

# The Magic Tree

by Evie Rose Potter

It's almost magic,  
My tree changes all through the year,  
Even from one day to the next it looks different.

In the winter only the skeleton of my tree remains,  
I feel sad for my tree,  
All the dark colours of purple, brown and dark green  
Are scattered over the ground.  
When the snow comes it is blanketed in white.

The spring is my favourite time,  
My tree grows a beautiful candyfloss pink blossom,  
You can smell the delicate, fragrant perfume in the air.

In the summer the clouds of blossom have fallen to the floor  
And my tree is covered in light green leaves.

In autumn my tree goes slowly to sleep,  
The leaves turn to chocolate brown and then  
Flutter down to a carpet underneath.