

Once There Was Grass

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Once there was grass

Once there was grass. Once there was corn country.
Yellow stalks wind-driven and hungry.

I thought locusts destroyed all that.

Chives, gourd-leaves, cucumbers covered the ground.

Tender grass. Soul-surfing grass. The young owl's
whooooooooo.

I had a pet tortoise (to whom I fed lettuce).

*Mama mama. Cry for me. Cry for my daughter and her
daughters.*

The grasshoppers came. Their sound, hair-splitting.

Why? Since music is made. I don't see the point.

Brushing bottoms. Of what underneath?

Lavender's hoary, huh, he said.

Scrawny purple mops. Crude or you might say obscene
the way they flopped, flip-flopped, flip-flopped.

I don't think I'll be early, she'd moaned, hiking her
jersey high above her thighs.

So when the lily . . . I mean full blown white popped
out . . .

The world is self-correcting, said the man in the hat.

He'd crossed one blue-jeaned leg over another. A rank,
lowering of the air followed his shift of position.

The woman about to give birth wanted candles. "Can I
have five?" she'd asked.

So what's internal?

Her horse. (She'd said it tenderly.)

The mouse, the earth, the lake where she began.

Well, the farmer had in mind to potty train the child,
but his wife . . . it was strange.

She was four (the kid). She couldn't talk and she wore
diapers.

The mother'd say, "Hi doll!" but you knew . . . I mean,
who wants to be around a smelly little girl?

"It's uncomfortable for everyone," remarked a distant
relative.

Wiping the ass of her daughter, smearing the shit, who
knows, playing in it.

She had a plug in her heart (the child). To keep her
blood pressure down.

She had a hole in her heart which the lungs rushed to
fill. The plug plugged it (sort of).

Anemia's like that. Blood leaks out. But they couldn't
find it. "Where's the leak?" the doctors said.

"I was holding him on my finger – all of a sudden he
keeled over."