

"New Roots" by Matthew Syn

Once I was like a strong tree
rooted firmly on solid ground
by the water.

Numerous branches outstretched, leafy and flowering,
heavy with an abundance of ripe fruit.
An image out of a postcard, idyllic.

Then, the sky grew dark and heavy.
It stormed angrily,
pelting the ground with rain
and tore up my roots,
casting me adrift.
Gales carrying me far to unfamiliar territory.

I landed on foreign soil
out of place with no idea where I was.
I was scared and disheartened,
surrounded by unfamiliar scenery.
I was unsteady and for the first time, flimsy.
It would've been easy to quit before I could start.

But in the end, I was still the same tree
and over time I dug in new roots.
I spread out my branches and leaves
and drank in the sunshine.
Before I knew it, once again I was on solid ground
and no longer a foreigner.