

Your Wish is a Seed

a tightly wrought magic sphere has lain,
all summer since falling to earth
caked thick in dirt, bleach-washed by rain
it probes for warmth, its roots seek hearth
winter sun is coming, hoar frosts near
a spare patch of unfettered humus is scarce
cooler soil prices later nestling more dear
these roots must sink before autumn or else,
the promising seed we overlook, trample 'neath our feet,
ripened vines above it lure us to easier loot,
how will we learn our children won't eat
unless we nurture the infant fruit?

Boulder, Colorado

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