

I am an old grandfather tree.  
I live in the heart of a magical forest.  
I live by a brook  
that bubbles like bells.  
Beneath me are boulders  
all covered with moss-like little stars.  
Locked way deep inside me  
Underneath my snow white bark  
is a fairy tale  
as enchanting and special  
as a prayer  
waiting to be told  
I am as old as a mountain.  
My memories go back  
as long as the sea.  
Poor, sick and hurt children  
come to me with their worries  
that melt away  
Like lemon sherbert on a hot summer day.  
Not just children  
But animals also come to me –  
gentle does with their timid fawns come  
(to) drink from my friend the stream.  
Little cinnamon chipmunks scurry by me,  
gathering nuts, seeds and berries.  
Near the stream's bank  
(there) is a cozy den where fox pups play,  
waiting for their mother to return.  
My life is so special  
in this magical land.  
My heart feels like sunshine.  
I like being an old grandfather tree.

Cleo, written in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade  
The Poetry Studio, Marlboro, VT

I shut my eyes  
as I perch in the weeping willow.  
The mossy bed massages my thoughts.  
The branches weep  
The bark streaks  
The leaves whisper.  
The wind sings  
    to me.  
Peace tip-toes  
    into my body.

Cordelia, written in 4<sup>th</sup> Grade  
The Poetry Study, Marlboro, VT

### **That Large Oak Tree**

Years ago,  
a large oak called out  
my name.  
Its thin, needle-like fingers  
reached in my direction,  
beckoning me to become  
lost within its gentle grasp,  
its trunk,  
ridged and yet inviting.

Suddenly,  
the sky began to bleed crystal  
clear tears,  
attempting to bombard  
us.  
Slowly,  
the oak draped its branches  
over me  
like an umbrella.  
I closed my eyes and silently thanked  
that large oak tree.

Jon Erik, written in 8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
The Poetry Studio, Marlboro, VT