

What will help me be?

A tiny non-descript seed am I;

A tightly bound bud;

A caterpillar squeezed

in his woven brown shrug

A dispersed small acorn am I,

nestling warmly in moistened soil;

A fallen shard of bark,

a millennia transforming me to oil.

A helpless new born babe am I,

cushioned in loving glow,

illuminated in their eyes

are the aspirations I'll soon come to know.

But what is the spark

that gives to the lamp light,

flame to the candle

to make itself bright?

What is it that nurtures

gives succour and unleashes

the speck of potential

so great heights it reaches?

'Tis the water and sun

that nurture the seed;

The hard outer casing

that spectacular butterfly breed;

'Tis the caress of the ground

that yields the mighty Oak tree;

The coaxing of organic tons

that carbon atoms do fuse tightly.

'Tis the smiles giving courage,

the perceptive, faithful ear,

the love and wise counsel

from parents and teachers who care.

