



The Overgrown
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You can only visit this place with one key.

You close your eyes, just like drawing curtains in the sunset's half-light.
You see moles' breath rocks. Emerald vines twist over forgotten crystal caves. Dreamily, the lake's surface bounces and dances like a fair maiden. Sounds dance into your ears and birds soar, unbound and untied. The smell of moss and dew mingles with the forgotten smell of mysterious fruits.

"Hello?" That is you calling. Can you hear that slight echo?

Take two steps into this heaven. Can you hear your feet crunching on the gravel? If you lay on your back, the gravel doesn't hurt. Swans' wings flap delicately, as a warm breeze you in a summer cloak. Dancing particles float around the flaming orb. The sun. Can you see it? It's beautifully majestic. I can hear the gentle flap of a ladybird taking flight. Be free!

The curved edges of leaves hide a forgotten temple that reminds me of Ancient Greece - a conundrum and a puzzle. Tentatively, I creep over the trapped tiles, and sweep past crushing pillars, which are begging for liberty. Upon observation, the roof is crafted from the finest Greek imagery, cemented by memories. I wonder: 'Is there anyone alarmed enough to hide here?'

The sky bleeds colours and statues whine under the pressure.
Onwards, I move - onwards...

Can you feel the heartbeat of the evolving stars, which are the colour of flaxen? Can you taste the thickness of the twisting air? Celestial visions circle in the warm atmosphere, while I observe, patiently and silently. I am thinking about the word '**overgrown**'... a forgotten **growth** mindset. Or a **growth** of character. I have **grown**, grasping this forgotten dream - becoming tangled with topaz vines and amethyst berries, and using them to pull me back to a standing level in life.


