



**Mathew 13:8**  
*Still other seed fell on good soil,  
where it produced a crop—  
a hundred, sixty or thirty times  
what was sown.*

**Good Ground - A Sonnet**

by Malcolm Guite

I love your simple story of the sower,  
With all its close attention to the soil,  
Its movement from the knowledge to the knower,  
Its take on the tenacity of toil.

I feel the fall of seed a sower scatters,  
So equally available to all,  
Your story takes me straight to all that matters,  
Yet understands the reasons why I fall.

Oh deepen me where I am thin and shallow,  
Uproot in me the thistle and the thorn,  
Keep far from me that swiftly snatching shadow,  
That seizes on your seed to mock and scorn.

O break me open, Jesus, set me free,  
Then find and keep your own good ground in me.

used with permission of the poet

<https://malcolmguite.wordpress.com/tag/parable-of-the-sower/>