

Sowing Seeds

I never would have thought of myself as a gardener. If you ever saw my few wilting houseplants you would probably agree. But 18 months ago my family and I signed on the dotted line and acquired an allotment plot. It has been a lot of hard work to renovate, as the plot hadn't been cultivated for around 30 years, and we really don't know what we are doing. But it is amazing and strangely exciting to see the seeds that we plant pushing up through the soil and miraculously growing to produce a crop!

Ripened grain swelling with promise
sways heavily in the breeze
breaking the sun dried, brittle stalk
scattering the grain into the baked soil.

Rains wash the grain into crack in the soil
and there they lie cocooned
in the warmth and the darkness
protected in earth's womb.

The nip of chilly frosty mornings
are banished by the rising summer sun
pale white roots bury deeper to seek nutrients
and a tiny green shoot reaches for the sky.

Leaves appear straining towards the light
stems grow strong and steady
summer breezes ripple the maturing corn
blazing yellow in the glory of the sun.

Small terracotta pots, painted with bright colours
filled with earth and sprinkled with seed
a splash of water and a place on a sunny sill
tiny pots gifting the seeds of our love for each other.

God of brightly painted terracotta pots
plant in us the seeds of your love
God of the earth and tiny seed
help us to grow in both the rough and the smooth
God of the rain and the warming sun
nurture us as we become a confident community
God of dying and rising again
and help us to scatter the seeds of your love wherever we may go.

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