



## Reaching and Roots

People have carved their initials:

“H.T.‘02”

“Tommy Was Here”

I have branched out,  
continued to reach up  
Little birdies

sit with me, sight see  
come to share their ideas, but  
their little nests  
    blow over  
when heavy winds come

- Naturally, I am determined to keep growing.

My leaves shake and shiver  
through stormy hours  
but my body remains rooted  
steadfast. sturdy.  
strong at the core

My purpose is planted deep  
I was born of an apple gone rotten  
a lone seedling sprouted  
soaking up Earthly gifts  
made able with divine light

- My understanding stems from the spirit in my trunk.

Scarred deeply, man inflicted lacerations  
I lose some of my bark  
my skin has grown thick  
I have loved men who have drawn nooses  
surrendered themselves, became strange fruit

For them, I have snapped, I have broken  
children nail boards to my stomach  
and climb into my hair  
For them, I remain grounded  
my arms are ever reaching

In a young tree, there is patience, pain, forgiveness. Resilience.

Pouring rain and Golden rays  
nourish my height and diameter  
In this air from which I take, to which I give  
I smell the fruitfulness  
that I am destined for

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