Seeds and Circles

In a doctor’s cube
twice today
I learned of
    cellular dances
in my father’s body
    and in mine.

So I will watch the earth
break for my seedling, my child,
whose head will
    lift slowly toward the sun
as I shelter and nourish
and keep the earth turned
    and fertile.

And I will watch the earth
prepare for my father
whose head will
    bow in pain,
September’s Dahlia,
    top-heavy and brown,
as I protect the petals from the wind
and make a soft place
    for them to
fall.

Like the earth
    I shall be
a grieving mother tearing
the tendril
    from her breast
to catch the blighted stem.

--Rachela Morrison