

He Was the Grounded Grass

By: Charlene L. Edge

He plumbed the earth until roots wound their way inside.
He was the rich darkness where they found a way to grow.
He was the grounded grass.
He inched along the cracks.

He was the lake where time dove to the bottom.
He sprang up where lions form listening stones.
He kicked the dry stalks away.
He was the threshold of green.

*First place winner in Tampa Writers Alliance contest judged by poet, Peter Meinke, 1997.
Published in Wordsmith '98, Anthology of the Tampa Writers Alliance. 1998.
Re-published in The Rollins Book of Verse 1885-2010. Edited by Carol Frost and Maurice J. O'Sullivan. Winter Park, Florida: Angel Alley Press. 2010.*

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