

## The Penitent Buttercup

So sorry, Lord, I've been a weed  
My given nature since a seed  
I'd like to tell you if I can  
A weed's not really all I am

You'll know about my wand'ring roots  
Curious, niggling little shoots  
You'll understand just how it goes  
Tangled tendrils in other's toes

We fought down there where food was rare  
Priorities! I was there first!  
Last autumn when the patch was bare  
A sole desire to quench my thirst  
Stones in the way I fought for space  
My greedy self took pride of place

I did not choose this vacant plot -  
Like to be here, or to be not.  
The plaything of a sneaky breeze  
Cast off with one great pollen sneeze  
My choice, or chance, I can but plead..  
A jewel of beauty or a weed

My Lord, I know I can't undo the harm that's done  
But in that day I look into your face  
Then watch your scales of justice trembling fall  
I hope my total score is not that small  
Will beauty balance careless bigotry?  
Will grace meet faith to check the falling scale  
While your creator's heart, the all eternal love,  
That searching probe, surveys my history?

I make this prayer that you'll remember everything.  
Will you recall how in those contradictory ways  
In time of trial I've helped the grain stand tall?  
The child enchanted by my yellow sunlit bloom?  
The summer leaves I lent to moths and butterflies  
And sacrificed to new-born caterpillars there?  
Remember how my roots helped till and feed the soil  
While every insect in the field brushed pollen free?  
The colour stain I gave, that garnish on a salad dish?

Lord if that's not enough, and I must burn,  
At least my ashes will restore the soil  
and I am left with this last ling'ring hope  
You made me, Lord! New seed remain.  
And by your grace, we'll try again!