

After A Summer Rain

by Andrew Hawker, age 11

The leaves are bright and green
My senses are keen
The forest is ever clean

After a summer rain
The new roots feel its gain
It relaxes my strain, and dulls the pain

It smells like blooming flowers
As moss doth quickly gather
Reminding me of god's power

I hear the songbird sing
The shuffle of the leaves
And hear cicadas ring

I hear a large bird calling
While 2 squirrels are squalling
Beaver's will soon be hauling
Wood for their new den

The trail is heading downhill
I hear something high and shrill
The song of nature