

sermons of restoration:

under a mango tree
whose roots remember the shape of drought,
we have told the tales of planting.

tomorrow,
my son will tell his son
how we became warriors —
not with daggers and axes,
but with calloused palms and compost.
how we fought the rot gnawing our earth,
stitched lungs back into the sky,
& fed breath to cities that had forgotten wind.

he will teach his son
how we found his father's today
buried beneath the forgotten graves
of sachets and burnt nylon.
how we dug until the water became clear.
how we crafted a future from melted trash.

tomorrow, his son will kneel beside the trees we called seeds,
press his forehead to bark still wet with prayer,
& proclaim us gods -
for giving him a shade to name as mercy.

today,
we are planting wombs that would birth air,
and sermons of restoration.
because we have seen
what silence grows,
what time does with the little we give it.

tomorrow —
a forest of fine futures will rise,
but only
because we shaped it
with the calloused, blistered hands
of today.