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My favorite fruit is cherries

When I was little, my favorite fruit was cherries
Maybe it was the sweet red juice
That colored my shirt with red dots
Or the fact that I ate them during the summer
I couldn't say why I loved them so much
But I just did, because they were cherries

I brought this up to you one day
Expecting you to forget it
That's what normal people do
Overlook these small details
Afterall, they're just cherries
Aren't they?

The next day was a normal day in Mexico
I drank cafe de olla with Mama
Went to the plaza to go eat tacos with Papa
Then back to our casita to relax with Princesita

You came to visit us like you always did
But this time you had a surprise
You took out a big bag of dark red cherries
So much warmth in your smile
"I know these are your favorite
So I brought them just for you"

Two years later
Reminiscing about our moments together
About all the times you made me feel seen
How you always remembered the little details
That made people feel special
Not only did I feel your tenderness
Everyone around me did as well

Regardless of all the hardship you faced

You still showed up
The kindest person
I'll ever have the privilege to know

Cherries are still my favorite fruit
Not because of their delicious taste
Not even because they remind me of the warm summer sun
But because they remind me of you
Your kindness changed my heart
Like the cherries' red juice
Staining my shirt that summer day