Grass Patch

The blades lift & split,

this music the best sense-----

Wind riffling each twitching

of green, & yet, in the depths,

terrific calm yawns…

You fall into this,

step by step, learn the aging of roots,

the tired, the weather trod, & come up

still, stiller, stillest…

Now transcendent is the glass of these

tufts. I breathe stains, tones, shades,

bleed emerald to opal, the pearl

of a bubble where I set my eye,

head, foot…

Lips are rarely like such, even

when whispering or kissing, & if

my mouth has no song, my ears

no sirens, then this silence is

more promising, absolving

with its jets, stalk after stalk,

an apex of light, truest, the only

true thing

there