

The Grass is Always of the Verdant Persuasion

By Brandon M. Dennis

I'd rather not be, in the blocky brittle bricks
of this place, this city, where the sky is paved with wires.
I'd rather not sit, at my tempting telly-tube,
where my eyes are dazzled by tiny pixel lights.
I'd rather not be, on the rough ridden road,
where the stains of the drippy stuff make black stripes.
I'd rather not be, in Bend, Burien or Bellingham,
and get dizzy by the flurry of the walking, riding, driving.

I'd rather be in a glimmering golden glade,
just as the leaves turn yellow and are about to fall.
I'd rather sit on a slippery serene stone
that overlooks a clean clear pool, five men deep.
I'd rather be on a mighty mammoth mountain,
where the snow gently falls to cushion my step.
I'd rather be on the plains of secret silent Salisbury,
to hear the grass sounds and see the stone sentinels.

I'd rather not be Darwin's accident.
I'd rather be in Woden's lap.