

Native Beauties of Missouri

By B. Oesterle

With my Beloved
I walk,
And I am serenaded
with stories;
Stories of the trees,
the native trees.

In the torrid summer
one sees
tiny and soft,
leaflets on display;
round, green cones
sprinkled throughout
the massive canopy.
The Bald Cypress in summer.

In the crisp fall
one sees
golden foliage;
large acorns, capped
with grooves and fringe;
Both dropping, down,
down, to the ground.
The Bur Oak in Fall.

In the stark winter
one sees
smooth and white,
limbs stretching,
reaching to the sky;
Mighty arms,
proudly on show.
The Sycamore in winter.

In the bright spring
one sees
snowy-white,
flowers blooming,
tassel-like and drooping
to the ground,
delicately arrayed.
The Fringe Tree in spring.

Plant, my Beloved says,
not invasive,
but the native,
trees.