

*My Mother, a Kumquat Tree*

**by Ruby Tu, Camberwell Girls' Grammar School**

Finalist, Years 11 – 12, written poetry

My mother is as beautiful as a kumquat tree,  
the tendrils of her love citrus sweet, a piquant  
scent upon the pleasant peel of her skin that envelopes me.  
Gaia, Nüwa, Demeter, Taweret—against her they're only decent,  
for me at the least. Treacherous crests I am afraid to climb  
crumble to smithereens in her presence,  
though capable I am of surmounting a dosage of things, time  
adorned with her wisdom colours me sturdier in essence.  
Forever beholden I'll be, to who else but she—wavering  
as our divulging vitalities are siphoned to whoever's above or beneath, I merely hope  
her unending doting on me, her youngest born sapling,  
grows unsoured and fruitful in the manifestation of who I choose to be. The slope  
of mortality will unearth itself eventually, and when towards it she someday will tread,  
I'll plant a kumquat tree in her stead.