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Dennis Ross

Stem of Grass

Some days, time flows
like water down to the creek
and away, leaving not a drop

but today I watched a stem
of grass twitch twirl sway
in the sun amidst a large field
of other grass absolutely still,

swirling the world into a vortex
of delightful impossibility,
the sound of one hand clapping.
Even time stopped to watch.

Dennis Ross, a retired physicist, has published many poems. His chapbook, *Relatives and Other Strangers*, has been published by Finishing Line Press.