

## Acorn

by jill *Wednesday, Jan 10 2018, 9:28am*

international / poetry / post

an acorn reaches for itself  
to become a branching tree  
it returns to what its potential  
promised to realise itself as tree

hidden within is potential growth,  
becoming and death  
yet the tree brings forth thousands of acorns  
could it really be said that it actually dies at some stage?  
no, it fulfills itself a thousand fold  
only when it reaches for its real self and dies to its former existence

the seed must die to germinate and at every stage of growth  
it dies to its former existence, a tree bears no resemblance  
to the seed yet it was always locked secretly in the seed

the red land rolls like the the sea,  
rocks and giant boulders move like marbles  
on velvet sands, the burning sky and clouds  
emulate the fluid ground as it turns up and meets the sky  
which embraces the land  
each dances to meet the other forming one process

inside this process is another design, related --  
the cosmos is reflected in a grain of sand,  
dimension is of no consequence in continuity,  
a galaxy is reflected in a sunflower and so it goes and goes  
forever

the only aberration or flaw is clinging to an existence that must give  
way  
to greater existence;  
the only real death, finality,  
is not allowing yourself to die daily becoming  
and becoming until the Gods diminish in your presence

and wherefore/what is this energy or impelling power  
that drives all existence?

Love

without it you are Nothing

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3108.html>