



## SEEDS

The tree you planted  
still grows  
in the country you have left.

The seed you sowed  
still bears fruit.

Passions long stilled  
still spread subtle fire.

Maple seeds drop,  
spin their wings,  
disperse, find earth:  
a gift freely given,  
no debt incurred,  
no profit foreseen;  
the gift becomes one with the earth.

Loves lost  
are not lost  
but let loose upon the world, not  
like a virus  
or a curse loosed,  
but a benediction given voice,  
winged seeds in the wind.

Neil Buckland