

The Seed

Grow, grow. Everything around me is cool and firm. And everything is peaceful. I'm thirsty, so thirsty. I reach out, searching for water. The longer I search, the farther I can reach. Cooler and cooler it gets. I rest and stop my search for water. After a stretch of empty silence, I arouse. A soft trickle of water reaches me. I reach out and drink it up.

Grow, grow. A tingling warmth hangs tantalizingly above me. As the soft, sweet water flows to me, I drink it but I no longer have thirst. No longer do I reach for the water. I reach for the surface.

For forever and a bit more, I sit in the unsatisfying, damp, darkness. I dwell only on the surface. What will it look like? What will it feel like? But the biggest question is: when?

Faster! Faster! I want to scream. I want to shake the ground! But I simply cannot. I stretch as far as I can and almost snap. Yet, it's not enough.

At last, this is it. The warmth is so close. So close, I can hear it. A clear, flowing, joyful music. It's within my reach. I save all my energy, and lots of water. I'll give a final reach for the surface. A final jump. A flight, to see what I've truly been waiting for.

Grow, grow. I'm so filled with joy and determination, that it really does feel like I'm flying. When I get to see what is around me, I think of how different it is from what I imagined.

Now I can clearly hear the beautiful, joyful music. No sound comes from anything around me. I *see* the music. The colours play the music. Each colour is an instrument in the orchestra. Each one plays their own, different notes and together it's even better.

The sky, light, pale blue plays quietly in the background of the song. But it's always there. You can always pick it out from the other instruments.

The grass, a lively green of changing shades, plays high and clear. Like a twittering flute.

The trees change the feeling of the song the most. Now, it's spring. The trees are growing buds, and some even have bright green leaves. They play crescendo, getting louder and louder until the final peak of the music; summer. The trees' notes are quivering. Smooth or sharp, grand notes, like a violin.

Then, the sun. So different. It does not play notes. It is a beat. Bold and strong. Never wavering or hesitating. It sets the beat for the other instruments. A blazing, radiant, steady drum. I gaze up at the glowing sun. It beats so strongly, I feel it inside of me.

Grow, grow. The sun beats on, as the days grow colder and colder. Like the falling of the night. The music grows simpler, and everything becomes similar, cloaked in white. The sun's beating becomes a little faint and muffled. The change in the music in winter may not be like you think. The music becomes quieter, but most definitely not slower.

Unsettling the winter is, even the old oak trees. The music reveals the restlessness among us. The absence of the beating sun inside me is even more pronounced. It is distant and unclear. The music becomes sharp and short. The steady beat that holds us together is gone. I can barely stand it; it's like being back underground. Waiting to hear the beautiful, flowing music again.

But, this time I can do something! These plants around me, they taught me how to play the music. Now it's my chance to give it back.

I listen for the steady beat. It may not be steady or clear, but it's still here. Becoming as quiet as I can, I begin to feel the steady beat again. The music builds up inside me and I let it free. For a moment, everything is silent, except for my music. Becoming less of a tune, and more of a feeling. Curling around everything, like a hug from a friend. My note is still quiet, but reassuring all the same.

Everything joins in once again. The notes no longer stiff and sharp but smooth and peaceful. I smile inside, and rest at last. All of us plants, in unison once more. The music stays, carrying us to sleep.

Grow, grow. I dream of being a sturdy, tall tree, and playing the beautiful, grand notes. I'm drowned out again by the combined orchestra. You may not even be able to hear me. But someday, when my branches reach high as the tallest trees, you'll hear my notes clear, smooth and full.

The colours, the music as one, arc and spiral through the sky. All the way to the sun.

Grow, grow. That is what the music means.