

Tropical Rainforest Poem



Dark and damp,
On 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 begins...
Next level up?
The understory,
There's a huge inventory,
Birds, and bats, and butterflies,



Bananas, tarsiers, meet our eyes,
Capuchin monkeys, boas, skinks,
The chocolate used in chocolate drinks!
Next level up?
You will see,
Is the great green canopy,
Not a place for cans of peas,



Just the tops 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 those 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...



We hope it doesn't all get wrecked,
It's a place we must protect!

Rainforest by Tanya Marcoux

I love the rainforest and its calling sounds
I love the tree tops and it's wet, soft ground
Busy as it is with monkeys and termite mounds
There's not a more peaceful place around

The Rainforest in the morning

The twittering of little birds and the clicking of insects
echo away in the distance,

A new world is born in the morning.

The sun filters through the majestic trees,
Revealing a hidden world with silver falling down to the
ground,

The rainforest is awakening.

The flowers stretch their tired limbs and bask in the sun's
rays,

A rainbow of colours erupt from the trees as the heralds of
the rainforest start their day,

The Scarlet Macaw screams to the howler monkeys to wake
up the late risers,

The Jaguar, King of the rainforest, roars grumpily at his
men,

High above we see the Harpy Eagle, the king's assassin
roaming the sky,

The rainforest is alive in the morning,

Preparing for a new day.

Nichole Webb