

The Reluctant Seed

In the dark, dark earth
Small Darcy Seed was all curled up,
Softly humming to himself throughout the spring.
How he loved his gentle life
With naught to do but rest and think
And smile and wait and giggle quietly and sing.

Above his head, below his knees,
His parents' roots gently entwined.
Yes, they loved their little seedling snuggling near.
But as the days rolled slowly by
And other seeds began to sprout,
The parents' thought began to turn to doubt and fear.

"Mr. Sun," they called out loud,
"What shall we do with our small seed?
He's lying happily, content to rest and hum."
"Where is his nest?" the sun inquired.
"I'll send out special warming rays.
He's just not ready, but his sprouts will surely come."

And, sure enough, old Mr. Sun
Glowed gently, thinking of the child,
And comfy, cozy, peaceful warmth flowed all around
That little sleepy Darcy Seed.
He turned his shell to feel the rays
Which softly, tenderly soaked through the cold, dark ground.

No shoots appeared. Now Mom and Dad
Were mighty worried once again.
"Suppose we call on Mrs. Rain to help us out?"
They raised their shiny, suppliant leaves.
"Dear Mrs. Rain, please shower down.
Our stubborn baby isn't growing. Not one sprout."

The soothing rain gave forth her best,
Most charming raindrops to the seed.
Darcy turned once more and let the drops seep in.
And, really, quite against his will,
The hardened seed began to swell.
Darcy yawned and felt a stretching urge begin.

In the dark, dark earth,
Darcy Seed stuck out a root.
It was so tiny that it almost didn't show.
Mr. Sun and Mrs. Rain
Had worked their magic once again.
Small Darcy Seed felt loved enough to crack and grow.

You should see him now.
Darcy Seed is one fine plant.
Healthy roots and shiny leaves have blossomed out.
Darcy loved the peace
Of the dark, dark earth,
But he gave it up to take a chance and sprout.

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