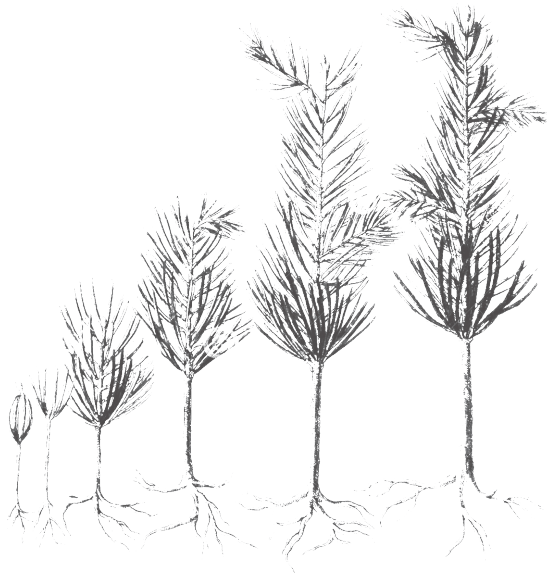


Worth More Growing

YOUTH POETS PAY HOMAGE TO TREES

Edited by Christine Lowther

Caitlin Press 2022



GRADE ONE

My Maple

—*Alisa Wanyan*

My favourite tree is a maple tree

I met my tree a long time ago

I love the colours of the tree in fall

They are orange, green, red, and gold.

GRADE FOUR

The Little Tree

—*Holly Zhang*

There was once a big pine tree
in the big forest

Its bark was as smooth as you.
It did not have any branches,
and it never grew.

There was a big hole in it
that always got bigger.

And in the big hole
there was a small little tree
that grew and grew and grew.

One day it got so big that
the big tree in the big forest
disappeared.

GRADE FIVE

Trees

—*Alyssa Liu*

Under them we seek
Shade on a hot summer day
With a picnic and friends
In the month of May.

Their leaves can be green
And other colours too!
Orange, red, brown
Just for you.

Please let them stay here on earth.
Keep them alive.
Let them thrive
And they'll keep us alive.

The Cycle of Life

—*Tanis Cortens*

The
acorn fell
from the great
oak onto the squirrel's
head. The squirrel picked up
the nut and hid it in a hole. When
winter came, the squirrel snuggled
up in its burrow under the oak and
slept while a mighty storm
blew up. Snow came down from
the clouds and covered everything
in a white blanket. The wind
howled around the oak,
shaking it back and forth
like a reed in the breeze. After
many hours of resisting, the ancient
oak fell with a crash, taking several
other trees with it. The next
morning, an early spring rain refreshed
the land, bringing with it the promise
of new life. The buried acorn
began to sprout, slowly but surely
becoming taller. Years later,
that same sprout was as tall
and strong as the oak before
had been. An acorn fell from that
great oak onto a squirrel's head.
The squirrel looked at the nut
and smiled. The cycle of
life
had
begun
again.

GRADE SEVEN

A Tree is Life

—Aidan Zhang

A tree is life around us
the air we breathe
the branches we climb.

When I look out my window
I see eight trees;
there is one that I love.

Planted by my grandfather
the tree stands in our yard
taller than any of the other trees

I smell dirt and fresh air
when I stand beneath it.

I feel a sense of *Littleness*
when I stand beside it.

I don't know if the tree loves me
I hope it knows that
I love it.

GRADE EIGHT

As Wind Blows Through Willow

—*Aisha Hsu*

Alone on the waterside
gazing at the coastline,
observing with eyes of gold,
silently.

Waving her ribbons
in the dance,
responding to the sea, as
seagulls call out irregular

rhythms.
Like her hair.
Like the green lines on
the water's reflection.

Like the waves lapping
the rocky shores.
Her whispers on a bright day, carrying
across the ocean.

Her silent wails on a stormy night,
seeing sailors
crash onto shore, looking
desperate and bedraggled.

She lends them shelter
and stands, unmoving—
watching them with sightless eyes,
touching them with leafy fingers.

Murmuring her stories
gesturing her arms,
perhaps in greeting—
as wind blows through willow.

GRADE TWELVE

I Swear I Saw their Boughs Tremble

—*Cedar Forest*

I swear I saw their boughs tremble
I swear I saw their leaves shiver
I swear I felt the intake of breath
as the evening sun struck their bark
I felt them rejoice at this infinite
second when their brown and green
was gold
For that moment when the
November sun found the perfect
angle and washed the trees of their
deep darkness with its waves of light
I felt the trees uproot and fly in this
moment
free of their future
buried in snow
torn by wind
free of all they have seen standing
in one place for decades
I swear I felt the hairs on the back of
their necks stand up as their very
existence was changed by this
insignificant break in cloud
I swear I heard them whisper

This went on forever and then was
over in a second
me and the trees laughing as we
sunbathed
me and the trees sighing as the
golden honey dripped and slid into
the moss at our feet

As the sun disappeared back into
the clouds, I swear I saw their boughs
tremble