

I walk a blade of grass

I walk a blade of grass,  
Fool poet in this alchemy.  
Drunkard, bastard of dreams,  
A fiddler on strings of rain  
My song slipping under skirts  
Long after day is ended.

This green, this earth,  
Your rivers like silk threads.  
I twist my toes in your moss  
I refresh myself of the dreams you cherish.  
Clinging to this silent earth,  
My feet are fingers on the guitar of a dry leaf  
Near the river bank.  
Where flowers sing  
Of girls washing their babies.

See the spirits  
How they dance on the rooftops  
And late evening flies conjure?  
Cut flowers are no longer sweet  
Nor do they sense sunshine,  
Numb to the tickling breeze  
They do not laugh.

My voice murmurs in the mud,  
The drums, the drums!  
Where are they?  
Who have cut their heads off  
And stilled their tongues?

LeRoy Clarke

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