

Chad Woody

GRASSHOPPERS

they are the quiet simple hunger
that gathers in sun
they are a scattered army of brothers
small enough to understand
the forest that grass is
small enough to forget the face
of their mother
they are the same length as their name
they are the part of summer
that always has its mind made up
they are the bathers in the heat
clinging where the old paint peels
at night they are nothing
they play no part save chewing
their own souls
they are wide-eyed blind
and turning dustward