

EYH Rocks – Group Poem  
March 21, 2009

*Torrey Pines: Trail of Words*

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The green hills look down upon the trail  
where people are quietly walking.

Use your natural senses to sense nature –  
Enclosed in a shell with only nature  
and no trace of the outside.

On this leaf there are spikes around the edges  
as if protecting itself.

It is calming, like nothing in the world could go wrong.

The silence is broken by the whoosh of wings,  
Birds are soaring in the wind, chirping on and on.

I hear the water, the birds chirping,  
the sound of running feet, and the leaves blowing.

The small flowers stretch across orange sand,  
Speckling vegetation with tiny clusters like splattered white  
paint.

Eventually, after a long, long, long time,  
the rocks become monuments of history and repetition,  
Hills roll down to the valley and ocean.