

The Ploughman Cometh

The Ploughman Cometh

by Zen Gardner

Ready your heart, ready your steel

The plowman's coming and is he ever real

Ready your starboard, ready your stern

He's not very picky as it's everyone's turn

Plow up the earth, dig up the dearth

Till 'till the tillerman's done all he's worth

Old plants uprooted, raked from the soil

Making room for the new for our too-human coil

No one can tell how the change will unfold

It's ever so private, yet ever so bold

Will each of us yield, and let nature's sway?

Or cling to the old, and be thus dragged away

Cycles they must, to break up the crust

Where stagnation meets change is always a bust

Some are so supple, yet others resist

The choice is within, what'ere we insist



[Zen Gardner](#) is an impactful and controversial author and speaker with a piercing philosophical viewpoint.

His writings have been circulated to millions and his personal story has caused no small stir amongst the entrenched alternative pundits. His book *You Are the Awakening* has met rave reviews and is available on amazon.com. *You Are the Awakening* examines the dynamics of the awakening to a more conscious awareness of who we are and why we are here – dynamics which are much different from the programmed approach of this world we were born into.