

## **Labor, for me, is not a burden**

it is devotion rooted in soil. My hands are not just hands, they are instruments of care, coaxing life from seed to blossom, guarding the fragile pulse of pollinators, tending the quiet brilliance of green things that hold the world together. This work is my hymn, my offering, my rebellion and my joy. Yes, I labor in a field where men's voices have often thundered louder, but I stand tall, my voice carried by leaves, by bees, by the hum of growth itself. Every seed I place in the earth is a vow, every bloom a promise kept. I labor in love  
love for people, for community, for the wild resilience of nature. Love that multiplies, circles back, and feeds not only the soil but the spirit. To work like this is to live in constant meditation,  
constant gratitude. And I wouldn't trade this labor of love for anything.  
~DrakeDravenPoetry