

Kurt Pattison

# Grass

My kaleidoscopes opened to a labyrinth of mirror  
placed in obtuse seems and acute junctions  
resembling the shape of leaves  
my bare feet walked on glass shards reflecting  
fractions of myself staring at me  
In awe  
I let myself fall into this earthly breast  
to hear a pulse

Time passes slower than the river at my back playing  
ripples and rumbles for my ears as I watch these grow  
spawning new spears from cropped ambition to reach the sun again

Spirits forever unbroken  
maintaining the strongest spark to illuminate my life  
for no other reason than life  
breathing wisdoms a thousand years foretold  
by men who devoted lives to fitting into the mold  
of these blades of grass painting portraits of my face upon reflection  
my Iris seeming to contain the complexity of the Milky Way  
marveling at this galaxy trapped within my eye



My lips crack open  
my head remains reclined into their forgiveness  
I whisper, what makes us grow  
and I heard the answer in the grasses whispering back  
for the silk of flower pedals and resilience of lichen  
for the sensation of sand in shoes and on bare feet  
for sunsets and sunrises, cotton seeds flying through the wind like  
helicopters, hovering with the hum of birds beating wings so fast I  
can't see,  
them though I know they're there  
crawling up my back, ants  
the spark in the eyes of my grandma delivering an apple pie  
best because of its love poured in from outside the recipe book

Grass spoke shortly  
my windows released water for their song  
I kissed Grass with my fingers  
to mumble, Thank you.

