

Tropical Rainforest Poem by Alexis Pitts

Dark and damp, the forest floor,
Fungi grows,
Wait there's more!

Bugs and bugs,
Of every kind,
I'll go on,
If you don't mind....

Jaguars and amphibians,
The forest floor,
Where it all begins...

Next level up?
The understory,
There's a huge inventory,
Birds, bats and butterflies,
Bananas and tarsiers,
Meet our eyes,

Capuchin monkeys,
Boas and skinks,
The chocolate we used in chocolate drinks!

Next level up?
You will see,
Is the great green canopy,
Not a place for cans of peas,
Just the top of tall green trees!

Two toed sloths and maybe three,
Move so slow you'll agree,

Epiphytes!
Orangutans!
The colored beaks,
Of cool toucans!

And all the wise old graceful trees,
Produce the oxygen,
Which we breathe....

Emergent layer?
Tops it all!!!
Sit up there,
You'll see it all,

The amazing forest stuns and awes,
But people cut it,
With chainsaws.....