

**The Wound Healer**  
*Jordan Boersig, Grade 6*  
*Boise*

My petals are white  
like the winter snow.  
My head is a round,  
bouncing ball.  
I live in the foothills.  
I smell like candy canes.  
I can stop bleeding  
with my buds.  
I hear the wind blowing  
through my petals.

I am yarrow.