

Bluetech

"Becoming The Seed"

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I am not the beginning
But I live in a small room near there
I wake to light each moment
I find the cracks and sing daily expansion songs
To their sleep ambitions
What I know is alive
What I know is green and fearless and unmapped
I have given birth to myself with each year's revolution
Offering to a larger nourishment
Not meant for the stockpile
The shadowed storehouses of un-harvest
This fertile form wants only to be put to use
Planted in rich soil
Watered, weeded
One of a vast and diverse permaculture
Each moment wakes me to light
Shedding protective layers
So light can breed life
Carried in bird beaks
On insect wings
In the labyrinths of wind
Any earth is home
And worth knowing
I love best any hands that cradle me sacred
I love equally the wild that scatter
And the even rose
I sing equally the sowing song
The reaping song
And the song of perfect rain
I am the joyful offering to any true need
And when I am done being seed
I will laugh
Rename myself "The World"
And go on singing this offering song

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