

## **The Harvest**

*Poem by Ted Sorgan*

The Season had arrived  
with the endeavor to harvest  
what good I had sown  
from the rich earth of a great orchard  
upon the rolling hills  
that beckoned before me.

The hours past  
and now I stood bathed in sweat  
high upon my tallest ladder  
in the shade of this lush grove  
of sweetly ripening fruit.

Disheartened, I could not escape  
an inner brooding  
over what remained beyond my grasp.  
The upper branches were so full and inviting  
the sun peeking through  
revealed its treasure.

Why could I not reach further, higher?  
Was the desire  
to reach beyond my grasp  
a challenge that risked  
the balance in my life  
or was the challenge  
just beyond my grasp?

With care I pivoted cautiously  
tremulously, upon the ladder's  
top rung, turning back to gaze  
upon the place whence I had begun.

Lowering my eyes and expectations  
I had failed to notice the fresh fruits  
of my great labor lying right before me.  
Startled by the wealth of produce  
it was apparent this would be  
a harvest of considerable abundance.

Enveloped by a greater sense  
of achievement and perspective  
I climbed down with resolve  
stepping out into the sunlight  
finally accepting my greatest effort  
as my Greatest Harvest.