



**When Autumn Speaks:  
Photos and Poems by Grade  
Five Students from Riverview  
Elementary**

Written and Edited by The Grade Five Students of  
2022-2023 and Ms. Amanda Tulli





I would like to give a special thank you to Miss. Amar and Miss. Megan for allowing me to use some of their English class time to introduce the students to poetry and take them outdoors to photograph nature in Verdun. Furthermore, I would like to express my gratitude to Ms. Brown for supporting this project and providing us with funding to purchase several books. Finally to my wonderful students, thank you for taking creative photos and for composing poems straight from the heart.

**Sincerely,**

**-Ms. Amanda Tulli**



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# Nature is Greater Through the Eyes of a Creator

Moss has no thoughts yet it walks across rocks.

It looks to flowers surrounding its rock and shares its warmth but never talks.

The moss feels the rain and the coldness within, but it looks to the warmth in the wind.

Even though the moss can not talk, it tastes and smells what we cannot.

Poem & Photo by Abby



# The Distance Tree

*I feel the wind blowing me to another dimension.*

*I feel the earth moving eastwards and dragging me every minute.*

I see the leaves flying to space and the bushes moving happily.

I smell the fragrance of the fresh wind blowing dirt on my branches, accompanied by my grandma's perfume.

I taste the cold rain drops on my moss.

I hear a bird chirping to find its egg, which fell on the soft, green grass.

Poem & Photo by Deborah







## The Fine Blades of Grass

I feel the leaves fall on to me.

I smell the decomposing leaves falling on my carpet.

I see the bright blue sky.

I taste the cold winds.

I feel the wind blow through me.

I smell the dirt under me.

I see the white fluffy clouds.

I taste the dirt on me.

Poem by Anastasia



## The Talking Tree

*My view of nature's colours amaze me.*

*The children playing at my feet bring daily joy.*

*The smell of decomposing leaves announces a change of season.*

*The wind blows through my branches and it introduces me to the scent of my neighbour's cooking.*

*I taste the fresh crispy breeze and the cold winds blowing my leaves.*

*I feel sad. My leaves are dying and my body becomes bare.*

Poem & Photo by Avery





# Winter is Coming

If I were a squirrel I would watch the trees as they float  
in the wind from one side to another.

I would smell the flowers around me.

I would feel the wind on my fur while I climb up trees.

As the time goes by I fear hunger.

The longer I wait the colder it gets. Until the snow  
comes down and I get to rest.

Photo and Poem by Damek





## Pine's Afternoon

I feel my pine cones and leaves taking off.  
I smell my dinner as it falls and saturates me.

Animals go up and down my trunk.

The storm clouds clear,  
allowing me to view beauty and  
I taste my sunny desert.

Poem & Photo by Sasha





# A Leaf's Perspective

It was a sunny day and the trees were filled with leaves.

The sweet scent of flowers was drifting in the air and honeybees were everywhere.

The maple tree, my home, was big & yellow. I see some of my fellow leaves tumble down and I think, "Will I soon follow?"

I felt the warm sun and soothing breeze. I wondered when the temperature would change and bring the freeze.

I saw the squirrels and a sky so blue. I tasted the earth and the rain droplets too.

I heard the birds chirping and singing away. I looked up and saw a bird family looking happy.

Soon days will be colder and blue. Most of the leaves will be passing, and it will be my time too.

Poem & Photo by Mackenzie





## When Grass Speaks

I look up and I see the bright sunny sky.  
I feel the shoes walking on my bright green surface.  
I feel the cold wind blowing passed my face.  
Every time it rains I feel and taste the cold little droplets.  
I smell the fresh soil beneath me.  
Enjoy every moment that I am still here because when the cold,  
snow comes it's my time to fade away.

Poem & Photo by Robyn



# The Squirrels

I live high above the trees and love all the nature that I see. I see so many things from high above!

I can see fields of gold, red, and orange all around.

I can see the sunshine through the branches of trees.

I can smell the earthy soil in the grass.

I feel the cold breezy wind on my fur.

I see the leaves beginning to curl as the winter approaches.

So much to see when you are high above in the trees.

Nature...it's peaceful, refreshing, and calming.

Poem & Photo by Evelyne L.





# THE CALM TREE

I SEE THE RED, YELLOW, AND ORANGE LEAVES  
BENEATH ME .

I SMELL THE FRESH, BLOWING WIND AND EARTHY  
GRASS.

I TASTE THE BITTER DIRT AND THE COLD  
DROPLETS OF RAIN.

I FEEL THE SQUIRRELS CLIMB UP MY BARK.

I SEE CHILDREN FILLED WITH JOY RUNNING ALL  
AROUND ME.

POEM & PHOTO BY SIMON





## A Bird's Home

Chirp, Chirp I am a beautiful bird.

I am flying freely.

High above I see such beauty. I see flowers, trees, squirrels, and fading green grass below.

