

“Crescendo” by Ava Jo

A fragile stem breaks through the soil
Cold and packed from winter's toil
Unsteady though the spring may be
It's warm enough to raise a tree
Sprawling network of tangled roots
Green shifts to brown, sprouts a shoot
Seasons fly like the birds passing by
Skinny branches stretch, reach to the sky
Minuscule plant now towering tree
A welcoming home to all who are free
Expanses of forest, once icy and bare
Now hum with life and warm summer air
Flowers and bushes in bright clumps of green
All of it painting a harmonious scene
And the voice of the forest rises with glee
A crescendo envelopes the twisted spruce tree

