

WINTER GRASSES

MARY LEADER

These we have studied
 These by their colors
Copper Silver Bronze
 Gold Nickel Platinum Brass
While metals and those
 Who worshipped metals warred
Upon the plains the drenched
 Grasses stayed low
While whose once glittering
 Turrets and domes
Turned green copper and felt
 Their sharp details blunt
The grasses befriended
 Rain wind dust snow wind
And were rewarded a way
 To change without corrosion
To this day they move
 In wind as our hair moves
As it would have moved
 Their horsehair plumes
Their feathered breastplates
 Their slenderbladed halos
As these things rouse us
 As windgrass rouses coyotes
As roused their dogs
 As wind lifts
As wind parts the fur
 As jackrabbit hunches
As kestrel shoulder tufts
 As crow wingtip ruffles
As we listen with all of
 Our ears winter grasses

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