

Mother and Child – by Catherine Davidson

The coastal landscape can be harsh,
strong winds lash the forest.

Yet the karaka tree
with a polished marble trunk,
grows strong.

Its foliage is dense,
sheltering new life.

Glossy green fruit follows
fuelled with the tree's energy.

Time passes.

The fruit ripen to deep orange
connected to the branch by a stem,
which weakens as the fruit tissue swells.

One day
the final thread snaps.

The fruit plummets.

For the first time it is alone,
free-falling to an uncertain future.

The tree cannot dictate the fate of its fruit.

It can only watch.