

*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