

Apple Blossom

Esperanza Spalding

Mother of spring
Her branches cradle sleeping buds
Yawning open
Welcomed by an aging man
He greets them fondly

With memories of when
Her boughs were arms that held him
As a younger man together
They would marvel
At the birth of springtime

Now he stands beneath the apple blossoms
Every year where they used to go walking
And he tells her about the summer and the autumn
The winter in his heart
And their apple blossoms

In summer they would dream
Of being three and smile
Imagining her round
As the apples on the ground
That fall they loved and waited

But winter came too soon
Before their seed could bloom
She wilted from the chill
and all fell cold and still

Now he stands beneath the apple blossoms
Every year where they used to go walking
And he tells her about the summer and the autumn
The winter in his heart
And their apple blossoms

As he opened the earth to receive her
He prayed heaven would be waiting to meet her
He kisses her cold cheek goodbye
But he couldn't surrender the hopes they had sired
so in her folded hands
He placed a seed
From their favorite tree
And he laid her to rest
'neath a blanket of white
Until they meet again in the springtime

Now he stands beneath the apple blossoms
Every year where they used to go walking
And from above she's always watching
But her body lies 'neath the apple blossoms...

Mother of the spring
the sleeping buds she cradles
Slowly yawn open
Welcomed by an aging man
He greets them fondly...

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