

William Oandasan

BLADE OF GRASS

Blade of grass  
                you  
and your numberless kin  
turn

                and part like gates  
before the push of the  
vernal breeze.

                Blade  
your greenness which is lost  
in the meadow's vastness  
  ever bright  
and still growing rich  
  bends the sunshine.

Blade  
                you are the spring robin  
on a mossy slab  
in an opened field, in a budding tree  
  or village green.

You rise from the earth  
  the source and end  
in all her shapes and images  
  and you are

an only one  
one that will never be again  
and many seed you have left.  
As the sun peaks  
you stretch toward the endlessness  
and the light is touched.

You  
        O blade of grass  
are as common as the  
sun, moon and earth  
  in a line  
and as vital to me.