

SEED FORGE:

Meditations on Human Potential

A garden flanking Orapan's home had frayed into gold, the crisp, late-autumn air whispering of the coming frost.

Orapan and Tara sat bound to a low stone bench, shadowed by skeletal remains of a hydrangea bed.

Without warning, Tara drew smiled at Orapan and then drew out her phone and let a poem drift into the cooling air:

Is heaven folded into a hydrangea –
tucked between its layered, lavender ears,
patient as a secret?

Does bliss come bursting from the blazing mouths of azaleas –
those reckless, burning torches of ordinary yards?

What elysium waits, unhurried and unnamed,
in the long, wine-dark patience of the amaranth –
that ancient, iron-willed bloom
feeding from the hungry earth before
we came to exist?

What raw, unruly ecstasy
stirs in the butterweeds –
those golden so-called weeds
splitting through concrete
with the casual, catastrophic confidence
of something that was never told
it wasn't allowed to grow?

Of answers, I know nothing.
I have pressed my ear to the velvet of many petals
and heard only wind,
or the hum of a mystery
too large and too quiet
to be named.

Of this I am certain however:
each of us are vessels
with countless seeds.

Most are waiting.
For the right rain,
for the right light,
for a ripe moment
to sprout.



The silence that followed that poem was almost tangible. Orapan's eyes lingered on the fading hydrangeas, on the horizon blurred by possibilities and loss.

"Many seeds, indeed," she said, not to Tara but to the air itself – to give her thought a little breathing room. Her voice carried a wondering lilt, as though other selves, still in seed, stirred within her.

Tara slipped her phone away. "Well, my dear, never take poetry too seriously," she said lightly – the voice of one who has chosen calm over fire. "It's just language on a balance beam, words doing somersaults for the joy of the leap."

Orapan turned to her, curious rather than reproachful. "Then what do you take seriously?" she asked, her tone clear, unmarred by hesitation.

A lone hydrangea petal – thin as memory, pale as bone – released itself and drifted toward the stones below.

"Only the knowledge," Tara said finally, watching it land, "that all things pass." She paused. "Nothing else."

The garden enfolded them in its slow, amber light. Behind the fence, a lawnmower stuttered into life, then died. A bee continued its ancient, rhythmic pilgrimage from bloom to bloom. And deep beneath the soil, the seeds continued their patient, invisible labor.

– T Newfields

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Note: This piece was partially generated using AI tools for styling and ideation; human editing was then applied.