

Ten Trees of Home

Buckeye, Maple, Sycamore, Bay,
Madrone and Redwood, six to say;
Then the Oaks, there's quite a few,
Live and Valley, Black and Blue.

Buckeye balls are fun for play,
The fragrant flowers bloom in May.

Maple has big, long-stemmed leaves,
To catch the light midst other trees.

Sycamore grows along a creek,
Where thirsty roots can water seek.

Bay has leaves that smell of spice,
To make a soup or sauce taste nice.

Madrone has branches smooth as skin,
The peeling bark is curled and thin.

Redwood grows up straight and tall,
Her cones are brown and very small.

Live Oak has small, spiny leaves,
And crooked limbs, enchanted trees.

Valley Oak is large and grand,
The limbs reach down to touch the land.

Black Oak leaves are lobed and spiny,
At first they're pink, then green and shiny.

Blue Oak grows on sunny slopes,
In land too hot for other folks.

Ten trees of home, in this our land,
They clothe the earth on which we stand.
We learn their ways as we do roam,
Familiar friends, ten trees of home.

Glen Schneider
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