

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

