**Personification poems**

**Tree at the Plantation Garden**

Standing tall and proud, I look over my garden.

People come and go, as they always have,

But I remain constant in my vigil.

Once just a sapling,

I am now old and wrinkled.

Over 100 years I have stood here.

I remember being planted,

When the garden was still just an idea.

Seeing the humans turn the quarry in to a beautiful place.

I remember the sadness I felt when people forgot,

And the garden fell in to disrepair.

I remember the loneliness I felt;

How I missed the visits from the humans.

I remember the dwindling hope that people would remember,

And the joy when one day we were rediscovered.

Again I stand tall and proud,

Looking over my lovely garden once again.

**The Plantation Garden Personification Poem Spring / Summer**

The warm Sun beamed down at me.

The bridge held me in its arms,

And as I looked down over the garden

The flowers looked back up at me in friendly greeting.

The trees waved at me,

Their leaves whispering excitedly to each other.

Bees buzzed happily from plant to plant,

Sharing their joyous news.

The birds chattered and called to each other across the garden.

As I stepped down in to the garden,

It welcomed me.

**The Plantation Garden Personification Poem Autumn / Winter**

Few leaves had stayed behind.

Those that were left shivered in the wind.

Another barrage and more released their grip,

Tumbling down to join their friends below.

The flowers bowed their heads,

Looking sad that Summer has past

And trembling at the thought of the Winter to come.