I am smooth and ancient.
I grow from the past and to the future.
And I see families in the future taking their rocket ships out for a ride.
And I see families in the past, leaving on horse-drawn carriages.
And all the stories told by cave people and science fiction engineers,
End up in one place where they slowly grow,
To places never, ever seen before,
In a garden of peace and happiness, it stays.
Our poet tree still remains.
Pippa Schroeder, Age 9 Wingra School

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