

John the Seed

A feeling of confusion and John's endless smile are having a conversation in the right side of my brain. While the smile of a Seed fights a gigantic layer of garbage trying to breathe and become a plant, the feeling of confusion covered by a heavy rainy cloud becomes stronger.

I go back to the "man made materials" building where I listened to John, the artificial grayness of the room, the invasive urban landscape that covers the window and the aggressively passive group of students sitting there wrapped by their selfishness kill the sense of rootedness and interconnection with nature that he is talking about. His words make perfect sense, but they escape the walls around us and our own walls and go outside to make love with the sky.

In the moment when I become conscience of my wrap, I try to destroy it, and in the process I understand that listening is the start of changing.

With that smile that doesn't abandon him, Seed talks about "real changes", individual deep changes in our values and behaviors, I listen. He talks about a "going back to nature", I look around and my eyes crash with the wraps of the people around me; the impact of the crash awakens me. Then I understand that to go back to nature, first we have to find ourselves

and go back to our essence. Then we will be able to change our values and to behave as a part of this living Earth.

John is not just a talker; he's an active person who has been working to protect nature not with words, but with actions. When I listen to him, I don't listen to his words, I listen to the birds, and the fish, and the trees, and the people he has helped to save.

John is a seed, a fertile seed that belongs to a world that is not dead, a seed in a desert that is praying to give birth to a new tree, which belongs to a world that is alive, to an intelligent planet. When he talks, I want to be a seed too, but I realize that wanting is not enough. I become aware of the power for which I have to go deep within myself to rediscover a human being who respects nature and as a result respects herself. Then I rediscover myself as a seed, as dirt, as water. I realize that every day actions can help. I understand that "*The mind, once expanded to the dimensions of larger ideas, never returns to its original size*" (Oliver Wendell Holmes), and we are not too late to reconsider our actions and expand our mind to a broader concept of life as an entire unit and "expose" ourselves to the possibility of living.

Between songs, poetry and active reflections, Seed opened a window of understanding inside me. While he talks, I close my eyes; when I open them and look around me instead of the wrap-selfish people I found earlier, I discover seeds with the possibility of becoming trees. Instead of the artificial

grayness of the room, I discover the straight rays of the sunlight invading the room. Instead of the invasive urban landscape, I discover a desert crying to regreen itself. I find myself not hoping but beginning to act. I am rediscovering that the people around me and this city are my closest environment. I reopen my eyes and I find myself smiling to the possibility to change, to the desire to live, smiling because I'm part of a complete cycle, because I'm a seed, I'm dirt, I'm a frog, smiling because the rainy cloud that was covering that feeling of confusion finally let the rain fall and tree grow.