

Lake Macquarie Speech & Drama Eisteddfod
Open Age Championship
Tree Ballet
By Reginald Reid

Cloud shadows race across the hill.
The treetops move, but all seems still.
The silence of the heated day
Adds to the wonder of the trees' ballet,
As leafy branches dip and weave
And flowering treetops bow and heave.

As if performing on a stage
They dance their part with quiet displays.
Each scene enacted, in graceful dance
Their mingling bodies hint romance
While flowered tendrils wave and sway
And perfume fills the air all day.

Sometimes rushing, sometimes slow.
Surprising eddies come and go.
A wave of flurries darts to the side
Or stops when there's nowhere to ride
And rustling whispers in the leaves
Entice the ear to follow their lead.

Enter the tree and ride that wave.
Sit in its branches, that bright open cave.
Graceful performance, strength on parade
Open and windswept but still giving shade
These delicate beauties exhibit their charms,
A home to all creatures, in those welcoming arms.

Effortless rising then bowing at will.
Writhing then pausing and racing up hills.
Swinging, embracing, waving away.
Standing and diving, the length of the day.
Applaud if you will this exuberant performance
The ballet of treetops will always enthrall us