

A Blade of Grass

Only for a while is it here
Never complaining -- just living
With every breeze that blows
It moves to and fro
Never resisting
Always yielding
Of this world it is a part
This is its home
But, when I as man
Look upon this blade
Mere blade of grass
I know this can never be
My world, nor my home
When life's winds blow
I stand straight and cold
I cannot accept
I must question.
I do not yield -- I fight
Fight the day

Hide from the night

Never at peace

Never belonging.