

Apple Blossom

junglie sammie

Mother of the Spring*
Her branches cradle slipping,
Buds, yawning open,
Welcome by an aging man.
He greets them fondly
With memories of when
Her bows were arms that held him as a younger man.
Together, they would marvel at
The birth of Springtime.
Now he stands beneath the apple blossoms
Every year where they used to go walking.
And he tells Her about the summer and the autumn,
The winter in his heart,
And their Apple blossoms.
In summer they would dream
Of being three and smile,
Imagining how round,
As the apples on the ground.
That fall, they loved and waited.
But winter came too soon
Before their seed could bloom.
She wilted from the chill.
And all felt cold and still.
Now he stands beneath the apple blossoms
Every year where they use to go walking.

And he tells Her about the summer and the autumn,
The winter in his heart,
And their Apple blossoms.
As he opened the earth to receive her
he prayed heaven would be waiting to meet her.
He kisses her cold cheek goodbye,
But he couldn't surrender the hope they had sired"
So in her fallen hands he placed a seed from their favorite tree----
And he laid her to rest beneath the blanket of white
Til they'd meet again in the springtime.
Now he stands beneath the apple blossoms,
Every year where they used to go walking.
Walking:

And from above she's always watching
But her body lies beneath the apple blossoms.

Apple blossoms.

Blossom.

Blossom.

Blossom.

Mother of the Spring
her branches cradle slipping buds

Slowly, [they] unopen.

'Welcome, by an aging man'

He greets them fondly.

Fondly---- her branches cradle slipping buds

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