



Trees Make Me Smile

Description

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Muir Woods

My love for trees was formed as a child. I lived in Pennsylvania up until the 7th grade and our home backed up to the woods. If youâ€™ve ever been to Pennsylvania then you know itâ€™s full of trees. I currently live in Kansas and trees just arenâ€™t quite as abundant here. I memorized the poem Trees by Joyce Kilmer when I was in grade school. It is the only poem I can still recite, and I think it sums up

beautifully how I feel about trees. I have been to Muir Woods and stood among the Redwoods and witnessed the splendor of autumn foliage in the Northeast. Trees are a great place to start witnessing the extraordinary in the ordinary.

TREES

by: Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918)

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.

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