

Seeds
By Jazmin Miller

How much life exists inside of a seed?

Between "let there be light" and beasts and birds,
A voice on the day of creation's third
Makes seeds yielding trees, and trees yielding seeds,
Weaving roots reaching down in agreement with ground
That receives.

Responds.

Well-pleased in reply,
Sending trees to the sky that are
Blessed by the breath that sighs,
"Be fruitful and multiply."

And God saw that it was good.

But God makes man, well-pleased in what He sees,
Believes this *very good*.
And, so, He gives him... seeds.

Rebellion of Adam. Defiance of Eve.
Seeds bound to bring forth the fruit of iniquity
From the ground that once burst
forth with life...
Now cursed.
Rebels, indeed.
Sin-soaked seeds.
Wheat choked by weeds.

Dry ground so dire with dust that teardrop-watered fields
Won't yield crops.

Man must wait
On something he cannot do.
He must wait.
On a promise of which he knew he must wait,
What else can he do? But wait... he has to...
Wait.

For God's good deeds outrun the beam of light that leaves the sun
And strikes the earth,
Outsmarts the man stealing rights of birth,
Out-miracles pharaohs,
Levels giants with rocks, slingshots, bows, and arrows,

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Mightier than lions...
Yet keeps His eyes on sparrows.
Makes possible chances impossibly narrow.

Provides before you know you have need.
Outstretches generations, placing a seed in the virgin's belly.
Proclaimed by an unshaken reed.
And He is the One.
He is the kingdom come in a mustard seed sown,
And no Sadducee nor Pharisee can uproot unstoppable prophecies that will yield this tree of life,
The hope of this field,
The Rose of Sharon divine,
If we are the branches, then He is the vine,

And though this seed they seize,
Strip, strike and spit upon the face of our grace,
Crowned by thorns,
Whipped and brought to his knees,
Nailed to a tree,
Calling, "My God, why have you forsaken me",
Though heads hang low,
Though Mary cries,

Unless a grain of wheat falls to the ground and dies,
It remains only a single seed.
But if it dies...

How many seeds exists inside of one?

How many hours in 3 revolutions of the sun?
How round is the moon?
How blessed is the room,
Holding only an echo of an empty tomb?

If it dies, it produces many seeds.
And multiplies in seeds yielding trees, and trees yielding seeds
Scattered upon this earth,
Tattered.
By sin.
Disease.
Church, saved, sent, scattered.

We are the branches of great potential

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To bear the fruit of endlessly infinite, exponential
Seeds.

His kingdom, come.
His will be done.
'Til restoration.
Come.