

## **Grown Wild**

You conjured springtime,  
leaf by leaf

you brought the girl  
and wrapped her in a blue day

and gave her  
to me

Months, years, hear me:  
I love this girl, her tendril touch  
and climbing dreams,

her willingness

I'm not her mother, though  
I am not the luxurious meadow

We are one,  
the girl and I,  
like sky

Grown up  
grown wild

--Melissa Apperson