Trees

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 1913

Reflections on "Trees"

Be not too harsh, my rhyming friend,
On what your ink and words portend.

It may appear fool's work to some,
But not to me, or where I'm from.

It takes an open mind to see
The sway of God in a humble tree

The power, the might, the simple charms
Stately branches, sheltering arms;

Shady harbour, shield from gale,
Nestling leaves, though soft and frail.

Yes, only God can make a tree
But He also made both you and me.

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