

The Seed has Fallen. A Reflection on John 12:20-33

William Loader

The seed has fallen.
For a moment I saw it lying upon the earth,
But now it is gone,
Disappeared in the dark earth,
Hidden from view,
Invisible in the depths,
As though swallowed up
Under the trampled earth,
My trampling,
My seeking,
My looking.
Let it go.
It is but a seed,
Irrecoverable in the silence of death,
The silence of death which lies beneath our feet.

And if I wait or return to this place,
It may come again with angels,
Pressing upward to embrace the light
And smile new beginnings to the sky.
And from my feet
I feel the new life rising up
Through my body,
Filling my heart,
Giving life to my breathing,
Turning my mind to peace and love,
Rising beyond me to celebrate hope,
To push aside the powers of injustice,
To proffer the birds a shelter,
A place of renewal,
A place of feeding,
Nourished with new seed,
The mystery of grace.
“Sir, we wish to see Jesus.”