

The Tilt of Me

Kat Scott

Have I wakened the grass
these early mornings, before the dawn
voices each bird's place in their canopies?
It seems to bend louder underfoot now,
a groaning that I've pulled back its covers,
exposed each blade to cooler air
than it took to bed.

Or do you think it's always awake?
That it revels in its nudity
regardless of light or air or fashion.
No, in winter the grass sports its brown and tweed
while ceasing to reach up, to climb
steadily, to outgrow last year's shoes.

Sometimes the grass will join me, between my toes
then my sheets. I won't be able to stay, to keep it
warm and verdant. Instead, I'll slip away
begin my day anew, as if it and I had never touched
never slicked the dew upon our skin
and while it was green sang together.
But as the day grows tall and the grass goes cool,
it shrugs on its winter coat, in the hopes that spring
will come searching and find it there.