

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