

My Little Cherry Tree

Spring peeks mundanely over my city walls
Winter warmth requiring so little be left behind
My little cherry tree bursting now into blossom
Forecasting boldly validation of life is soon to come
Pungent fragrance my nostrils filling
Promises of fruit tantalizing my tongue into thought

Summer passes, the flowers and the promises long gone
Maturing heat ripens now only brightened leaves
The sun finding no fruit to kiss this year

My little cherry tree, unlike I
Wishing for sufferings of a harder winter cold
Knowing blessing requires passing through frozen times
Frigid roots and bark and limbs foretelling days of joy
She, then, still patient each year midst hollow feelings
Reminded anew only a life of travail bears reward

Annual sadness swells in me for my little cherry tree
So lovely, she bows while blushing at admiring eyes
Ashamed in secret of her beauty while yet so barren
Her wisdom, like a prophetess gazing beyond the pale
Pulsates with desire to engage the hope of a deeper flow

She weeps quietly, excusing me but not herself
Perceiving I must visit markets from other lands
Taste requiring I seek fruit from places of the north