

## Mustard Seed

*Emily Jackson*

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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.”