

## Nature Poetry

Breeze whispered across my cheek,  
dandelions touching my whiskers,  
I feel the dust beneath my paw.  
Taking in all I saw.

My little tail thin as a string,  
quite long, the small little thing,  
Squishing and swishing across  
the floor soon it becomes sore,

my little ears picked up,  
listening into the nature's breath,  
Walking across the 'tuigs',  
they would make good wigs.

My button nose rose up,  
gazing at trees go up and up.

Birds flew across the clouds,  
to me they were very loud,  
feathers dropping onto my head,  
feels like I'm in my warm bed.

They don't hear me.

My paws soak  
I am by the oak  
Paws covered in grass  
My owners pass  
They don't see gear  
me. they don't hear  
ME.

The leaves crunch under my feet  
And I try to eat  
the grass on the floor  
I ~~am~~ now and now  
My owners pass once more  
But they don't obey my law  
They don't gear  
me. They don't hear  
ME

I hear the birds tweeting  
The trees are swaying  
Leaves rustle  
My owners hustle  
they don't see gear  
me. They don't hear  
ME.

My tail  
wags, I see a snail  
I want to eat it  
But my owners spit  
at me.  
They don't gear  
me. They don't hear  
ME.

## Perspective of a tree:

I stand tall and wide,  
watching the birds as they glide.

Surrounding me are trees and bark,  
being used to make a spark.

Far away there is a river,  
with distance sounds that give me a shiver.

Hearing the birds fly and tweet,  
I stand there looking at my feet.

Writing from perspective of bird-swallow:

Today I will fly,  
I will fly away,  
From home and cold  
From winter and ~~long~~ away,

I won't end this fall  
like one year ago  
I won't be being starving  
when it's will be cold

I won't meet this winter  
I will fly away  
From home and Ukraine  
I will fly away

To stay for three month  
in sunny and warm  
in different country  
Where anyone know  
Who me, why I come  
And what I'm doing here  
But I will come back  
To home to Ukraine

решит обо есенина, могилах городов, море дым расстилает

I run ~~a~~ deer,  
standing ~~near~~.

Stepping on leaves,  
that fell from trees.

eating grass,  
standing near ~~bank~~ about to pass.

I can hear,  
that birds are near.

My ears pricked up,  
as I just sniffed dust

Zoe Tutton

As I walk through the forest,  
I don't feel like a tourist.  
I feel the feel the cold breeze,  
I feel at ease.  
I sit down on the soft ground.  
I believe my home is what I have found.

I watch a leaf fly by  
I wonder if it will ~~say~~ say goodbye  
The things dance in the soft air  
The sky is where I ~~glare~~ stare  
The clouds soar  
My heart falls to the floor

My heart is so heavy, full of love  
The birds above  
They chirp  
It hurts  
Their homes are destroyed  
We treat them like a toy

~~Do~~ Care for them  
Or we won't have them

(care for them)