POETRY
IN
THE
TREES

BY MAILE RYAN

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Poetry in the Trees

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I dedicate this book to my 7th grade teacher Mr. Tubach. He has taught me that literature is powerful. Thank You.
An Ode to the Redwood Tree

Stretching high into the air
Like a tower in the city
Your reddened bark and darken leaves
Protect you and keep you alive
Though you help us so much
People tend to take you for granted
But what they don’t know is that
You clean our air, give us your wood
We can not thank you enough
For all that you do
The Sun

High in the big blue sky
You shine brightly on everything we do
You are like a candle in the dark
Lighting the way
Your rays are what keep us alive
Fireflies

I lay in the grass gazing
Up at the dark sky
When suddenly from all around
Light, bright light shining
From the smallest creatures
You beautiful fireflies
Lighting the path of life
Birds

Free as the wind
Soaring high above the ground
The trees passing by like flashes of light
Spread those wings and fly like a bird
Be happy.
Be free.
Be yourself.
Fall

My bare feet touching the forest floor below me sends a cool cold chill up my warm back.
I stand and I stare as I hear the sweet song of the singing birds around me.
Their song is like a lullaby you sing to a crying baby.
The smell of fresh air fills my lungs and
the musty smell fills my nose.
I came here to find my soul in this forest of green, and to get away from humanity.
Moss
[noun]

A small flowerless green plant that lacks true roots, growing in low carpets or rounded cushions in damp habitats.

As in: The tree I saw as I was walking by had moss growing all over its beautiful trunk.

As in: The fallen log had moss protruding from the holes that had once been a home for a small creature.

As in: When I walked further down the path, I saw moss scattered around the forest floor.
The Wind and the Sun

May the sun softly restore you
May the breeze blow through the world and its beauty
All of your life.
The Dark Forest

The moon is out
The forest is dark
Night animals
Stalk prey in the shadows

Trying to find
Your way through the never
Ending darkness
The moon is your
Brilliant flashlight
Shining jagged
Rays of white light through
The gigantic trees
While you walk

Find your way out if
You dare or give
Into the dark of
The Dark Forest
Balance

When there is dark
There is light
When there is old
There is young
When there is cold
There is warmth
The world is balanced
Let’s keep it that way
The Umbrella

Rain is falling
The umbrellas are up
Shielding us from the rain

The cold wind blows
There it goes
The umbrella floats
Down the lane
Animals in the Sun

There once was a day
When animals would play
They would sing and dance
   Frolic and prance
In the Sun's bright ray
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>A New World</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The world could be a better place</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If people were kind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As who they are</td>
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<tr>
<td>If we were allowed to have our own opinions</td>
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<tr>
<td>If we could get along</td>
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<tr>
<td>Or the place we were born</td>
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<tr>
<td>Imagine a world</td>
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<tr>
<td>Free of judgment</td>
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<tr>
<td>Where people could live life peacefully</td>
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<tr>
<td>What if there was a place</td>
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<tr>
<td>Where we could get to know the other people in the world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A new world with peace and love for all</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

| **The world could be a better place** |
| If people were excepted |
| If diversity wasn’t looked down upon |
| Without letting the color of our skin |
| Get in the way we look at each other. |
| Imagine a world |
| Free of hate |
| Where people could work together for the greater good |
| Where we could start over |
| Without prejudging them |
| A world with peace and love for all |
Alone Again Blues

De rain falls down on my face
Oh lord, de rain falls down on my face
I don't know what happened to this place.

Family, friends, I had quite a few
I said, family, friends, I had quite a few
Now I have no one, what do I do?

The cloudy sky covers my dreams
The cloudy sky covers my dreams
Maybe it's not as bad as it seems.
Away from Home

Abandoned here alone
Our country left us
A light is waiting
A city of gold
Beyond these walls
Footsteps

The cold snow falling
The frigid air on my face
A blanket of snow
As I walk I leave a mark
With each step I take
I leave a mark on the world.
The Sun and the Moon

I am the Sun
I am the Moon

I can’t stand the dark.
Sunlight scares me.

I am the Stars
I am the Earth

I am the beauty in the sky that your people love
I hold the people that you shine on

I am the sky
I am the land

I hold the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars
I hold the homes of the people that look at the stars, the Moon, and the Sun
Waiting

There are people waiting,
Waiting and waiting and waiting.
Women waiting, men waiting, children waiting.
People waiting.

For months, people waiting.
For days, people waiting.
For hours, people waiting.
People waiting.

Some finally says,
‘Why are we waiting?’
And everyone says ‘shhh.’
They continue waiting.

Now it is time.
The waiting is over.
The people rush to see.

There she is, waiting
Behind the Lens

Behind the lens there is a world...
A world full of hope
A world world that is kind.

When you take away the lens...
A world full of hate
A world that is corrupt.

Let’s just put the lens back on.
Wildflowers

I can see a field of flowers outside my window
It's a colorful, beautiful meadow.
   Full of wildflowers.

   Each one is different,
   But beautiful in their own way.
   Some tall some short,
   Some bright and some dull.
   But all wildflowers.

I can see some weeds,
   Intertwined in these beautiful flowers.
   They steal the beauty form the meadow.
   Sticking their sharp needles into the ground.

I can see the meadow
   Without the prickly weeds.
   Just full of wildflowers
Family

Family
Loud, crazy
Yelling, running, jumping
Trying to find quiet
Home.

Home
Loud, crazy
Yelling, running, jumping
Trying to find quiet
Family.