Seed

I am a child of the sun, balancing the wind on my hips.
I have learned to make stones dance, to walk with each footfall echoing silence, to listen to the songs of leaves. I am a child of the rushing sea: waves, the sound of my listening; salt, the scent of my sight.
I have taken machete to the coconut, ground sugarcane between my teeth, to unclasp their sweetened rhymes.
At dawn, I have held the waking earth, each grain of dirt and sand spilling from my half-open hands. Wherever I am, I am that space between the husk and the heart of the fruit.

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