

Explore the Theme — “Child of Night, Child of Light”

a poem about seeds by Kate Holmstrom, SHCJ

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“Child of Night, Child of Light”

Kate Holmstrom, SHCJ — Apley Grange, Harrogate, England

“Do not go gentle into that good night ...”
I’m just a small nasturtium seed, you know.
Nasturtium: that is what they promise me,
The hope that they hold out. (But I am scared!)
Be buried, me? In cold, damp earth, so dark?
Endure the night of winter, cold and raw?
The night of solitude, of silent fear?
No! “Rage, rage against the dying of the light!”
Resist the loss of sun, of warmth foregone?
Much better, surely, to remain intact
(Though small and hard and ugly, I admit).

And yet ... and yet ... a glimmering hope tempts me:
The hope that darkness, overcome by light,
May not mean night definitive, in earth,
But flowering forth, awakening to Day.
Is beauty, flaming red or gold, for me?
Can transformation happen, invade me?
Can one small seed become a torch of fire?
Can night give way to brightness, dancing life?

I hope!

* Dylan Thomas

