

Mama Willow
By Sophia Retone

Oh Mama Willow,
Swooning over your kin,
Enclosing blades of grass,
Bending with the wind.

Stories paint you Mama Willow,
Weeping in defeat,
Giving way to Winter,
With Spring dying at your feet.

But what they don't know Mama Willow,
Is that you enjoy the change.
With leaves in streams and waterfalls,
Your world seems to have more range.

In your vast canopy Mama Willow,
Lies a secret kept by you and me.
Your royal limbs of emerald green,
Embrace those who unearth how to see.

You'd never discriminate Mama Willow,
The Argentine ant, Tibetan fox, or Flemish rabbit.
You help every creature discover their purpose,
And you give all a home to inhabit.

Your spirit will reach many Mama Willow,
Your seeds are meant to be spread.
Equipped with white wispy wings,
All your babies locate a soft soil bed.

Isn't it amazing Mama Willow,
How the universe makes us belong?
The sun's golden beams fuel all things,
And united we conduct nature's song.

You've taught me hope Mama Willow,
To delight in the world we create.
No matter which way I lean or bend,
I will seek to find something great.