

Seedlings that Grow

I'm watching my seedlings as they push through the earth
New shoots, new beginnings, no stopping their trust
That they will have a life, and live for the day
When the sun and the rain will do as it must.

Mankind is at odds with himself and the gods,
The structures of Man are needing new thought;
Out of the ashes the seeds have been sown
For new beginnings, new ways being sought.

But there's hope in the buds as they unfurl on the tree,
There's hope in the sunshine, the songs of the birds,
There's hope that the seeds which have been sown in our minds,
Will grow to fruition and not be empty words.

I hope that there's hope, not just empty talk,
That we've learned something new, a new way to be,
Let go of the past, see ourselves as a part -
A part of the whole, seen and unseen.

I see hope around, in the seeds as they grow,
They live in the Now, trusting and sure.
Can I do that too? I find it so hard.
For the follies of Man, well, is there a cure?

Sally Cunis 4th May 2020