

A Little Water Goes a Long Way

by: Patricia Santillan

Oh, frail little apple seed,
you don't fall too far from your tree.

Here you stand, a small toddler,
weak under the weight of the wind.

Don't worry little one, for you
will stand mighty like Zeus.

The sun shall rise and set,
giving energy that strengthens you.

As the days go by,
the first leaf appears.

The rain shall fall and cease,
fulfilling thirst that weakens you.

As the days go by,
the first bud blooms.

The birds shall peck and prod,
taking insects that sicken you.

As the days go by,
the first apple ripens.

Here you stand, nearly an adult,
stronger than you were before.

The journey has done you well,
for you no longer bend to the wind.

Stand still and strong,
for you will have much to give.