

The kingdom of grass

by [Philip C. Kolin](#) in the [April 25, 2018](#) issue

Old Walt called it God's hand-
kerchief: green vistas everywhere.
Glistening mermaids singing of spring
in the mown river air.

A bouquet of chartreuse
for summer's banquet,
stars and moon lilting across
hillsides, prairies, plains, and valleys.

How glorious if earth coursed
through lush pampas the year round,
but it must compass the dark seasons, too—
brown stubble beards
in November's drizzle,
the prickly dismantling of fall.
And the icy comforters of winter
over a cramped crypt of stark seeds.

But then early spring's tears for their return
and the bravo of April's flourish,
green shafts with a crown of soft rain,
the kingdom of grass come again.