

Katelyn Bremer

SJBDHS

10/28/21

What are you most thankful for this year?

“A Fruitful Suffering”

Dirt caked hands, soil crying in demand.

I must work it to my mastery, before falls catastrophe.

I fight and fight, but nothing seems to make it right.

The earth ceases to relent, stopping me short of content.

Spring has sprung, and I haven't yet begun.

Yet I plunge deeper into the earth, to bring forth birth.

Turmoil I throw, into that sow.

Through all that pain, I have yet to gain.

Seed the earth, yet still nothing be unearth

Blood and sweat, I begin to fret.

My mind wanders, beginning to ponder.

Is it worth it, ensuring this bit?

Surely the easy way, would be more pay?

That's what they all say, even today.

Walk to the store, they offer more.

More for less, surely I might be blessed.

For I could pay, not soil the day.

Not make my time a waste, as others would say with haste.

But something a stirs within me, as I plainly see

In the ground, as the rain had washed yield such to be found,

A small glimpse of green, something barely seen.

Smallest sprout, short and stout.

A breath of life, from a bit of strife.

That vibrant color, brings warmth of mother

In me, in my heart, in my hearth

Life dawns anew, beneath my stew

A smile cracks my face, as I lean down to face

Never bought at a store, a seedling of yore

Raised from blood, born in the flood

To be an apple of sweetest nectar, not a spectre

A pure fruit, beautifully absolute.

Oh that satisfaction, a thrill of passion.

Yes, that glory, as I hold my quarry

Born of suffering, I hold this fruit,

Only from work, I bare this gift of field work,  
Only from the colors of pain, can I truly idolize this gain

For in this suffrage I shall keep, a joy great in the reap  
For the work may have been hard, those days in the yard  
But hard work gave all the more color, to this wonder  
That toil, from that soil,  
Was greater than anything I could buy, oh, that apple of my eye,  
In rapture of thanksgiving I shall cry, for those hard working days gone by.