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The Seed

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A seed planted in good soil,
Waiting for its day to bloom.
Singing softly in the earth
Slowly taking root.

The land above it,
Aglow with spring,
Did not hear
That sweet seed sing.

Along came summer
And the ground was dry.
"So parched," said the seed,
As it struggled by.

But on came the winds
And rainstorms of fall.
The seed did not notice
Its sprout now so tall.

And waving above
That grassy green,
Those humming roots
Remained unseen.

"Winter is upon us,
Autumn is gone."
The seed’s small bud
Sang its sorrowful song.

Survive the winter.
Be patient in pain,
For the harsh times make you
Blossom

Again.
... and again.
... and Again.

Joanna Humberd

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