

Be What You Are

A seed encased
in white lace fingers
is carried by God's breath
across the sky.

It looks like a miniature firework,
fingers of light exploding outward
as it flies.

I could watch it bounce
and float
and roll
as I listen to a chorus of birds,
each vying for their place in the melody
- or maybe they do not vie -
they simply express without care,
the song of their hearts.

The pine needles shimmer in the sun,
green fireworks exploding
as the white one blows by.

I wonder where it will land and what will it become?

I too am like the seed in the wind.
I do not know where I am floating
but I trust the breath of God
to blow me where I am needed -
to become what I am meant to become.

A seed doesn't worry -
it just seeds.
It doesn't question itself -
it just is what it is.

And it allows itself to transform
from seed to flower or tree.

It allows and it accepts
the natural process of becoming.
It is not at odds with itself
wishing it were thinner
or bigger
or richer
or another species all together.

It does not question -
where are you taking me wind?

It doesn't say
"I'm not a flower yet! Come On, hurry up!"

It rests in being what it is -
a glorious seed full of infinite potential to be.

May I be like the seed.
May I trust where I am being taken,
may I trust right timing,
may I become all I am meant to become
and be all that I am
right here right now.