

Planting Time

14 February 2021

In the spring time of the year,
as dawn rises, dusty, over the fields,
I wait, anxious, with my plow.

It has come again, the time for planting,
but this crop is strange to me.
The soil is like all soil, firm but supple,
and I am like all planters,
firm but supple.

Tomorrow rains will come,
and old seed wash away
as new seed takes its root,

And who will then be standing here
in planters' shoes
to cast a growing shadow?

I hope one who knows a little,
treads with greater care.

For people in the village,
I plant days and years

And see strange fruit come harvest time.
I wait for what will grow.