The Apple Tree

I was a seed laying in the ground waiting.

Tickly and itchy, I started to rise,

the light made me grow, and the heat made me happy

I’m not a seed anymore, I’m a little apple tree.

The other trees are tall and strong, older and nicer,

I’m just a bush

With twigs that are trying to grow.

I stretch for the sun.

The others don’t even lift a branch.

The sun just shines on them.

Can you move your branches a bit?

I’m trying to get out of the shadows,

I’m trying to reach for the sun?

No one answers.

Can’t they hear me?

Can’t they see me standing here.

I reach out further for the sun.

Ariana notices and smiles.

She is old, gnarled and lazy, I’ve been told.

She will die soon, they say loudly.

I shush them, but they don’t care.

Don’t they understand she can hear them?

Can’t they see her smiling?

Prince is tall and handsome.

He works out a lot.

They say he is the strongest of us all.

Everyone want to be his friend.

Even the trees down the river look at him in admiration.

Their heart skips a beat when he moves through the breeze.

I want to be like him.

It’s spring now, and a bird has noticed me.

It visits me every morning and sways in the branches.

I get tired, but I don’t complain.

Birdsong is pleasant

When Ariana was young she sang beautiful melodies,

tweets the bird

She was the most beautiful in the valley, it says.

Why did she stop singing?

The bird spreads her wings.

I think she got tired, it said and flew away.

But one day I’m woken up by Ariana singing.

She’s grown blossoms.

My cheer makes the others jolt.

You’ve grown so big, Ariana says and smiles.

The trees gasp. They can’t believe it.

Ariana has grown blossoms!

Just luck, says Prince and attracts the bees.

He wants all of them to himself.

We’ll see if she’ll grown any apples, he shrugs.

The bird flaps around.

Ohoi, it says and flies straight through Prince.

The bees disappear.

Watch where you fly, Prince complains.

The trees know that without the bees the blossoms won’t turn into apples.

Oh, how I have longed for this day!

The warmth came, and we finally have apples.

Even me, the skinny, little bush has grown four apples.

I’m happy and scared at the same time.

What if I can’t do it?

I need to hold on to the apples so they don’t fall off.

For the first time the other trees really notice me.

Is it too heavy? They ask.

No, easy peasy, I lie.

I smile, but it hurts all the way down to the roots.

Look at me, let the branches go, says Ariana and shows me what to do.

Prince just laughs at us.

He makes himself tall and smug.

Spreading his branches all the way out.

I want to, but I can’t do it.

Will he stand like that the whole time?

Won’t he get tired?

For every day that goes by the apples get heavier.

The bird has gathered that I’m tired.

That’s why it’s on the fence tweeting.

Sweat? Is that sweat I see on stuck up Prince, it whispers.

Yes.

The apples are too heavy.

Prince is maybe also tired?

Rest your branches, I try, but Prince looks away.

He doesn’t want to listen.

The garden is full of people one day.

The apples are ripe.

It’s time for harvesting.

But all of Prince’s apples have fallen to the ground.

That’s how it can go, tweets the bird.

Ariana’s apples are hanging softly down towards the grass.

Basket upon basket is being filled, but there is still more.

Not one branch is broken.

Ariana is happy.

She is singing.

I want to be like her when I grow big.

When the sun sets it’s finally peaceful.

The little boy with the big eyes

has taken my apples and ran away.

It’s quiet.

We are tired from the shaking and picking.

I can feel it in my whole trunk.

It is nice when the evening comes and the darkness surrounds us.

All the trees become one collected shadow.

Jaweria Tariq