



Seeds

I poke my head under the ground,
between the tall stalks of garlic and the chubby cauliflowers,
feeling like a giant peering into a doll's house.
I find them all cuddled there,
safe and sleepy in their earthy cots,
under a cosy blanket of warm soil.
They remind me of constellations,
underground stars,
sipping scented herbal teas quietly from minuscule cups.
“Hullo,” I whisper, “is it time yet?”
“No!” they whisper back, heads shaking like little bells.
“We’re not ready yet!” mumbles one,
a green shoot already sprouting behind its ear.
“Mawbe chewmorro,” it adds, munching a tiny piece of carrot cake,
while in the blackness a worm tunnels past us
like a comet in slow motion.
I smile.
“Alright, I will wait for you.”

Filippo Rossi

