

### *THIS IS HOW GRASS GROWS*

*It looks easy,  
the languid, lazy birth of grass,  
a rubbery, green offspring  
appearing as it does—sudden  
through the stubborn patches of melting snow,  
as random as spilled pepper  
on a white tablecloth.*

*But if we dare to listen,  
to place a naked ear  
To that cold, covered spot of dampened dirt,  
we will hear the movement of each particle of soil,  
The grudging “making way” for the upstart shoot.*

*What already is  
does not give way easily  
to what wants to be.*

*And if we dare to thrust our hands  
beneath the thin, crusted shell of ice  
and rest our fingertips on the earth,  
as comfortably as a pianist caresses a familiar key,  
we will feel the insistent, violent vibrations  
of birth.*

*And the pitch will resonate in the blood,  
deep within the capillaries,  
at the farthest point from the heart,  
our heart, where we want so many things to be  
what we know they never will be.*

*If we dare to kneel,  
to press our naked flesh and hold it  
close and hard against the fecund soil,  
we will recognize what we already know,  
what our heart would like to hide.*

*Birth is change,  
and nothing changes easily.*

*Hold, press hard, and  
listen.  
What we hear is the deep mother-moan of earth,  
the pain of change  
as the turgid tendrils of new spring grass  
thrust themselves impertinent and impatient,  
caesarean,  
through the hard, white, and  
pregnant belly of winter.*

*—Brad L. Roghaar*