

heavy seeds

*James Dewey**... they buried the weapons of war, for peace.**—Alma 24:19*

bury seeds these

with covenant grit
shrill songs on our lips
as we circle the pit

clank seeds clanging

as we cry-file by
beg, plant-praying: *I will not—*
nor I—nor will I—

plead seeds these

to finally sleep bright
crush-hushing their anger
with lullaby rites

sprinkle loam with tears

raise muddy berms
months molder into years
as the new crop germs

until one day

from black soil this
heavy seeds these
become a sapling wish

an orchard, a forest

ripe green-golden shade
to bud-blossom-bear
one fruit: these saved