

The Forest

By Jake Pitney, Sylva NC

4th grade Mountain Discovery Charter School

I see a dead tree,
The beautiful sunset behind it.
A forest in the background,
With fallen trees and their stumps.
Green bushes everywhere,
Five or six flowers on each.
Three cubs trying to climb a tree,
Each picking a berry one by one.

Joyce Kilmer
By Emma Pindur, Bryson City NC
5th Grade, Mountain Discovery Charter School

The towering teasing trees
Whispered with the
Shake of their leaves
With the low murmur
Of animals hiding
In the undergrowth.

The feel of peaceful
Whooshing winds of nature
And the crunching sound
Of plants under hiking feet.

A Forest to Treasure

By Madison Elisabeth Corthell, Candler NC

9th Grade Enka High School

There are many things in this world to treasure

Like:

The way the sun streams down
To grace the treetops with
Dappled glory.

The feeling of the rough bark
Of a great poplar beneath my
Finger tips.

The heady scent of damp earth
Gently tilled and furrowed by
Silent feet.

The lively gurgle of a brook
As it winds its merry way between
The foliage.

The brisk morning air tingles
As it winds its merry way between
The foliage.

The innocents of the small
Animals sleeping soundly in
A glade.

A forest is a thing to be treasured.

Lost in the Roar of big Santeetlah
By Mary Ricketson, Murphy NC

I cross a wooden bridge.
A stand of dark red trillium
Waits for my attention.
White violets and crested dwarf iris
Sit quietly at trail's edge. Birdsong begins.
Butterflies dance. Jack in the Pulpit presides.
River birch, pine and poplar stand tall.
Rippling water stills my thoughts.
I can taste the wind.

Soon pink lady slipper will bloom,
Then purple rhododendron.
I know every season at this forest.

I fell in love here long ago,
Found comfort on this path,
Met parts of me I did not know,
Told secrets never spoken.
Trees made promises
Then asked for mine.
I fill myself with peace and hope when I am here
Then give all away when I am gone.