

# Children in the long grass

by [John Grey](#) in the [April 19, 2005](#) issue

She likes to watch her children  
in the long grass, how they disappear,  
emerge, like they're swimming in  
an ocean without current but the one  
of growing. See how the long blades  
part for them, how they close up  
all around, Watch the gold  
heads bob, hands reach up for  
the sun as if it's the transportation  
of these years. Hear the silence,  
the safe silence. And then  
the muffled noise rolling through  
the shafts, secured forever by the  
wrinkled smile of her hearing.  
Children are nature's people now,  
but her nature too, the one that  
says, play here, will later sigh,  
but how could I prevent you.