

Glenn Kaiser, Plant The Seed Again

Tell me if you ever saw
A field of unripe wheat
Thirsting in the summer sun
Withered in the tortured heat

Tell me if you ever heard
The thunder of the storm
Or felt the sting of hailstones
The wheat fields smashed and torn

Tell me if you ever watched
A fire consume the grain
And smelled the smoke-filled sky
A black/blue angry stain

Tell me if you ever wept
Over remnants of the spring
So much planted, so little left
Love nothing left to bring

Plant the seed again
Plant the seed again
Plant the seed again
No way of knowing but to believe...

Plant the seed again