

FULL CIRCLE

Naïve and small,
Naked and exposed
Upon bare earth.

Cast half by chance
In spot of sun-
Begin.

Taproot silently steals into the deep
To draw raw feed
For the great mass
That may yet be.

Spring forth first sapling
Only no doubt cropped down to the duff
To shoot up again
And again.

Gain purchase
And then surge
With increased confidence
Towards sky.

Tendrils mingle,
Shadows cast,
Roots searching where they may
Amongst soil
Rich - or barren.

The sun will sparkle and dance
Upon greenery and limbs
As they grow from springs
To firm timber and then stone
To challenge the winds.

And cast seed
That might catch
And themselves prosper.

Bear brunt of wind,
lightning and fire,
To kill or sculpt
into a thing of beauty.
By persistence alone beauty is made.

Endure.

And yet,
even stone is mortal.

Gaps and scars -
The end is understood.

The fight cannot be won
on one's own.

So gently rest
With the mass of a lifetime,
Towards soil
From whence emerged.

And with return
Give back from where
Life was first given.

In that soil,
Now tilled and torn,
Sprouts from seed
Might surge themselves
In sun from under skirt
Released.

The cycle begins again.