

## Jacaranda: Blue On Blue

Every week she passes  
from the clinic in Kampala  
to rest awhile in my arms  
and marvel at the sky  
through the veil of my bloom;  
blue on blue.

The southern wind speaks  
through my branches:  
*“Stay little sister. You have  
many miles before home,  
before Lake Victoria laps  
at your feet like a puppy.*

*You carry medicine for mother.  
Lay it down. I will stay guard.  
Lay on my moss carpeted bole  
and sleep, while I scatter  
my trumpets to take home  
as a gift.”*

I have looked for her  
for many days now. I know  
the meaning of her absence.  
Mother no longer has need  
of medicine. The girl is spared  
her ten-hour round journey.

She will walk to the shore,  
and throw my blossom  
into the lake of her ancestors,  
in remembrance of a mother,  
and for a childhood gone;  
blue on blue.

I, Jacaranda,  
offer shelter to the weary.  
Many arms wrap round  
my old, gnarled skin,  
and many tears nourish  
the sap in my veins.

Many stories of fear and loss  
drop from little lips in the quiet  
of my shade. Small faces press  
against my wrinkled bark  
for comfort only the inanimate  
can give. I hear and learn much.

I take census of the sick and dying,  
numbered by my pretty flowers,  
strewn over the dust and rocks,  
shearing off the breeze,  
or washed up on lake shores;  
blue on blue.