

## **Bicultural**

I am a tree with grafts,  
the hybrid with orange and red flowers  
and variegated leaves  
fed with morning sunlight  
watered by rains that speak  
a different language.

No one knows the secrets I carry.  
They have hands that meld and mold  
all the tales told to me by storytellers  
from south and north.

My lines are not bold or fixed anymore  
though clearer, like sanded wood.  
My trunk, thick and textured,  
sways to rhythms  
reaches high.

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