CREEPY OLD PLACE

It was as quiet as death…

Birds weren’t singing.

Crouching on the grass

Cold air

Shivers go through me

Air felt heavy and chill.

Twisting and turning

Woods thinned

Copse of bare trees

In a gloomy thicket.

Grass was so pale

Trees white like bones

Marvellous frost

Thick white fur.

By Esther Olajide