



## *The Well-dressed Tree*

Thomas A. Davis

In spring, with taste quite flawless,  
She dressed herself in green.  
Elegant, poised, graceful was she;  
Unchallenged – the forest queen.

She wore that dress through the summer.  
Becoming, be assured!  
(Admittedly, as the summer passed  
It made her a little bored.)

So then, in pace with the season,  
When autumn days came by,  
She put on something quite modish—  
A gown of a different dye.

At last, in the covert forest,  
With movements quite discreet,  
She slowly dropped her yellow dress  
In a circle around her feet.

