

The Mango Trees

by HG Holladay

The mango trees are whispering.

Their branches droop low
With ripe secrets
Concealing harsh truths
They cannot help but learn
From stories uncovered
On blue benches
Circled within their grove.

Listen closely
You may not even notice
The lives they revive -

Phoenixes rising
From forgotten Ghanian villages
Transforming
 Fiction into truth
 Heartbreak into inspiration
 Strangers into family

But when your truth
Whirls through the African air
You will be really intrigued
Because the life they revive is yours.

So listen next time you visit the mango trees
They're whispering.