

Grass

There must be hundreds
of Latin derivatives for it,
and we too must have something similar
when getting back to our roots,
easing up through the pelvis of laughter's sinew and bones,
white here, a froth thin as nail parings, batches
of the singular shooting presently green from one crypt just
to touch sun.

Yes,
from a tangle of separations, we also
congeal lucent as wind, a synthesis,
seed-tossed in a myriad of waves
brought reborn toward
sky-blue oxygen, the Innisfree Isle delved
from cycles of mulch.