

Fruit

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Source: Rachel Kann: <https://realizeparadise.com/>

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By Rachel Kann

Know this:

you are wonderful-wild.
Do not deny it, contort
akimbo,
reach your glorious limbs skyward.
No more mourning
your exclusion from the orchard—
you were never meant to be regimented,
thank heaven.

The predatory parasites
who hijacked the canopy,
clawing toward your inner sugar,
have all been evicted.
They could never truly penetrate;
never rip to the center of you.
They tried to prune your shine,
you bloomed through it.
Their attempts to graft you
proved fruitless,
they carved their tags into your trunk,
underestimated your fortitude.
How could they predict
you'd claim your scars as splendor?
Your roots go deeper
than you ever imagined.
You are steadfast
and untamable.
Your leaves unfurl face-up
toward the
massive gentleness
and outrageous abundance
emanating in waves of electric radiance.
Your existence bridges
earthly with celestial.
Today, it begins.
Awaken, under cover of cold snap.
Be your sweetness, revealed.
Your glow is a holy permission slip.
Beneath the harsh winter—
hidden growth. Humble/pliant,

you are safer than you realize.

Here is a secret worth knowing:
To dance, you must let the wind
whip your branches.

To sing, permit the breeze
to whistle through you.
Your very being is a map of eternity.
You are inviolable,
fairly spilling with potential.
Come to blossom;
Come to fruit.