

The Friendly Tree

In the meadow by the stream,
Stands a tree like in a dream.
Branches stretch out far and wide,
Giving shade, a place to hide.

Leaves that rustle in the breeze,
Talking softly to the bees.
Birds and squirrels call it home,
In its branches, they freely roam.

Roots go deep into the ground,
Where secrets of the earth are found.
Through the seasons, it will grow,
Teaching us what nature knows.

