

# Title: Putting the plants back.

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*Based on the experiences of the Roots and Shoots planting day on the 11<sup>th</sup> of May 2019.*

*N.B. All names in this poem (except the location) have been changed for privacy reasons.*

At the Annulus Billabong, in Melbourne's north.  
Our mission was clear, so we all set forth.  
To bring back the plants, that had been taken away.  
With buckets and shovels, there was no time for delay.

Jane Goodall was there, chanting for change.  
To bring back what once was, of the animal's home range.  
With over two hundred hands and one thousand plants.  
We were about to give this billabong, its second chance.

I was there as a member of the Botany Society.  
I was able to explain, some of our beautiful plant variety.  
I also helped to teach students about the day.  
I wanted to hear what they had to say.

The first of my students was a boy named Peter.  
A remarkable boy, a true conservation leader.  
He spoke of his love for all animals big and small.  
His goal was ambitious, he is going to help save them all!

The next was girl by the name of Jane.  
She was eager to get started, she lives life in the fast lane.  
We practiced our ability to look and observe.  
To help us know the story, of the land we were trying conserve.

The youngest of the group, a boy named Sebastian.  
His mother had told me that he may need extra attention.  
By the end, he had tried and succeeded in all areas of the day.  
A moment for me to see, that everyone can do anything, in their own special way.

And finally we come to oldest, a girl named Paige.  
She was very compassionate and thoughtful for her age.  
She was Sebastian's older sister and was very caring towards her brother.  
Having Paige around kept him calm; as I was told by their mother.

Based on the task and experiences I had, the day enabled growth.  
As a teacher and a person, this day helped with both.  
Learning to work with students of all different kinds.  
It certainly helped to provide the skills that the D.E.T outlines.

In the end we left happy and satisfied.  
Holding our heads high with immense planting pride.  
A system was back, no longer a block of weeds.  
Truly an example, of what our beautiful world needs.

