

SEED

The thing about life,
have we, before we die,
loved every laugh
and held in every cry?

You see, we fear pain.
Very true it is, this.
At the end we feel envy,
satisfaction, or bliss.

Sometimes we are empty,
just in every way dry.
Then it is our bones that are hollow;
light enough to fly!

Sometimes we are full,
oh! It takes all our will,
to keep from wobbling,
so that we won't spill.

Life is like fire,
all warm at the hearth,
no matter the weather,
June all 'til March.

But if you back away,
just a step, or a few;
you'll see the ashes,
flying at you.

If you go even further,
I promise you'll find,
all around trees cut down,
sad stumps sit behind.

Even something so jolly:
holding hands by a fireplace,
can immensely malign,
whether a felled tree or a forest you waste.

Yet each and every tree
came from a seed,
and you could replant them;
Life is marvelous indeed.