

my love, their minds, our garden

by Alonge O. Clarkson

From seedlings to sprouts
To longer limbs and stems
Stalks and sticks
I grew
was poured into
And today they grow, they grow
My babies, my pupils and students
My children, my plants, our community
I pour
I prune, pick, prod and nurse them
water them with gold
heal them with truth
challenge them with inquisition
to prepare them for harvest
You see, its not about perfection
that motivates my scholars to thrive
Its steady love and building confidence
in who they are
history, fact and identity
creativity, wisdom and ancestry
builds scholarship
authenticity
intellectual geniuses
for generations
legacies to lasts lifetimes
sunshines and stars
warming and brewing
planting smiles on our faces
being seen and heard
nurtured, comforted
encouraged
for growth
as roots stretched down
in the earth
birth
of new minds
new buds, fresh leaves
appear
free and protected
shaded and covered
until their ready
ready to take on the world
picked with purpose at harvest
ready to impact
the world
healing it with their presence
wisdom for the ages
fueled with unconditional love
minds of the divine
garden of hope