

Mustard Seed

Emily Jackson

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.”