

Mother Willow

Karen Kelsay

You are the gentle willow, who I often
thought looked weak. Your strong-willed
child that made her loud debut among
your branches, hanging

in the adolescent wind, has grown.
Your leaves have turned a softer lemon-green.
Sparrows gather on your quiet sleeves
to nest. It's peaceful in your presence.

Once, I could not see the fine lacework of shadows
that you cast. Your bark is deep with lines,
and catkin clusters free themselves
to float across the twilight's dark divide

where little drowsy seeds prevail
along the moonlit trails.