*Trees*

By Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is

Prest

Against the earth’s sweet flowing

Breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has

lain;

Who intimately lives with rain.

 Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer