

Trees

Tree, I heard you calling
 my name
a long time ago.
But now I've come for you.
What do you need, tree?
Are you feeling well
or are you feeling sad
 in your roots
Down
 down
 down
in a deep dark hole
darker than the night sky
 no stars
 no moon?
Tree, I heard you calling my name.

*Mercer, 3/4th Grade
Marlboro Elementary School
Marlboro, VT
Poet in Residence: Ann Gengarelly*

My spirit is connected to the maple tree,
I feel it is my brother.
Its arms sway as it talks to me
in a voice
as soft as a kitten's purr.
Its gray bark is like a rain cloud.
Its leaves are like a sunset.
Maple, I am
your brother.

*Wes, 3/4th Grade
Marlboro Elementary School, Marlboro, VT
Poet in Residence: Ann Gengarelly*

Oak Tree

Oak tree you stand there on the cliff tall and grand
looking over the mountains in all their glory.
Their autumn colors dazzling in the morning sunlight.
Your leaves rustling in the wind.
Your rough bark shiny in the sunlight.
You tower above everything like a skyscraper towers
above a townhouse.
You are like a saint to me.
To me you are just as grand as the grandest mansion
ever built.
But you are not cunning or cruel.
You are joyful. You are thankful for life.
Oak tree, you are a true friend.

Zev, 3/4th Grade

Marlboro Elementary School, Marlboro, VT

Poet in Residence: Ann Gengarelly