

The Secret Garden

KEEP COMMS, F7 MMXXVI

THE KEEP OF BARNABAS LANDING



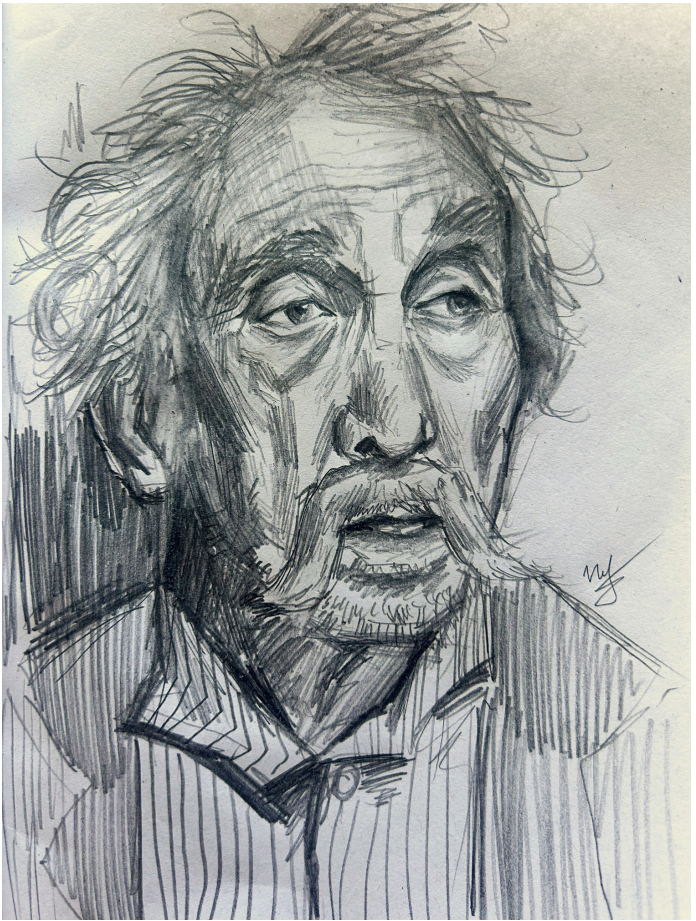
**She dwelt in the enchanted land
while elven-might yet held in hand
the woven woods of Doriath:
none ever thither found the path
unbidden, none the forest-eaves
dared pass, or stir the listening leaves.**

Tolkien, Lay of Leithian (canto I lines 45-50)

Keep Comms: The Secret Garden

My vision for the Secret Garden Edition was to feature as many Summer Staff submitted art, poetry, and photography pieces as I could consensually obtain. The Secret Garden represents the beautiful creativity amongst the staff that you wouldn't always know is there. I hope that this Comms edition provides us with a shimmering glimpse of the garden.

Frances Porter



Art by Nadia Schiller



Drawing by Frances Porter



Art by Nadia Schiller

Poison My Veins

Eva Reinholdt

**You infect my brain with your virus
Your spores make it hard to breath
My stomach squeezes from discomfort
My head and heart both seethe
Your seeds nestle in my liver
Your flowers bloom out my mouth
Your moss creeps inside my headspace
Your mushrooms grow in and squeeze me out
Your toxins fill my bloodstream
You leak poison in my veins
You put thorns inside my heart
Your spores infect my brain
Your ivy wrapped my bones
Your lichen hugged my skin
Now my skull sits in you garden
Flowers instead of mind wherein
Your toxins filled my bloodstream
You leaked poison in my veins
Your thorns tore through my heart and flesh
And now your spores posses my brain**

The Tropics: humid, sometimes rancid, oft-times packed like a can of sardines left out on the Keep to Sky Highway to rot. The perfect perch for reminiscing. I was there with my close friends Who and Where, in the nook with the comfy seats next to Program's filth heap drinking Durian Mango Mead and feeling sorry for ourselves. It's reek filled the space, only marginally better than the typical BO, rotting food, and farts.

Where smacked his lips for the hundredth time that night and sighed, "Four summer years in this place, its been a good run."

Like clockwork came Who's reply, "Why don't you crack open the old tome again?" and like so many nights before I reached into the Program Pile and pulled out the book from its spot under the camel costume, wiping lemonade concoction from the spine before I cracked it open, and let loose its winding words.

