

A POEM TO PROMOTE MISTLETOE MANAGEMENT IN ARIZONA JUNIPERS

In Arizona's arid land, where junipers stand tall, a silent threat to their grace does call.
Mistletoe creeps, its grip so tight, but we shall stand, defend their right.

With mechanical hands, with care and skill, prune away the threat that seeks to kill.
Blades so sharp, and vision clear, we cut the parasite, bring juniper cheer.

Chemical aid, precise and true, Ethephon's touch, mistletoe will rue.
Drops of science, measured and wise, protect the junipers under desert skies.

Combined in strength, our methods blend, to save the trees we must defend.
Mechanical removal, swift and keen, with chemical care, a healing sheen.

Our junipers tall, in deserts wide, will thrive again, with us beside.
So let us act, with heart and hand, to save these giants of our land.

Mechanical might, in daylight's beam, prunes the branches, halts the dream.
Chemical wisdom, in measured dose, ensures the juniper's future, close.

Together we stand, united and strong, to right the mistletoe's creeping wrong.
In Arizona's heart, where junipers sway, we fight for their future, day by day.

So spread the word, let all who hear, join the cause we hold so dear.
Mechanical and chemical, hand in hand, protect our junipers, throughout the land.