

Lex Zaleta "The Bad Seed"

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Where the seed comes from, we don't know.
With care we plant it, watch it grow.
Give it some shelter from the storm,
Water it daily, keep it warm.

No one can see
Inside that seed -
What it will be,
What it will breed.

We treat it kindly from its birth,
Offer compliments, build its worth.
From the time it peeps its head out,
Our eyes watch it grow, watch it sprout.

No one can see
Inside that seed -

What it will be,
What it will breed.

Treacherous vines wrap around us,
Pull us down, and try to drown us.
Vainly we struggle, and we plead -
There's no mercy in the bad seed.

No one could see
Inside that seed -
What it would be,
What it would breed.

A twisted soul
Already sold.
Cancer's black hole
Has taken hold.

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