

# MERLYN'S PEN

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## Trees

One night the trees  
beckoned me to  
come outside.

They waved their  
branches with  
the wind of life.

Their leaves fell  
off in a  
frantic dance  
that welcomed me  
to sweet  
romance.

Back and forth  
they swayed  
and turned,  
summoning me  
to be absurd.

To think they  
thought I'd  
come outside  
on that desolate,  
bleak, silent  
night.

—*Karina Ensman,  
Eighth grade, Landstuhl American School,  
Landstuhl, Federal Republic of Germany*

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“

Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand.

”

-Plato