

# The Seed Shop

Here in a quiet and dusty room they lie,  
Faded as crumbled stone or shifting sand,  
Forlorn as ashes, shrivelled, scentless, dry -  
Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams;  
A cedar in this narrow cell is thrust  
That will drink deeply of a century's streams;  
These lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Here in their safe and simple house of death,  
Sealed in their shells, a million roses leap;  
Here I can blow a garden with my breath,  
And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

Muriel Stuart

