C.M. Harclyde Walcott

THE SEED

• • •

for dawne

planted.

in this dark rich soil
that the barbadian peasant farmer
still calls “the ground”
you lay
and slowly
nourishes another life
in this cycle
as the young shoot
breaks through
and stretches into the sunlight
and
like that aged mahogany and the wispy casuarina
nearby
your voice too
will soon blossom
and be carried on
the wind.