

# Nut tree poem



Small, brown, hard, round,  
The nut is lying underground.

Now a shoot begins to grow.  
Now the shoot begins to show.



Tall, taller, tall as it can be,  
The shoot is growing into a tree.

And branches grow and stretch and spread  
With twigs and leaves above your head.



And on a windy autumn day  
The nut tree bends, the branches sway,

The leaves fly off and whirl around,  
And nuts go tumbling to the ground:  
Small, brown, hard, round.

