

Dear Heart

*By Marilyn Reeves*

I'm leaving you my large philodendron.  
I'm sure that you know the one.  
It sits in a white ceramic planter  
on a shelf near the window,  
where it catches the early morning sun.

Its heart-shaped leaves swirl  
round and round  
And billow down like the tendrils  
of a fair maiden's hair.  
It was given to me by my True Love  
More than thirty long years ago.

While it is old, it remains forever young  
As it continues to thrive and to grow.  
I have little to give you  
of monetary value,  
But my Dear Heart, as I call her,  
Is my greatest treasure of all.

I ask only that you treat her  
With tender, loving care.  
She needs a bit of water  
And a drop or two of fertilizer  
That you apply only now and then.

Take a soft, damp cloth  
And wipe down each leaf  
So her hearts will remain healthy  
And shine.  
Place her up high  
near an east-facing window  
And she'll thrive in the early morning sun.

Her hearts they are many  
And I have but one,  
But I give her to you with my blessing.  
For I have learned an important life lesson,  
If you want love to grow, pass it on.