

The Seed

“... a breaker of shells, not as an iconoclast breaks them,
but as life breaks its shell by its own resurgent power.”

Meister Eckhart

The shell. The shell of the seed. The shell of the crustacean. The shell of the chrysalis. The outer shell, built up thin layer upon thin layer of natural substances, creating the hard, outer protection. Within, the home for transformation, for the impulse to birth building. The breaker of shells. Not the angry iconoclast breaking before its time, ravaging through force the desire for change erupting volcanically violently, cracking the shell with hammer, with hatred hunting savagely the moment of change. But the breaker of shells. The chipping at the shell from within as growth goading gives impetus, and the divine life through instinct uncurls and leans its verdant heart gently against the inner wall, pushing with the flow of light with the sound of waves with the wind in leaves, pushing because it is pulled by stars.

There is a cloak. It keeps out the outer cold. With hood it hides, the eyes within look out. An invisible cloak it carries no outer meaning, no fashionable stance. The cloak may be new and richly woven, may be old weaving worn well. It is worn well or not at all. It is woven by roses bringing scent. Invisible scent is love sent. Sending out from the center of the bud, following footprints no weight imprints; the dancer, the singer, the musician, the lover. Sap rising reaching extremities to burst bud. Budding. Bringing to green.

Greening. The green man in corn the green woman in hill. The evergreen pine sap, the suckling possum, the air-breathing fish, the mammal in the waves, the child in tree, the pulse in seed, the rhythm in time. When it's time the seed breaks, rushing headlong towards the light, yelling from its first gulp of oxygen, invisible strength pulls it, perfuming.

Patsy Rahn