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.