

*Trees*

树



I think that I shall  
never see  
A poem lovely as  
a tree.

我想我任何一首诗  
也不会像一棵树那  
么美丽动人。



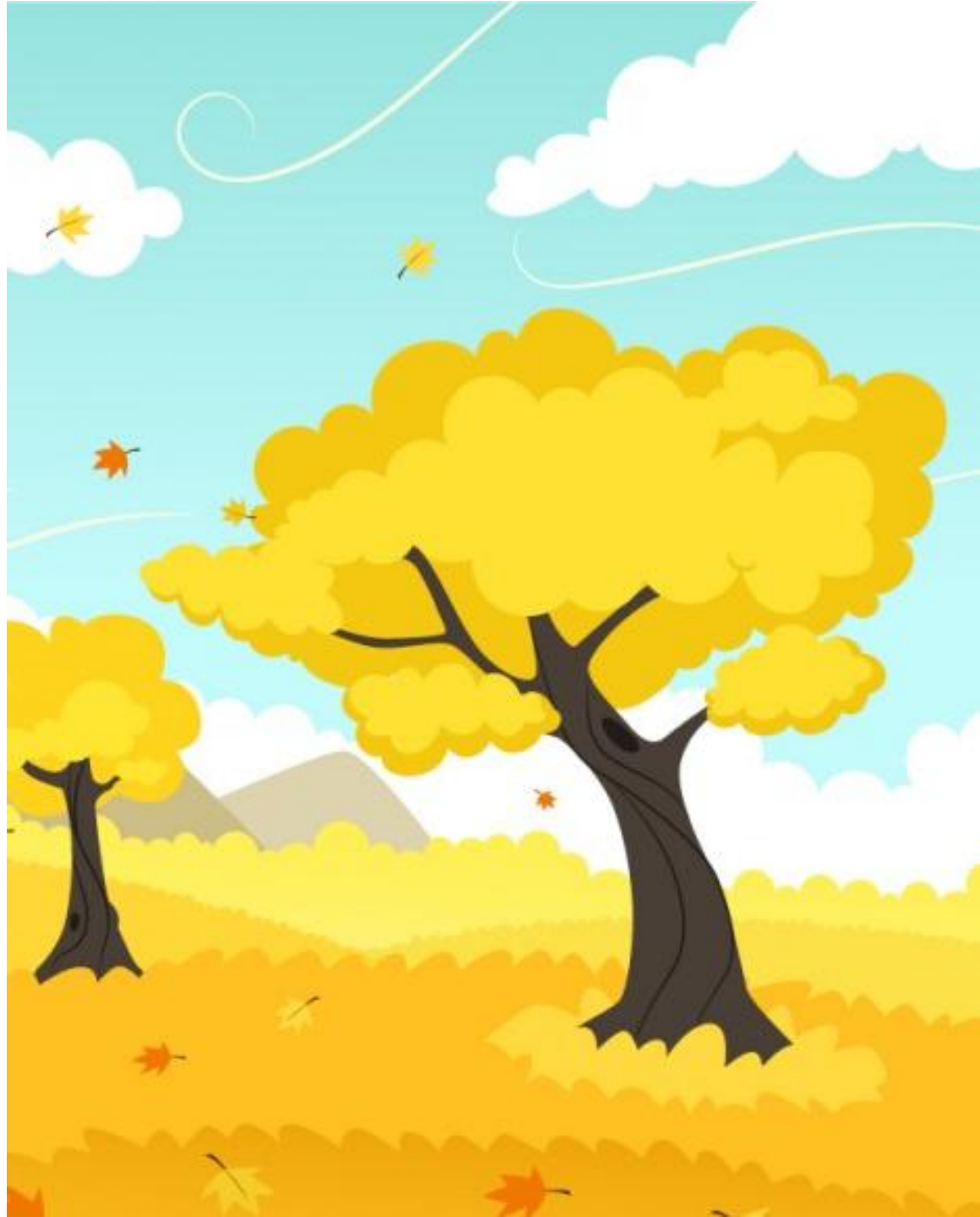
A tree whose  
hungry mouth is  
pressed  
Against the earth's  
sweet flowing  
breast;

一棵树，它饥渴的  
口紧贴大地  
吸吮其香甜流淌的  
乳汁；



A tree that looks  
at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy  
arms to pray;

一棵树，它整天仰望上帝，  
并高举它枝繁叶茂的膀臂祈祷；



A tree that may in  
Summer wear  
A nest of robins in  
her hair;

一棵树，它也许会  
在夏天  
用知更鸟巢来点缀  
它的秀发；



Upon whose bosom  
snow has lain;  
Who intimately  
lives with rain.

雪，落进它的胸怀；  
雨，和它亲密为伴。



Poems are made  
by fools like me,  
But only God can  
make a tree.

诗，是由我这样的  
傻瓜写成的，  
但只有上帝才能造  
出像树这样的杰作。

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Kilmer (1886 – 1918)

