

We Are Natural by Toby Booth

We start as simple seeds, encased under blades of grass,
We have potential to grow, and expand skyward.
We have potential to form as solid oak, or the ever expanding
sycamore,
With branches reaching out to each other, it is truly hard.
With each wooden finger combing the clouds, to ensure a
connection is shared,
We neglect our roots, and how division is a façade.
We bare the same soil under our feet, we flow through the same
river,
We bathe within the warmth of the same sun, we are connected
through our hearts.