



My Climbing Tree

BY ANNE ALEXANDER

In our backyard there's a climbing tree
With branches stretched out like arms for me
To scramble and climb and clutch and cling to
Until there is sky and a cloud to sing to.

A blue jay settles way out on a limb
And watches me as I watch him.
"My tree," he chirps. "Mine too," I say.
Then I straddle a branch and ride away.

I gallop to China, I speed to Spain,
And then I'm galloping home again—
For the back door slams; a voice hollers to me,
"Hey, you up there! Hey, boy in a tree,
How about sharing some cookies with me?"

So I do.
Wouldn't you?