

FLOWER POD

A poem by Amelia
Weldon



*In a flower pod, a world so grand,
I found a place where dreams expand.
I learned to arrange flowers with care,
Creating wreaths for Christmas, joy to share.*

*In this haven, new friends I met,
Together we laughed, our spirits kept.
Weeding, composting, my skills did grow,
In this flower pod, my love for gardening did show.*

*Willow weaving, a craft so fine,
Creating beauty, intertwining vine.
And as I wove, I learned about habitats,
Plants that thrive near ponds, where nature chats.*

*Sowing seeds for plants and flowers,
Watching them grow, hour by hour.
In this flower pod, my passion took flight,
Nurturing life, a pure delight.*

*Arts and crafts, painting scenes so vast,
Landscapes and animals, a world amassed.
And in this pod, I found my voice,
Writing poetry about my journey to dance, my choice.*

*Singing melodies, my heart would sing,
In this flower pod, joy would ring.
A place where I could truly be,
Interacting with like-minded souls, wild and free.*

*So, in this flower pod, my soul did bloom,
A sanctuary where dreams found room.
A place where I could dance and sing,
In harmony with nature, my heart took wing.*

*So, in this flower pod, I bloomed and grew,
Discovering passions I never knew.
A place where dreams flourish and hearts align,
In this pod, a world so divine.*

