

Positively Speaking

By Mark Wilson

03/26/10

An Easter Poem

The Seed of Heaven

Faith, the seed of heaven

planted by surprise in earthen soil.

The barren ground reluctantly invites,

mostly disdains

this small possibility of hope.

Stirs slightly, irritated,

yawns and then settles

back in lazy slumber mostly convinced

that the interruption is merely

a burial of another empty dream.

Entombed in heavy darkness

the seed of heaven sings

as it reaches for a land beyond its grasp

and hopes for the hand of God it cannot see.

Hayward Wesleyan Church

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But no dark place can silence

the song of faith and hope.

And calloused soil cannot withstand

for long refreshing rains.

Slowly, steadily,

the seed of heaven toils

upward, onward,

through the dark

towards heaven's gate.

Sometimes singing.

Sometimes sighing.

Always longing

for destiny awaits.

Heaven beckons,

Earth responds.

That is the order of

all created things.

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The earthen tomb

becomes a womb

of life anew --

and resurrection!

A seed, a sprout, a stalk,

and then a splendid crimson flower

Blooming where it first began

It's morning hour.

Looking up to see the smile of God

Looking down upon the sordid place

from which it came.

And bearing precious treasure. . .

another measure of

the seed of heaven -- faith!

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