



Well-Wishers

What do you seek? They seem to ask
as they dance with the slightest
whisper of wind.

These leaves hold promises for all.

The vow to nurture, the bond to
nurse, the pleasure of peace.

In return, they long for nothing but
love.

To the gifts from soil they share, have
we held to our promises? Our
gratitude?

The understanding of the gifts given
by the Earth hold no tongue, no
secrets to people.

In extending our hands with each
other and at the sacrifice of each
other, we have buried that these are
our benefactors.

Instead we consider them owned,
when rather we are indebted to them.

Let our children inherit our stories,
our knowledge and our technologies.

Teach them our ancestor's gratitude
and show them yours.

Grant the soil their children from
their humble gifts to us so they may
be the well-wishers of our children as
well.

I gather some gifts of today in my
hands to use in my dish for my
family.

As I stand, I notice promises of others
growing. A promise it will be there
when I come tomorrow.