



The Yellow Land



By Georgia Bishop

Nature amongst our hearts
And this is where the poem starts

The birds form shapes in the sky
And the butterflies spread their wings high
But this place is deep in nature
And it is a wonderful village feature

The birds come out of their bird boxes in spring
And usually they're jolly so they sing
This place gives them a home
When before they were all alone

In history the place was destroyed
And nature was taken away
But now the heart has returned
It has come back to this day

And now its home to ladybirds and bees
Who fly off your hand and into the trees
And its nice to see them settled in
And not their lives thrown in a bin

So this is where the poem ends
And now nature is one of our friends

