

The Silent Seed

Are we held so close to a cacophony
A constantly cluttered carry all; finger tight
That the truth goes missing?
So deafened by the on-screen streaming
The strongly selected and over presented –
That we are always asking for more –
The wild rabbit hole mind – blind
Hands full – falling?
Even as the sad bells are tolling out
Across our pale and polluted skies –
Can we find those ancient feet
To walk again the long song lines
And save a blighted landscape?

The wasting chunks of our reality
Stare us in the face as the heat rises.
A desert fingers the green face of life.
And the seas weave a plastic shroud!

We listen fitfully for the dying

Whispers of the tribes!

The sounds of the old ways.

Or can that minute joy in a grain of sand

Still be the looked for,

The slowly – turning point –

That near, dear exact measure!

Our only good – a quantum leap

To a careful husbandry of this earth?

Light in an Avenue of Trees

Bringing revelation

A silent seed waiting!

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