

Shelby Sifers, Seventeen As A Tree

We placed you, little seed,
in the ground seventeen years ago. And we gave you fresh water
and we let the sun shine on your rooty toes.

Yeah, we placed you, little seed.

Yeah we placed you, little seed,
in the ground so cold.

Now we watch you little tree
as your leaves start to grow.

As your leaves start to grow.

I will climb each of your branches
and I will kiss each of your leaves
and I will hug your baky hipbones
and inside your trunk, I'll sleep.