

Walsall BSC: Ruth, Andy, Veronica, and Maria

In my neighbourhood

<p>Green space, used for scrumping, Now all we see is dumping! Green space, used for walking, Meeting with friends, laughing, and talking.</p> <p>My back garden filled with shrubs, trees, And bushes that the bees love Robins, sparrows; hear them chirp and sing, Bringing sounds of the morning.</p> <p>Arboretum, roses, bees, Birds flying and singing in the trees,</p>	<p>Reminds of fun times Where sunshine and laughter can be set and heard</p> <p>All shades of green, all smells of woods Fresh morning rain on our neighbourhoods. Grass shoots: these green spaces we share and love, Given to us by the God above.</p> <p>For growing plants, food, herbs, and spices In our allotments which are full of surprises! A place where granddad's potatoes grow! Green spaces is where we long to go.</p>
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