

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