

Sapling, it is no small thing
to grow

to overcome what saps your strength
bends your trunk, nibbles the fresh green
of your newly unfurled leaves
mossy weight, suffocating ivy,
frost that burns your edges.

Don't give in to the temptation
to withdraw and wither.

We trees may be quiet,
but we speak and we share.

Reach out your young limbs
to those who offer shelter
not shade, who can show
from the vastness of their perspective
how to dig deep.

Anchor yourself in their knowledge
grow your bark hard and your leaves soft
hold firm to who you are
the gold of heartwood.

Stretch to the sky
clear and free
absorb the light
and breathe
just... breathe.

Sapling, do what trees do:
we grow.

