

ENCOUNTER OF TWO SEEDS

Hello, let me present myself, I call myself wheat
I am sown from the heart and the hand of Man on his
most fertile land to be multiplied
revitalised harvested then to go guided by hands
from mill to kneader
To become bread.

And you who are you ?

I am like you seed, but I am a seed from Man
I am called spermatozoid, I am the essence of Man
Sown solely out of passion
Or guided from a wider conscience and exchange
Deposited in a land Woman fertile
In the Love of a shared creation
To become human bodies

But it is exactly like me, my wheat seed
Which becomes flour joins the heat, the water, the air
Then in the baker's heart becomes dough and body of bread
We both have the same mission
To create Human and Bread bodies
Do we come from the same family ?

We are sisters of seeds and have received
The same mission, become living bodies
In joining the source of Love

Tell me wheat, what are your other names ?
I am called, wheat, spelt, emmer, einkorn wheat
Wheat, rye, oat and plenty of other names
But above all we are all fruits of plants made fruitful
By bees and the winds of the beautiful season

It's funny, my name wheat/blé means money/argent as well
(art of people/ art des gens)
Exchange currency, granary, stock of seeds or bank from old times
You see, I have value.

Really for me as well, I am called sperm bank or bourse/testis
Decidedly we have much in common

What do you think of that ?

I think we are really similar
In what we represent
The symbol of this seed of life to maintain
At all costs to sow a land with joy
And conscience

Tell me about your ancestors ?

My wheat ancestors were wild and grew freely
In nature and sowed themselves and multiplied by exchange of pollen
A soft evolution
Then everything changed, man watched us, discovered us, tasted us, selected us,
savoured us, and slowly understood that he could stay on a stretch of land rather than
be a nomad
Multiply us, preserve us, or grind us
To bake his bread

With lots of awareness man kept his harvest,
Selected the good seeds to sow in autumn,
It was the assurance for his survival for the following winter.

Tell me about your men seeds ancestors

First man was in survival and for the specie to survive
He must reproduce, to this end he was using sight, smell.
He was attracted to the female and his body reacted by impulse
To the reproduction of life and the bodies merged

Then Man discovered language, words, poetry
That open spaces in the perception from the heart and the Body of the impulse,
Aware Man and Woman discovered Love, and the possibility to match up in balance,
as a family
Before it was the group, the tribe

Within the tribe, the group, the family, everybody was supportive

What changed ?

The strongest Man from the tribe wanted to rule the clan
And state his strength, show the females that he was the strongest, that he had the
best semen and particularly, he took and chose the women at his liking.
From then on appeared frustrations, conflicts, wars.

You see for the wheat seed it is a bit like that as well
The wheats or seeds to create the bodies of the breads were
In their natural state with the strenght of each seed,
This strength was not equal amongst all wheat, but all
The wheats were important because they were all food
For Men.

Then Men decided to chose the strongest, the one that grew best, the one that gave
the most seeds back.

He denied the weakest to chose only the strongest wheat.
To bake a bigger bread, lighter, whiter.
He denied the colours, the plurality, all different facets
Of this wheat's seed family.

For the semen of the man the strenght of desir asserted itself
Like power, direction, decision.
The Man deposited this semen with vigor
In the Woman's body
By forgetting the poetry, the words, by forgetting to fertilise the Land

For the wheat seed it is the same, the man lost the poetry
In chosing war machines to open the soil
Faster, harder, without listening nor feeling it

The Man deposited this seed and demanded only to obtain in return as many as
possible, more seeds, stronger seeds, without poetry, the Land has got a tummy ache
from it

But it is like the Woman when she receives the semen without poetry
She aches in her stomach and her child as well aches in his tummy
To eat something without respecting the Land, without poetry
Doesn't nourish with pleasure, because poetry is gentleness and respect of the Land

Tell me, what is the material which is the heart of your seed ?

It is the protein, the life force, the creative food and the food to support the life of the
bodies.

For me it is the same, my protein is called gluten
It is her which creates and maintains the body of the bread.
If the wheat is too strong and the dough too springy, the bread aches the tummy, it
is very difficult to digest

But then how to do, do you have a secret ?

Yes, I have a secret, it is called sourdough

Sourdough ? What is it ?

The sourdough it is the choice of a beautiful and soft milled seed
And slowly woken up on the mill's stone

This makes up for a nice flour, powder of seeds whose only wish is to wake up even more to life with the poetry from spring water, from sun, from good air and from the heart of the man really strong in his conscience and vision.

This sourdough born with poetry and Love will give back its life power thanks to a very gentle lactic fermentation responsible for the rise of the body of the bread first and then of the Human.

But then for the semen of the man, to procreate new Men, it must be the same.

Exactly, the Man, if he chooses poetry and listening to his heart can change in the heart of his tummy the choice of Love rather than the choice of power and transform from heart to heart the preparation of good milk / sourdough to elevate the conscience and flesh of the new Human

This soul, this baby, creation as a new bread for the Human.

The seeds which wanted to become happy bodies