

**Jacob A. Tarasenko**

**The Parable Of The Sower**

The first few fell  
and found hard ground  
become a glaciated plane  
there in arid wait to lay  
exposed  
their potential verdure  
stemmed  
and then  
a sable swooping billow blew  
up and upwards out of hell  
bent on death and brought with it  
a Screwtape *coté*rie composed  
of shades and wraiths  
and revenants

with ice-pick beaks  
and sickle claws  
to sickly gorge  
and only ceased  
when each  
was gone  
The next group  
peppered pregnant dirt  
fertile with a certain  
simple  
steppe-soil promise  
of provision  
'we will house you'  
crowded the loamy fecund bed  
so hapless shoots were shot straight down  
and sought their routes  
through miniscule foramina  
which proved too shallow  
above a bedrock bulwark  
that sat in tacit abrogation  
complicit  
warped and wilted  
brought an Autumn  
the tallest of them tried to thrive  
above the husks  
but died as well  
then blew away

Some were scattered  
where woody stalks stood  
and weedy tendrils stretched already  
sucking sun and feeding foreign  
blooms from which our bees

do not object to borrow pollen  
sprouted spritely  
all about the other roots  
to burgeon  
even bloom  
and grew until a thorny roof  
made remonstrations  
if only imperceptibly  
constricted liquid breath  
in xylem sheath  
that stultifying vine noose met  
their every fateful measure  
with ever more pressure  
*élan vital* purloined  
slowly  
slyly  
replaced with rot

And yet there was another lot  
the last  
'still other' they would claim He named them  
all it took was goodly earth  
sun and water  
nothing other  
to produce a bounty  
thirty or a hundred times  
their worth was the reward  
or so  
at least  
said He who sowed them  
but even twice should prove enough  
when three from four  
succumb to being  
stolen

starved  
or scorched