

## *the seed of life*

I lay on the bed  
Death grows in me as a seed in a womb

Do not be sad, for life, also, is a seed in the womb of death.  
The seed grows and flourishes full into blossom and fruits.  
Knowing this, we may speak with joy.

Life appears  
Then death  
Then life  
Then death

Pluck an atom from a star to make life anew. Rock into soil. Soil into flower. Flower into bread, then into bone. Then offered on through breath or bowels, to become into the life of another or flung back into space as it came. There will be a footprint on the moon.

This is an act of life though it is called 'my death.'

Death grows as a seed in the womb of life.  
Life grows as a seed in the womb of death.

Knowing this, why do I cling to life? Why do I fear death?  
Who is this that clings? Who is this that fears?

Not clinging to life.  
Not clinging to death.  
I go happily.  
Free of life and death.

Life and death embrace what I am.  
Life and death embrace what I am.