

The Graven Oak

By Michelaina Johnson

I was a seed
Buried in a shallow hole
The wind swept up dust
And laid me to rest
Beneath the soil
To begin my life

The rain fed me
Clear milk from Mother Nature's breast
I shot up
Fast and tall
Roots deep, branches strong

A drought came
A dry spell
Weaned I was
And fast
From my mother's bosom

Leaves falling
Cascading to the ground
A parched soil
My roots only found

I was a man
Buried in a shallow hole
The wind swept up dust
And laid me to rest
Beneath the soil
To end my life

The rain soaked me
Bugs ate me
I decayed
Slow and aware
I was returning to my roots

Roots found me
Burrowed into my dirty heart
And cleansed me
Made a decomposing body
Into a new creation

My roots are quenched
From nutritious soil below
I grow strong and steady
A bright future ahead