

The seed

Inside the core

Inside the fruit

Sits in darkness

In stillness

Not dead

In dormant anticipation

It waits for flesh

To be used in satiation

Its sweet prison

A nourishment

For the chosen one

After harvest

The unchosen fall

To softly rest

Awaiting a composting

A transition

Its home since birth cracked for release

Now sacrificial burial

Offer to the earth

A final enticement

Like bait in a trap

With a goal

Of an appeasing burial

To be reborn a hundredfold.