I inhale fresh oxygen into my tiny lungs and I am refreshed.

I feel the cold rain on my beak and feathers.

When I finally land, I touch many branches, leaves, and rocks.

I look up from the ground and see the giant trees towering over me.

I see that the trees are now bare as all the leaves have fallen.

It is now much colder and I must prepare for winter.

Let me take flight once again and enjoy nature's gifts while I can.

Poem & Photo by Jayden



## Squabbling Squirrels

The squirrels in the park are squabbling for acrons.

They love to eat acrons all month long.

Happy thoughts of hibernation flood their minds.

They approach as children call them over.

They are curious to see what treats they will be given.

I laugh as I watch several squirrels run and chase each other.

*Oh how they squabble!*

Poem by Oliver





## A Tree Full of Life

I feel happy and calm.

I stand tall but sway when there's strong winds.

My brothers and sisters surround me. We all have multiple colors as the season has begun to change.

I smell earthy tones as the morning dew dampens the soil.

I feel cold as the cool winds blow through me. They shake my branches and my leaves fall.

The soft leaves brush past me as they land on the ground.

I could hear children laughing as they play all around me.

I taste the rain falling from above.

I miss the hot sun that would warm me.

Frost now begins to form on me.

Poem & Photo by Damian





## *If I Were a leaf*

*I see the magnificent trees and dozen of my brothers and sisters swaying with me in the breeze.*

*I smell the cool air brushing against my surface.*

*I taste the fresh earthy air all around me.*

*I feel the grass brushing on my skin as I lay on the ground.*

*Poem & Photo by Madison*





# Exploring Riverview Park

Green grass, a brown leaf, and a big gray rock.

So many colors just relax and imagine them all. Which colour do you embody?

Sharp, tall, wide, branches sway in the wind.

Gray, dark, cloudy sky. You look like you might cry.

I sit upon the rock and feel its texture. It's cold, rough and gritty texture makes me think about how it got here. Everything has its place.

Appreciate nature. Lay down in grass and look around you and see the beauty of the fading yellow leaves.

Poem & Picture by Cayden





## *I Am a Leaf*

*I see many rough branches around me. Some are thick and others are thin.*

*I feel the wind blowing me out of my home.*

*I taste the dark dirt under me.*

*Soon I will sleep.*

*Winter is coming soon.*

*Poem & Photo by Sara-Rose*





## The Withering Leaf

I smell the seasonal change.

I fall toward the brown, muddy soil.

I feel the warm, yellow sun's rays.

It takes all the moisture from my surface.

I long for the rain.

I see people stepping on other crunchy leaves.

I see other dead brown leaves falling from  
branches and the blue day sky turning into black  
night.

I taste the rubber soles weighing heavily on me.

I begin to taste cold, white snow melting on top of  
me.

It is my time to sleep.

**Poem & Photo by Mako**



## I Am a Tree

I am tall like a skyscraper.

My roots are like my veins, they feed me all my nutrients.

I feel the wind moving my arms.

I see my crispy leaves falling on the wet grass below.

I feel rain flowing down my trunk.

I see kids having fun.

I have emotion like you. I am proud to be a tree.

Poem & Photo by Tyler





Nature = Beauty

*Nature is free look at this beautiful tree*

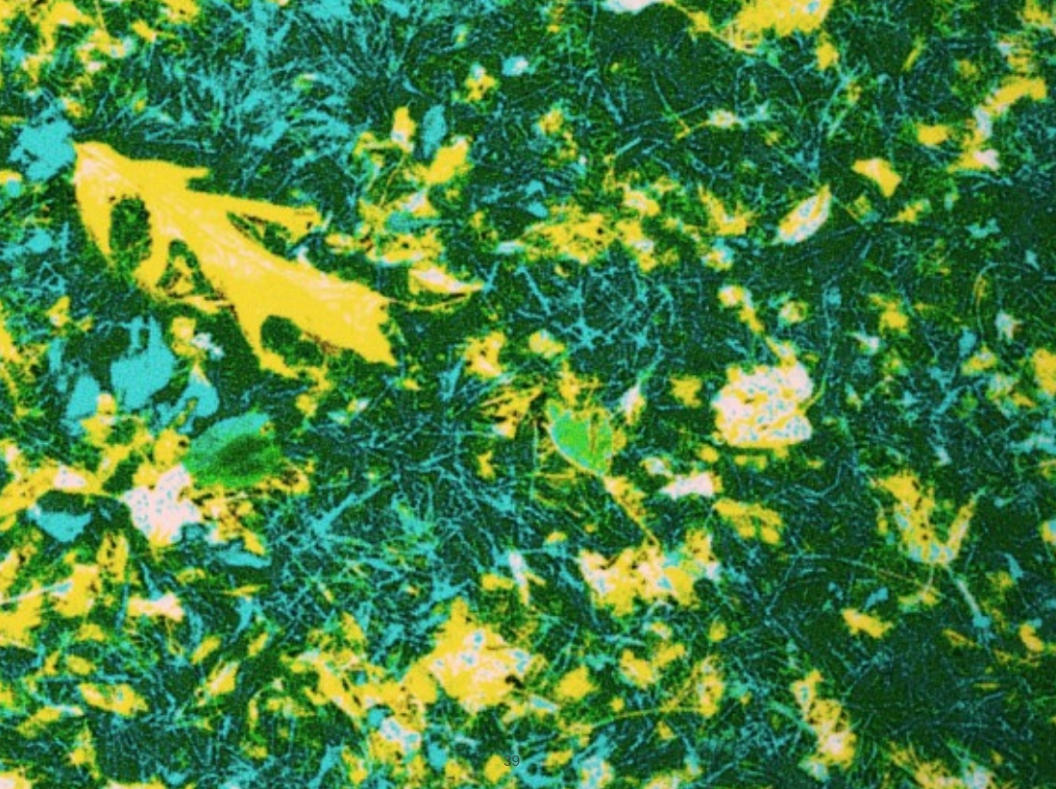
*Nature is free look at this beautiful field*

