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The Vine

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Markos: The Vine

The Vine

Karian Markos

my mother gave me a seed when I was young—
I planted it in my garden

the soil was so fertile, nearly everything grew
she told me the vine born from it
would someday bear good fruit

it sprouted as she foretold
and eager to stretch its limbs, it grew—

I cared for the vine as it flourished
shaped it, pruned it—
it grew a thick base, strong and resilient

as it aged, it hardened
and I could no longer tame it
its long, tangled mass outgrew my care

there is no fruit, I told my mother—
wringing my idle hands

patience, she said, *let it go—*

its roots are strong
the sun will shine
the rain will come
and you must accept
that you may not see fruit
until the vine is ready to bear it

Carolyn Faivre. *Red Madonna Speaking Truths* (at left). Acrylic on canvas