“And off the coast, a lonely Isle,
After its shaped it's banners styled:
A finger reaching to the South
White on a field of blue. A drouth
In those times just as now
Covered Isle from stern to bow,
Save for a place where wonder still
Touched upon a rolling hill,
Saving from the hot sun's wrath,
A winding, secret garden path.

Upon its walls in shining mail,
Its guardians stood and munched on kale,
Their tall spears shimmered in the light

And in its centre lay a pool,
That foretold futures to the fool,
To wise it offered only drink,
But peace, it teetered on the brink,
For mighty folk swarmed in like bees,
They coveted its mighty trees,
And one by one the guardians fell,
The pool became a brackish well.

Naught now remains upon that hill,
But mighty folk beneath it still
Toil and hope and dream anew
A family, a team, a crew,
They live and serve in harmony
With all who come to work and see—

"All right that's enough of that," Who belched, "the people here are fools, theirs is a fast crumbling world, and the cracks are more than showing at this point. They think they can create a workplace where everyone is one big family, one big team, but it's an illusion, the only thing holding it together are their delusions of camaraderie. It'll break, you'll see."

"The 'delusion' is what makes it work." Then I closed the book.



Photo by Eva Reinholdt

Apple (on the ending of Summer)

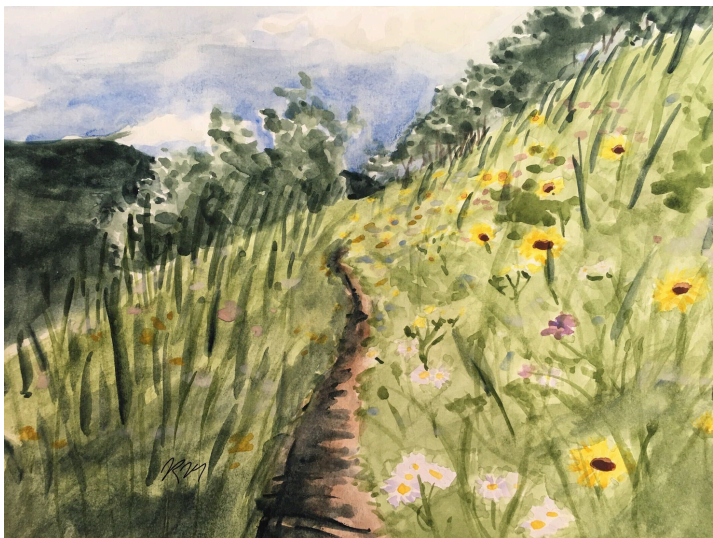
It seemed like such a large thing,
Shiny and red and full
It felt like it would be forever
That it'd always stay whole
I didn't notice as the sweet juice of summer dripped down my fingers
That the laughter would eventually die out
But my smile would still linger
Long after the last bite

