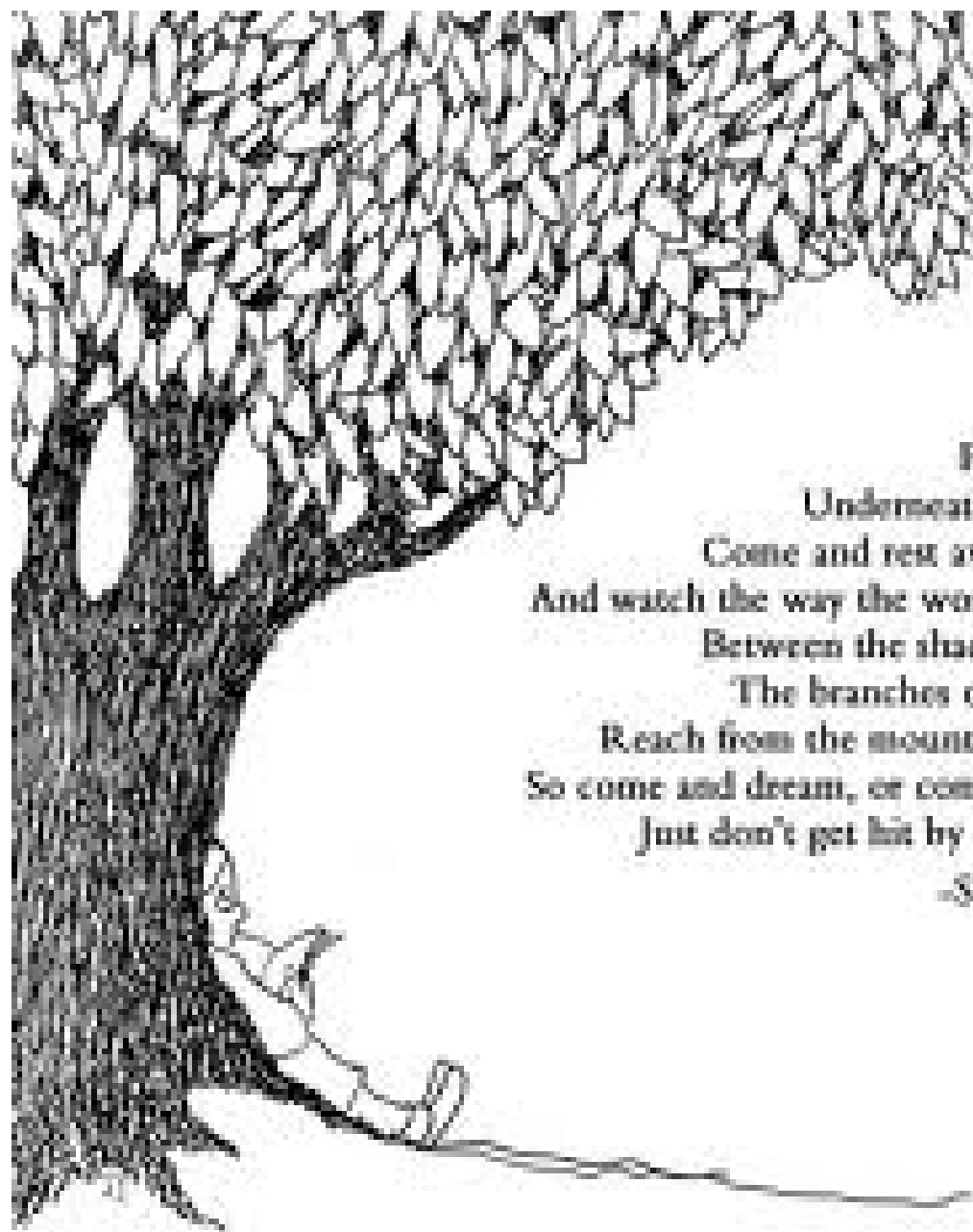




POET'S TREE

Underneath the poet tree
Come and rest awhile with me,
And watch the way the word-web weaves
Between the shady story leaves.

The branches of the poet tree
Reach from the mountains to the sea.
So come and dream, or come and climb—
Just don't get hit by falling rhymes.

—Shel Silverstein