

Kaleena Deshawn

(Un) Natural

Your love was like a tree without roots. It was as natural as an apple without seeds. Your love reached me as deeply as the sky is brown. Some things don't exist for a reason, I'll never know yours. But I do know what it means to be what you weren't, what you could never be. The word mother is too strong for you, no matter what word precedes it. That word is too close for you, too strong for what you gave me, or my mother. All I can really thank you for is showing her what that word didn't and should never mean. I thank you for making her strive to be much better, to give you me much more than you had ever given her. I thank you for giving me the space to let another grand trade aunt for mother, so I could really know a grandmother's love. As deep as a trees routes burrowing into the ground, as blue as the sky and as natural as the seeds nestled in an apples core.