



### The Seed Pod 3

The artist sent seed pods waiting for action,  
Kicking me awake, needing poetic traction,  
I roused up the muse to trigger ignition,  
And organize brain cells for pod cognition.

I blast off to explore the pod universe,  
Through the pod galaxy, I traverse,  
I arrive at my destination - the pod's dock,  
I'm trying to get in, but no response to my knock.

To open the pod, I need tools to match,  
I'm weightless seeking a key to the hatch  
That will let me in to bathe in the knowledge  
That they didn't teach when I went to college.

Hatch open and I'm deep in my own brain,  
Probing and encountering uncharted terrain,  
Moving through synapses and exploring storage,  
Looking for fields full of good winter forage.

I'm wandering around an unused hemisphere,  
I need a flashlight for its dark in here,  
Trying to activate some long dormant cells,  
Seeking reaction, ringing some bells.

It's fun wandering around in your own brain,  
Perhaps that's a description of being insane,  
Kicking some cells, seeking some action,  
Aah – there it is – I'm getting a reaction.

The signals start flashing behind my eyes,  
I can feel them merging – becoming synthesized,  
The images come to me at the speed of light,  
Birds and bunnies carrying seed pods - what delight.

Looking for meaning, I was sent the signal,  
The seed pod's the banner, the Earth Church symbol,  
To find hope for the future we look to the pod,  
And with that bit of clarity, I depart with a nod.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Where we raise up the seed pod  
To celebrate you.