this miracle that wonât survive a fast twenty four hours,
Can time be suspended?
Iâll make the most of the time the universe affords for us,
The butterfly flutters higher into the dreamy atmosphere of the heavens skies,
Its wings repel off each other like the lightâs reflection of a mirror,
In which diamond fragments shine,
How the colours explore the world-
Fascinates me,
How I wonder over the rolling hills-
The great land waves,
Envelope me their arms and sail me through natures brilliance,

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Together we reach a magical bridge that spans above a beautiful flowing stream,
The dragonfly jets around the portraits view,
Each perfect stroke of paint captures its creation,
However the dazzling butterfly was relentless,
As I gaze back over what looks like a haven,
A place of peace and safety,
My butterfly-
Flies with anticipation,
To its home,
With red clouds heralding the shepherds delight,
We reach a pattern that illuminates nature's beauty,
The spring fever dims below our canvases,
The great shadow shadows towers over our heads as we skip to a stand,
With one last flick of her crystals,
She finally lands on an island made of gold networks and veins,
Her spectacular wings reunite for the very last time,
She departs from her journey and purpose of life,
With the butterfly's last breath,
All goes cold and devastatingly still,
She gently falls from her golden island-
To the deserted, dry carpet of this portrait,
With her own creation in such harm, left to fend for themselves,
The heavens have shone and slipped away
The heaven above hides in this portrait where I am captured,
Left alone, staring down at my fascination,
The breeze winds through my scarlet hair,

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Escaping through the ends,
Brushing against my broken face,
Leaving me imprisoned in the portraits control,
I inhale a steady breath reluctantly,
Not wanting to leave,
I depart from my â. Friend,
I turn slowly and head back through natures cries,
It will never give me that pleasure like it before,
The dry earth pathways lead to a mysterious dark portrait,
One that only used gloomy paints,
I then realised how precious life is,
Seeing my butterfly being forced out of life,
Made me think how I must treasure life like my butterfly.

By Rosie Jane Johns, aged 14.

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