**Alexander Cooper**

**In My Garden**

In my garden, there is a lemon tree.

The trunk is sleek and sturdy,

And the leaves float like puffs of clouds.

The fruit is sweet as candy,

And sour as is sweet.

In the perfect shape a lemon should be,

Round and twisted at the edges.

And the warmth of the spring,

And the rain of the spring,

Brought only more to the garden,

Sunflowers bloomed across the lawn,

Moving to follow the ball of light,

Sunny petals moving in and out,

And sturdy green stems rolling.

Soon grape vines wrap the fence,

Twisting through the fence’s holds,

The green offset by speckles of purple,

Adding layers of beauty to the previous garden,

That could warm anyone’s heart.

And the frosting on the cake was nothing but perfect,

As strawberry bushes took their corners,

Like holiday lights strung with joy,

The itself was juicy and sweet.

And a plant, dense and efficient

Began to grow,

A dandelion of sorts,

But I, with my naïve nature, thought

Weeds are flowers too,

And the next day, when I went outside,

Two dandelions had taken its place.

The dandelions roared, swarming the garden,

The strawberries no longer tasted sweet,

They were hard and dry inside,

The carnations withered and died,

Their petals shriveled and turned like rust,

The grape vines thinned like on undernourished,

And the grapes shrunk until nonexistence,

And the sunflowers closed, never to open again,

Saying goodbye to the sun.

There was nothing left,

Other than me,

And, of course, my trusty lemon tree.