

PRIORITY



Zinnia Man

The spiritual dimensions of the zinnia are many,
They come to me differently, always friendly,
For how could a flower be other than good?
I need to be clear here if I only could.

But spiritual clarity is sometimes elusive,
Some thoughts dissolve or are inconclusive,
For the spirit's ethereal and ephemeral,
And sometimes green just like an emerald.

The green spirit's a priority in my eye,
The stalk of the zinnia strong and spry,
It holds up the flower-head to the sun,
The sun and flower in spirit as one.

And the zinnia flower has many petals,
Each petal a mystery full of riddles,
What does it do to attract the bug?
How does it offer its mate a hug?

And how does this brilliant flower unfold?
Up toward the sun until tall and bold,
A sign, an emblem, a spiritual symbol,
A landing place for the bee so nimble.

My mind skips to my father selling seeds,
Helping the hungry world meet its needs,
But always telling me that flowers were best,
Smiling as he hugged me to his chest.

My father was big – tall and stout,

Yet flowers were a bit of what he was about,
A sentiment touching me in a sublime way,
That such a man loved the zinnia in his day.

So, when I see a flowering zinnia,
It liberates spirituality from deep within me,
Helping me makes sense of life and living,
Making me rich and full of thanksgiving.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we cultivate zinnia
Spirituality in you.