

# Bailey Bugle

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## TREES

By  
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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.

