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Rain Forest Poem

Ryan Bainbridge

Sutherland Community Schools

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Rain Forest Poem

Dense canopies of lush green trees,
Whispering softly in the humid light breeze,
Some animals scurry--some slowly roam,
To feed, to play, to build a new home.

A tropical forest, its richness immense,
Could last forever if people use sense.

Too many forests are destroyed each year,
As more demands on resources appear.

Cities and farms require cleared land,
Projects for mining and timber expand.

As demands for natural resources increase,
Many species plants and animals cease.

Erosion occurs where once there was none,
The soil is now open to wind, rain and sun.

How quickly a tree can crash to the earth,
But how long it takes to grow tall from its birth.

From what will we build when there are no more trees?

Where will we go to hear a whispering breeze?

Man-made sounds replace chirping and chattering,
People walk where animals were scattering.

Man is dismayed and thinks it's not pretty,
When a bomb is dropped on a life-filled city,

How then can man justify the cost
Of deforestation--nature's city is lost.

--Ryan Bainbridge,
Ninth Grade Student of Dorothea Trost
Sutherland Community Schools
Sutherland, Iowa 51058