Mustard Seed

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The kingdom of heaven is like a seed of unremarkability. It needs not much: to soak and to be left alone. It claims no glory: other trees have shone far more grandeur on this earth. Yet it grows. A sudden tree springs up; its limbs now show of mustard plants with bright evergreen leaves. Edible bites hide under clustered sheaves of salvadora persica. And then, Its small whisper is spoken through the wind: “Though I began as a seed very small, My fruits are now seen by the eyes of all.”