

A Seed Psalm (By Edward Hays)

Awaken, you buried seeds
asleep in your Earthen tombs!
Rise up with joy to break forth
the hard coffins of your shells!
Birth of new life has come;
the song of the dove
is heard over the softening land.
Winter has hidden,
and Spring now dances on your graves
to waken the dead.
Awaken, O sacred seeds
buried within me.
Rise up to fulfill your destiny
whose time has come.
For sanctity is scribbled
bold within my blood and brain.
Onward and beyond
have I been called
even before I felt the sun
or knew the Earth around me.
May spring enchant the saint,
shy and hesitant within me,
and set the rhythm for my sluggish feet
in a dance of holy yearning.

