

A seed, tiny as a bead

If I plant America for the next 100 years,
It would start as a seed, tiny as a bead.

It packs hope and courage to grow, planted in soil hand crafted with care,
Soil rich and deep, holds wisdom from the past.

It shoots out of the soil, peeks into the world,
A sapling starts to grow, taller and taller as it goes.

The baby plant turns into a flower, seeking the sun
Ready to bear fruits, for all to share.

Held strongly by the roots, tall and proud it stands
Prepared to help new seeds grow.

If I plant America, this is what I do
Again and again, to help it grow anew.

By,
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