

Arbor Day Poetry Winners

JWB, Grade 7 – Sean Henn

### Seasons

Standing tall, unmoving, a lonely sugar maple stays,  
until an Autumn breeze comes through and slightly the tree sways,  
some leaves are blown away, so to the ground they lay,  
but although the leaves are dying, their beauty does not stray.

Empty is the sugar maple, this time of year,  
so from the clouds and to the tree pours snow, a gift sincere,  
now the tree is warm, it no longer sheds a tear,  
but soon when there is sun, the snow will disappear.

It's the prime time for tapping sugar maple trees,  
and in the breeze, buzzing are the bees,  
so the bees surround, to heal the trees disease,  
and as the leaves return, the tree returns to ease.

It's Summer in New York again, when heat is at its highest,  
so the sugar maple thirsts, for its leaves are at their driest,  
but the sugar maple begs in a manner most suppliant,  
and soon comes a storm, with the strength of a giant.

### Sugar Maples

Sugar maples grow strong in the cold,  
Get tapped till they're old,  
They say, "there is strength in the legacy."  
But maybe that's not what I want to be.  
Maybe I want to live enjoying my sap,  
Let it course through my veins,  
Free of all reins  
Living freely.  
But maybe reins have a purpose-  
Keeping you productive  
Premeditated  
So you could live the legacy-  
There IS strength in the legacy.  
Growing strong in the cold  
Getting tapped till your old,  
Old and withered.

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The Four Seasons of a Sugar Maple

The wind flows away with my delicate leaves in autumn,  
And they fly back in spring,  
And in the warm summer weather,  
I'll be kind and provide a shady gift.  
In winter is when the white flow falls upon my leaves and  
I sit there, waiting to find my purpose.  
Atop the hill where I lay, watching the seasons pass,  
I see people pass, joy after joy, smile after smile.  
I sit there, waiting to find my purpose.  
But what is it?  
The flowy sap leaves my trunk so delicately,  
The shade my elegant leaves provide so kindly.  
Kids pass by, smiling at me, and that's when I see the purpose, what I was made out to be.  
I provide hope.  
I provide smiles.  
And most of all, I provide memories that will last forever.  
And maybe some tasty syrup too.

Glory of the Gods

*Oh, how I love the greenery of the day,  
waking to hear an ancient dream sing,  
leaves of tranquility shimmer in the sun.  
Their faithful beauty plays like a child in my heart,  
Oh, how calming it is to sit beside-  
Glory of the gods in the formidable trunk,  
Beauty of the cool breeze swaying up above,  
Oh, my heavens! how I love thy trees.*

The Acer Saccharum

Sugar Maple tree  
Stands at seventy-five feet  
Acer Saccharum

We thank the maples  
For orchestral instruments  
Violins, basses

Violas, cellos  
Furniture and sporting goods  
Are made from its wood

From dark green leaves they  
Turn bright yellow, orange or red

In beautiful fall

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However, the best  
Is the rich maple syrup  
That we tap right out

Save and protect trees  
Plant them and think what they do

Appreciate them

Sugar Maple tree  
Stands at seventy-five feet  
Acer Saccharum

Sugar Maple Trees

Super crunchy leaves.  
Uber great for making maple syrup.  
Gooey sap ready to be harvested.  
Always a cool sight to see.  
Right in the leaves awaits more trees.

More and more maple trees on the ground.  
Always the best smell.  
Lovely seeing it's leaves bloom again.  
Exciting watching it grow.