*Nature is free look at this beautiful rock*

*Nature is free look at these beautiful leaves*

*Nature is free look at the beautiful sky*

Poem & Photo by Andy





## Trees

I was long covered until I sprouted.

Rain helped me to uncover.

It took days, weeks, months and years to grow.

Eventually I got big enough to grab sunlight from  
my leaves and nutrients from the ground.

I am now one thousand years old.

Poem & Photo by Casa





## The Water

I can be peaceful sometimes and unsettling other times.

I taste earthy when my brothers and sisters drink me.

I am warm when sister sun shines on me and cold when brother moon comes out.

Part of my family includes giant rocks and seaweeds.

I see snapping turtles swimming and I feel quacking ducks swim on top of me.

Do not throw your vicious rocks in me.

Be kind to mother earth!

Poem & Photo by Carmelo





## Seasons

Summer, winter, and fall.

All at once.

Both leafless trees and trees full of leaves.

If you walk past the pathway, you'll see nothing but  
the sea, buildings, rocks, grass, and trees.

Poem & Photo by Emery





## The Cozy Dream

One to touch nature is one with nature  
As such winds blows beautifully with the plants  
As rain gushes down the plants grow  
The more they grow the more you can know  
Winds in woods swirl and whirl with glory and beauty  
Oh so great are the big green plants  
Big trail of nature will you guide my way on this wonderful day  
A day without nature is a day without a mother  
We all need mother nature so we must show our respects and show our love  
So she can grow for us again

Poem & Photo by Luka





## The View

The water and the sun mixed, makes me relaxed

The plants are vibrant and I feel warm inside

Rocks are creative

They have the best view

They chose a good spot

They are looking at the sky and water

They see the birds passing by

They feel the water splashing them and the wind  
passing them

Close to the water it smells like maple and mint

Poem & Photo by Hezekiah





## My Maple Tree

Maple tree

Big and tall

Branches are slowly emptying

Leaves on the floor

Birds chirping, water splashing.

The wind is blowing.

Maple tree

Old, but strong and the trees make me feel warm.

Poem & Photo by Mia



## THE SAD TREE

I am losing my leaves  
Winter is coming  
My leaves are going  
Kids won't come  
I see my friends losing their leaves  
Now they are empty  
Soon, I will be too  
Sad is what I feel because the water is darkening  
The clouds are darkening too  
Winter is coming

Photo & Poem by Abigail





## The Sun's Brightness

Brightness, happiness, calm  
Sparks of fireworks  
Water is cold and refreshing  
Sky bright, light shining  
Rain storms are coming  
Fish are swimming around  
Sun rays on the water sparkle like diamonds

Poem & Photo by Roy







## The Sky

**I fly and I cry**

**I give shade and I give you snow**

**I make shapes**

**I sense the wind and smell the fresh seasonal air**

**I touch the birds and taste the airplanes**

**I am the sky**

**Poem & Photo by Nathan**





## Beauty Grows

You start all green

New needles

Ripe seeds

Trees grow leaves

Called other leaves

All

New

Poem & Photos by Seamus



## *I feel calm*

*Green tall grass,  
Wind blowing in my hair  
I hear the sound of leaves crunching.  
The sun is heating up my body  
Yellow, red, orange  
Leaves like fire,  
Warming up my heart.*

*Poem & Photo by Kyrah*





## Life of a Leaf

I took a long fall from my home when the cold came.

I see the geese flying south in the cloudy sky above.

I see the clouds become different shades of grey until I feel cool moisture fall on my face.

I hear tiny footsteps as the squirrel digs into the soil to burry the food it holds in its mouth.

I taste the fresh fall air as the wind slightly blows on my face.

The wind blows and I fly away.

Poem by Ellen







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