

As If · Lawrence Raab

It isn't as if you had to sit there
in the grass, watching whatever
it is you would say you are watching.

Some flowers. The daisies, the others
whose names you never learned.
Or the birds, the bluejay and robin.

It isn't as if you had to feel this way.
The stem of the daisy is slender and pale,
furred with jagged little leaves.

The frill of petals, of course,
is white, and reminds us
of who loves us, and who does not.

We'd all rather be happy,
wouldn't we? You just aren't sure
if remembering the names would help.

The oak and the elm and the willow.
And the other people you can see
who are so busy with their lives,

it isn't as if you could be certain
they are happy, it isn't
as if you could ask them, mentioning

only the weather, how it is likely
to change by evening, how it is likely
to remain the same.