

MY GOODNIGHT GARDEN

by Bailey Gaddis

When I can't fall asleep, I tend to my goodnight garden. This garden grows in a special pocket of my mind that sways with sleepiness.

Can I tell you a secret? You also have a goodnight garden. Come with me, I'll show you.

The first thing we do in the goodnight garden is pull out the worry weeds. These weeds are the parts of our day we didn't like so much.

What worry weeds are you pulling out?

Then, we watch peaceful petals drift down from the branches of a cherry blossom tree.

Can you pretend that you're rubbing a peaceful petal between your fingers?

After, drowsy drops of rain sprinkle the garden. Pitter patter, pitter patter.

Can you lightly tap your cheeks, imagining drowsy drops sprinkling your garden?

From there, we plant delightful dream seeds that bloom as we sleep.

What will bloom from your delightful dream seeds?

Now, soothing sun shines from our tummies, spreading warmth and sleepy feels throughout the garden.

Can you feel the warmth in your tummy?

Next, we see busy bees slipping into their tiny bee beds. We tell them, “Shh.”

Can you say “shh?”

After, restful roots sprout from the bottom of our feet and pull away our nervous thoughts.

Can you feel your restful roots pulling away your nervous thoughts?

Now, we smile as we count comforting clouds floating above the garden.

How many comforting clouds do you see?

From there, we breathe in the sleepy smells of the garden. Each time we inhale we feel sleepier and sleepier.

Can you take in a big sleepy breath?

Then, a radiant rainbow arches over the garden. The rainbow keeps us safe.

What else keeps you safe?

Next, we rake the soil, preparing it for the exciting moments that will grow in our tomorrow.

Can you rake your fingers across your scalp?

After, a blissful butterfly lands on a rose. Our eyelids feel heavier and heavier as we watch the butterfly open and close its wings.

How slowly can you open and close your eyes?

Then, we lay cozy blankets on the baby bunnies, chipmunks, and foxes living in the garden.

Can you pretend that your palms are cozy blankets and press them against your eyes?

Finally, we walk down a tranquil trail that leads to a warm, soft bed.

We slip under the covers, take three deep breaths, and drift away into the land of dreams.

Goodnight, garden.