

Our poem **The Tree of Life**, written by the juniors, is inspired by a story called 'What Did the Tree See?', written by Charlotte Guillain and illustrated by Sam Usher.

In Charlotte's story the reader follows an oak tree through its life from the Viking invasion in 1000 CE through to modern-day Britain, cataloguing what each stage of the oak has seen.

Our poem is about what our Rowan Tree might see here in Dunsop as it grows. We wrote a verse in pairs and then collaboratively put it together adding verses where needed. We hope you enjoy it.

The Tree of Life

I was first a berry so orange and red,
Picked by royalty and placed in a bed
Of wonderful soil, where I grew into a tree.
Over hundreds of years, so what did I see?

As a seedling, in a shelter on the royal grounds,
I heard corgis barking and trumpets that sound.
At last I was bigger and placed in a silver pot,
My roots had more space for me to grow a lot.

When I was a sapling still growing my bark,
I was taken from the greenhouse and placed into a park.
Onto a huge statue that looked like a tree,
In front of the palace so that the queen could see.

The tree of life, our sign said,
A symbol of hope for everyone ahead.
People came to see us from places near and far,
Some came on trains and some in a car.

Then one day I was taken down,
Away from my friends, away from the town.
Placed into a lorry with a tarp covering me up,
The journey was long and I arrived in Dunsop.

A large hole was dug, I was put into the ground,
A fence in front and fields all around.
Cows mooing and children that play,
This was indeed a very happy day.

I watched as seasons passed by every year,
When children were playing I heard them all cheer.
The school grew upwards, up so high,
Lots more trees were planted and rockets in the sky.

The next thing that happened the skies became blue,
The air much cleaner and cars that flew.
Eco-houses were built so I wasn't alone,
The forest that was planted now had grown.

Then my trunk became hollow and I started to rot.
Winters were freezing and summers so hot.
All around me was a canopy of green,
Which was the wish of Elizabeth the Queen.

All those years on and her wish became true,
Flowers that bloom and the skies forever blue.

The tree of life continues thus,
With my red berries a sign of hope for all of us.