

Weeping Blossom

Dedicated to Maddie
Written By Sheryl Marie

It wasn't fallen snow,
Although one might argue it was,
From a distance,
At a glance,
At its softness,
At its glow.

The weeping cherry blossom tree,
Held a crest of pure white melting down into pink at the tip of each branch,
Rested atop a raised stone ledge,
Overlooked the garden,
Guarding intently,
Overlooking the edge.

Mio raised up her tiny hands below the tree by chance,
A drift drifting downward let loose,
The tree released a single flower across the expanse,
Her two hands she cupped together,
Her childish giggle softly echoed,
With a push her feet left the mossy ground,
In her whimsical,
Persistent,
Dance.

Yet still it fell as Mio's eyes gained knowledge,
She twirled,
Let out an impatient sigh,
Her reach extended further out,
The blossom still falling,
Blown by the breeze that blew her longer hair,
The flower floated upwards towards the sky,
Floated back down endlessly,
Falling,
Falling from up high.

And then a tear,
A smile,
It was so close,
Mio felt it in her heart.
Just a little longer as time etched on her skin,
As her hair grew gray,
As her impatience did part.

At last Mio held the cherry blossom of pink in her palm,
At ease,
Full of wonder,
From the Shidare Zakura cherry blossom tree,
The tree she smiled upon.

Suddenly a pause,
A turn of her head and Mio saw she was not alone,
It was not a stranger's eyes gazing now upon her,
Mio didn't summon the cherry blossom this dawn,
It was Mio's daughter's, daughter's, granddaughter,
She was the summoner of the flower,
Mio was the ancestor,
From which the summoner had called,
And called upon.

It was Mio's offspring catching their breath,
Weeping,
Looking on at Mio,
And Mio in a life which was now gone,
Looking at Mio in memory,
Looking at her until Mio vanished,
And now,
Looking on.