

# 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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