

Spring 5-1-2017

## APPLE BLOSSOMS REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER

Florence M. Zielinski  
*College of DuPage*

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### Recommended Citation

Zielinski, Florence M. (2017) "APPLE BLOSSOMS REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 39 : No. 2 , Article 29.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol39/iss2/29>

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## APPLE BLOSSOMS REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER

Her wistful eyes transported her  
to a distant, foreign shore.  
Spring followed spring, dreams followed dreams, and she  
yearned to see her father's orchard,  
"If only, just once more."

It is Spring again.  
My neighbor's tree is heavy with apple-blossom bloom.  
It reminds me of my Mother, as I see it from my room.  
Those white blossoms...like she saw them, way back when....  
It was May and Mother's Day, the month she passed away.  
A month most difficult for me to visit  
where she lay in her final resting place.  
I said, "I will go and visit soon...I will go the very next day."

What I saw arriving there just took my breath away!  
Never before had I this beauty shared.  
Soft petals falling all around,  
kissing the tombstones and the ground!  
The trees were always green in the summer,  
and in the winter the trees were bare.  
But like her father's yearned-for orchard of long ago  
Here was a feast for the eyes, a lift for the soul.  
*My God*, I thought,  
*Amidst these blossoms she cannot be alone!*  
Her wish had come true.  
My Mother had gone home.

*Florence M. Zielinski*