I AM A TREE

by Isaiah, age 12

My leaves are soaring My roots delve deep

My limbs are powerful, Sturdy and steep

My roots stretch far
Beyond branches best reach

My boughs are well-built And grab, twist and leap

My roots are synapses Down below deep

They sense as the Fire-beast takes a mad leap

I watch as my neighbor Trees burn in their sleep

The flames they blow Closer, the death toll is steep

Mycelium smolders, the Ground cracks beneath,

The fire grows higher As flame catches me.

(One year later)

The beauty of life
Hidden deep down beneath

As saplings spring forth From roots down below deep.

From roots stretching far Beyond branches' best reach,

The earth parts to Reveal a conifer tree.