

# 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