

The Kingdom of God

(After James Goldberg)

is not the soil. It's the weed
parting loam between lots,
snaking through sod not yet
rooted to earth.

The Kingdom of God

is not the seed. It's the husk
gone to ground when the seedling
sheds its vestments and stretches
toward the sun.

The Kingdom of God

is not the tree. It's the shrub
reaching ragged branches
through the neighbor's fence,
imposing sprouts in your lawn.

The Kingdom of God

is not the plant. It's the dodder
entangling the plant. It's
the morning glory's herald,
the mistletoe's kiss, the broomrape's tongue
persuading the earth to give way.

—Tyler Chadwick