



*Some seeds beneath the earth  
Are dormant.*

*They fell the last time  
The cool air  
Turned the leaves  
Gold.*

*Those seeds have different needs than  
we do;  
Let them go about their life  
completely unharmed  
by your views.*

*We have cracked open.  
We sensed, even beneath the earth, the  
holy was near,*

*And are reaching up to know  
And claim  
Light.*

*St. John of the Cross (1542-1591)*