



Michael Sandler

Grass

Let's not get hopes up. Nothing is
about to happen. That's not
why we sit backed
against a tree, in shade, fingering
supple greenness as we might
have done with smaller hands
and wider looks, listening
for a call that never comes—
distant voices from a distant game.

Not a story, or even a plot
beyond this park, this slender
leaf. A struggle not to fill the time
when its ridged length
curls to a lobe, its glossy side
glazed enough to capture reflection
about how she might have
smiled, her arms extended, pushing
me downward into the timothy.

Difficult being alone, the lawn
sparse except where unwanted.
Thoughts unable to be quiet
though we attempt all
the usual tricks, the focus
on an image, a single word,
but even this is impeded
by ohms of a mind's circuitry
tangled as roots.

At least it will end
where it begins, in a forgetting
helped by dimness. Until then
it continues to whisper and be
separate from all of this, failing
to empty—a defeat
calling to mind the lush grass
that comprehends and absorbs
every narrative, the grass.

Michael Sandler's work has appeared in such publications as
Moment Magazine, *Ducts*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *Fourteen Hills*,
Peregrine and *Diverse Voices Quarterly*.

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