Trees

I think that I shall
never see a
Poem as lovely
as a tree,
A tree that looks
at god all day
and lifts its 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
on rain.
Poems are made
by fools like me
But only god
can make a tree.

Submitted by Josephine O'Berian, Whiddon Easton Park - SDM

Transcribed from the submitted handwritten entry.