The Life Cycle

Written by

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When they planted the seed, I wondered if it would thrive. You looked down at me as my small hands wrapped around your calloused finger.

We came back to the uprooted soil where a tree stood. It was barely to my hip, a small leaf blew in the summer wind. You stared at the sapling as I glimpsed at you. Your hair was combed back and you wore your favorite suspenders. I won’t lie, the moment was surreal.

The next few years go by in a flash. We drifted apart yet we still held hands. The tree was tall and so was I. The gnarled branches twisted in the wind as you rubbed your knuckles, grunting in pain. You smiled, the wrinkles sagged.

As fall arrived, the tree was red, bursting with warm colors but blowing with the cold wind. You were frail and brittle, your legs wobbled, you couldn’t walk without your cane. Your once combed back hair was now a mess. I was also a mess.

Now, the tree has lost its leaves as I lost you. The winter kills all that’s beautiful. As spring flourishes, we have a dear present for you. Watching the world grow around you made you happy. Watching your children, your siblings, your grandchildren, even your great grandchildren made you feel fulfilled. So now we plant a tree in your honor, hoping it will watch the world for you.