

**Mackenzie Miller**

Age 10 ½

Whitehorse

### **The Tree**

Once upon a time, there stood a tree,  
So tall and grand, oh how it used to be.  
With branches reaching up towards the sky,  
And leaves so green, it made me sigh.

But as time went on, things took a turn,  
Garbage piled up, causing the tree to yearn.  
The vibrant colors started to fade,  
Leaves fell off, the tree felt betrayed.

It seemed like the end was drawing near,  
As more and more garbage appeared.  
But then, a change began to take place,  
As people realized the tree's grace.

They gathered the garbage, cleaned it all away,  
Recycled and reused, day after day.  
With each piece of trash that was removed,  
The tree regained its strength, it bloomed.

Leaves sprouted anew, in shades so bright,  
The tree once again stood tall and alight.  
Its branches swayed with joy and glee,  
A symbol of hope for all to see.

Oh, let this be a lesson for me and you,  
To care for nature, to be kind and true.  
For even in the darkest of times, you see,  
There's always hope for a vibrant tree.