**We Plant the Seed**

We plant the seed

   but the harvest is not ours,

A speck of soil in our eyes,

   in our lives,

   in our time spent on the soil.

A speck of time in the eye of created time,

we plant the seed.

We weep for the soil,

   so to the soil our speck returns,

   our bodies return,

   all bodies return.

We do not save our soil,

   so to the river our speck of soil goes,

   to the ocean where it weeps for us.

Sustenance for a future harvest that is not our own,

we plant the seed.

We plant seeds so we might live,

   so others might live,

Who no longer stand on the soil,

   standing instead on cement,

The hardened earth that will be ground up one day

   returning back to soil,

we plant the seed.

The speck of soil in my eye sees the small Honduran farmer

   riding his small pony up the mountain to tend his soil, his seeds.

Seeds that carry the memory of tens’ of thousands of years.

How long will they be his seeds,

   his brother and sister farmers’ seeds?

The public seeds?

We plant the seeds.

We must save our seeds.

Who can really own the soil or the seed?

Do we own the sun?

Do we own our own name?

The speck of soil in my eye sees a hollowed out scarecrow

watching over a hollowed out field,

Grown from seed for a harvest that is not ours to save.

We plant the seeds.

We must save our seeds.

To be in communion

we strive to be

 with the soil, with the seed,

 with the art, with the science,

 with all creation.

We are all farmers in our way.

We plant the seeds.

We save our seeds.