

C.M. Harclyde Walcott

THE SEED

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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.