By Victoria Richardson

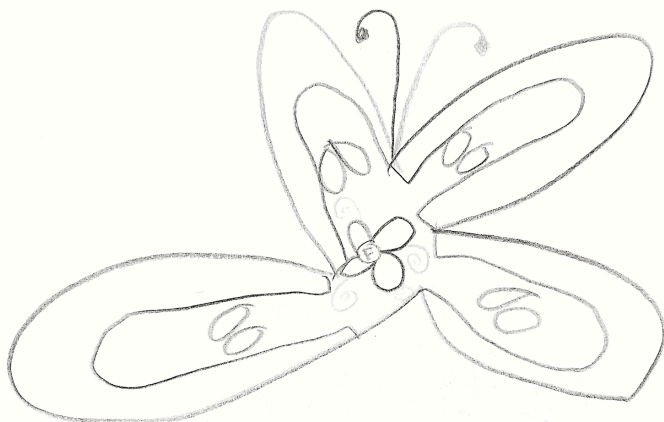


drawing by Eva Agbonkhese

Sir Han, 0103226



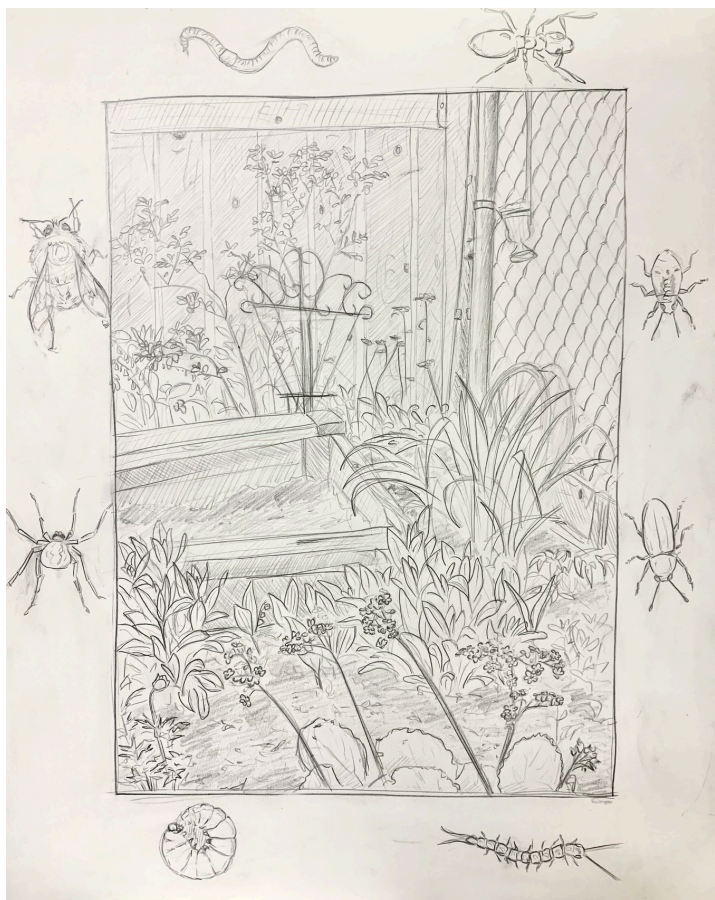
Art by Michal Reinholdt



Colouring Page by Annabelle Lochhead

Wrap My Bones
Eva Reinholdt

**You found my bones in the desert
You soaked barren ground
You scattered seeds among the dead
You invited life where none was found
Your sprouts covered my bones
Your vines rewove my flesh
My heart grew again from trees you sowed
My lungs of lilies drew in breath
Your dew drenched my body
Your springs mixed with my blood
Your incense reawoke my mind
From You, I grew from mud
You carved my bones from cedar
Your shoots grew in new skin
Now I stand in your garden
A new body, brimming life wherein
I grew back among the reeds
My bones drank up Your rain
Now Your wine runs through my heart and soul,
I am found alive again**



Drawing by Michal Reinhodt

Frost

Michal Reinholdt

The world had been dipped in silver, encrusted with diamonds, and a thousand colours shone through.

The leaves had been edged with lace and lined with pearls

Delicate, they trembled shyly, waiting

The grass stood stiffly upright in their coats of moonstone

Standing at attention, waiting for the leaves

To descend and join them

The berries sparkles like pins

Encrusted with jewels

Content to be in the court

All magnificent in everyday dress, they were glorious in their splendour

I wanted to grab those around me and say

Don't know know that we are in the presence of royalty?

Why don't you bow? Don't you know to pay respects to their majesty?

But nobody would listen

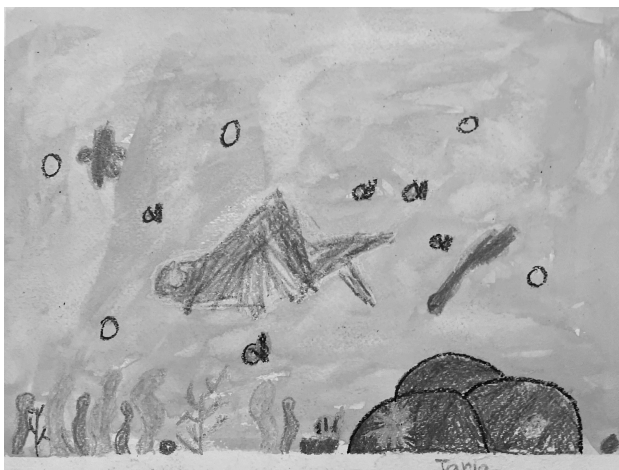
To them it was just cold, just white, just morning

And they all passed by too quickly

To see the court

Film photo by Miranda Hamm





F7's Hottest Mom:

Presented By: Eva Agbonkhese

Katie Schultz!



F7's Hottest Dad:

Presented By: Elijah Nordin

Timothy Hauser!



See you next week!



The Keep Comms staff would like to remind readers
to have a great week, and to stay hydrated!