

Emily Dickinson: Writing Nature Poetry
Two student poems inspired by “*Nature is what we see*”

Nature is what we see:

The wise gaze of the sheltering trees above
Tells us that the animals have a home.
The earth is coated with sprinkles and green fuzz.
Nature’s chairs lay silently, textured with age.

Nature is what we hear:

Birds are playing in open air
The still wind blowing upon the leaves
Chipmunk rustles in the bushes.

Nature is what we know:

Surrounded by life
The peacefulness allows a mind to wonder.
The lessons from nature teach us how to live.

Nature

The flowers, red like flaming fire,
Trees reaching for the clouds,
Agile squirrels play in the grass.

Ants crawling on the bench,
The birds chirping in the high trees,
Trees looking like overgrown broccoli.

Bugs flying around your heads,
Bushes like gumdrops,
Moss conquering trees.