

## **Grandmother Jade**

After thirty-four years of being carried  
from house to house  
she is nearly too heavy to lift.

Doubled over, she skims my  
middle, verdant leaves still plump  
as the Emerald Buddha.

Her first daughter grew into  
a tropical tango of lusty offshoots—  
one winter she bloomed white halos.

A dozen granddaughters left as they reached  
pot-boundness—most live with relatives.  
Two took off with strangers during a porch sale.

How gently we repaired her trunk,  
split with age—settled her into that  
costly cerulean glazed planter.

We watered her in our secrets  
she brought us good fortune as promised—  
there's a chance she might outlive us.

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