sprout

all living things are connected
from the largest of whales
who reign the tanzanite depths
to the smallest of mice
who reign golden wheat fields
and silver kitchen drawers
to humans of all statures
who seem to reign
whatever they want to reign

from the towering trees who offer us shade
and provide us shelter they
weren't asked to offer at all
to the funeral director fungi
who give us all a lovely home-going
when our bells have tolled for the last time

sit outside and feel the birds
create breezes with every beat
of their wings
every flap blanketing gaia
with a welcome coolness
hear the seedlings rustle and creak
as they stretch to lock their hands
with those of helios
as he pulls them up to paradise

learn the sprout's unyielding courage
for they know that as they grow,
they must release their very first two leaves
in order to join their ancestors in paradise
anything at the bottom must be shed
to make room for newer
better
stronger

and they're not afraid
because even if they cannot
bear all their original leaves for show
when they finally reach the skies,
the younger pieces of themselves decompose
returning to the soil below
becoming soaked up by their roots
always a part of who they are

—Kainoa Sittman