

Rooted in Love

I can still remember the day I brought you into this world.

A tiny seedling cradled in my tiny hand, I laid you down in a bed of soil and blanketed you with water, fertilizer, and love. Every day I ventured out to your little plot and sang the stories of the land, hoping that you would learn the trill of my voice. And then I waited, praying that you would plant your roots in the little area that I had chosen to be our home. And then I saw you again, but I was surprised. You were no longer the tiny seed I had so long cared for. Your little head poked out, and while you weren't used to the brightness, you still leaned into it as much as you could. From that moment you didn't stop. You began to branch out and make friends while I just continued to give you the nutrients you needed to maintain your energy. Soon and soon you were the most popular one in the entire neighborhood.

Everyone came to admire your beauty and your warm embrace. Now I can't even see your head anymore. You stand among the clouds, reaching to the heavens and extending your reach to the ends of the earth. You have blossomed, my child, but I am afraid I cannot join you any longer. Even now, I can only watch you from the window, hoping that you have not yet forgotten my gentle touch. While I wither away, I hope that I can hold you in my arms one last time. You have your whole life ahead of you, and while I won't be around for all of it, just know that I will always love you, My dear, my darling, my little seedling.

Allyson Abad '16