

**Arthur Clements**

**TOUCHING GRASS**

Having recently fallen in love with  
My body, this universe, sun blessing  
My face exposed under a hat striped white,  
Green, brown, red, cheerful against ghostly snow,  
Wind hugging my flesh as the sinuous  
Susquehanna lengthens darkly below,  
I walk up Bunn Hill into fields of day.

Over a distant hill a red-wing glides,  
In far clouds the rumbling hum of a plane,  
No other sound.

At the crest

Two horses penned in a pasture  
Poke through snow to graze on grass.

When I descend beside the wayside weeds,  
Cars pass, caged drivers frowning at the wheel,  
As fast as they go they cannot touch grass.  
My pace quickens freely downhill,  
Genial wind whips my warming skin,  
Lungs inflate with inrush of air,  
Trees, river, hills, racing still faster  
My heart is smiling, my hat is smiling  
And my legs widen with loud large laughter.