Trees

By Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
   A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
   Against the earth’s sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
   And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
   A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
   Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
   But only God can make a tree.

Source: Poetry (Poetry)