

# Mulberry Tree

Wafia

Mum's on her knees, two hands deep in three feet of soil  
I walk in the kitchen to take in the weight of the call  
I cut you loose to pick fruit before it can fall  
I walk out and look down  
To what will be  
A mulberry tree

I'll wait impatiently  
Twelve seasons passing slowly  
Slowly  
I'm learning leaf by leaf  
Big changes happen slowly  
So slowly

Hands stained purple, comes full circle in the yard  
I swear it sways in a way to say, "We've come so far"  
Towards what will be what grows from a seed  
I lie underneath mum's mulberry tree

I'm waiting patiently  
As seasons pass me slowly  
Slowly  
I'm learning leaf by leaf  
Big changes happen slowly  
So slowly  
So slowly