Out of sight and out of mind? Part I

It is beautiful, this garden

Not all the world is pollution,
For a place still exists far, far away.
If you ever happened to go there,
You would love to stay there all day.
It is beautiful this garden.

The lovely garden is so full of love and joy,
The sadness and despair cannot be seen.
It is quiet, calm and peaceful,
And the air is fresh and very clean.
It is beautiful this garden.

The trees protect you from danger or fear,
As their branches sway gently to and fro.
You could make friends quickly with all the living things,
And you'd be amazed at how well all the plants grow.
It is beautiful, this garden.

The kind, sweet scented flowers,
All dance happily, smiling at the sun.
Roses, lilac and blossoms,
Each and every one.
It is beautiful, this garden.

The fast-running stream in the centre,
Has water, so fresh and sweet.
There are fascinating trees, all shapes and sizes.
With fresh ripe fruit to eat.
It is beautiful this garden.

There are many birds that sing the sweet songs of spring,
As they fly up very high.
You'd be amazed at the happiness that all of them bring,
They sing the sweetest lullaby.
It is beautiful, this garden.

There are many happy animals there,
From baby rabbits to foxes.
They run around joyfully playing with each other,
And they are free, not in cages or boxes.
It is beautiful, this garden.

Although the garden of which I speak is far,
And is so very gentle and kind.
If you think about it hard and for long enough,
You will get there in your mind.
It is beautiful, this garden.

The abandoned child

It is as cold as ice in winter,
And at midnight, on a street so bare.
If you look very closely and hard enough,
You'll see a tiny bundle there.
This is the baby.

There is nothing moving in the cold,
And the air is calm and still.
The baby rolls over in its sleep,
Someone will find it, but who will?
This is the baby.

The baby's unaware of what's around it,
And just sleeps peacefully on.
Yet soon, within a few hours,
The peace is suddenly gone.
This is the baby.

For the baby awakes and is hungry,
A little head pokes out and it starts to cry.
A small hand clenched around an old ragged blanket,
There's no-one to calm him or sing a lullaby.
This is the baby.

The baby's weak and very pale,
It cries a little more.
Yet then it gives up crying,
And rests its head back down on the floor.
This is the baby.

The baby smiles in its sleep,
For it is happy again.
It does not move or make a sound,
Even though it has started to rain.
This is the baby.

This child had been abandoned as soon as it was born,
Because it did not look how it should have done.
Yet all babies should be treated equally,
Each and every one.
This is the baby.

Elina Inanloo

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The poet is a young girl who tells us she is blind. The text may reflect some of her expectations. Readers will decide for themselves how much blindness has been her muse.