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Seeds

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They had same origin

But different journey

With different destination

Ochre-faced minute nuggets

Like fiery shooting stars

With a driving force of their own

With potential, potential unexplored

Fenugreek is no Greek to you

Humble ordinary brown-bitter kernels

Now spicing a curry, now medicating a lotion

But still dead until transferred to their fertility bed

Mushy dark womb, nourishing them with life

And so differ the seeds in kitchen containers

Compared with the budding seeds in the pot

Green force of life in all its glory

Fortunate enough to get an opportunity

To exercise their hidden spark of life

Now, tell me, who are you –

Seeds in the kitchen container, or,

Seeds in the pot?



Biographical Note:

Sanjna Plawat (sanjnaplawat261@gmail.com) holds a Master's degree in English Literature from Gargi College, Delhi University, Delhi and a Bachelor Honours degree in English Literature from Ramjas College, Delhi University, Delhi. She is an aspiring poet who likes to explore modern-day life's philosophy, social traditions, human relationships, identity issues, nature, and mysterious phenomenon of the world.