

*I lived in the overgrown garden of a house vacated long before,
roots firmly planted in the hard and rocky ground.*

My leaves, were smooth and slightly waxy, which let the raindrops run away.

I bore pink blossom at the start of Spring and fruit around the month of May.

Ants ran along the branches in which we, as children played.

Wasps flew in a frenzy about the delicious, sticky fruit

Young trespassers', treasured memories made.

Untitled by Julie

Written in response to Southbank Centre's 'Art by Post' Project