Write a story!
Choose a sculpture from our gardens and write a short story or a poem about it.

I'm writing a poem on sculpture 3.
I stand in front and it looks at me.
I can see only a goat with something in its throat.
I can only look at you and wonder why it cannot be called sculpture 2?
I guess it is because it stands in one place and looks at you with a simply face.

Your name: Keya Manda Shaw

hope you like it!!