

the grass would grow too tall

Keira Cruickshank

If a mother smothers her crying baby
What would they become
Who would hear his cry her cry
Crying
In instinct and unnatural
Companions in their fear
Both wondering
What would come next

Then the grass would grow too tall

Would they lie side by side in silence
In thought and thoughtless
Could either of them feel
Or just know they had felt
The silence would sing a lullaby

Then the grass would grow too tall

Would she wrap him in a blanket
The way she should
As she carried him
From darkness to light
If she shivered in the sun
The sun might shiver with her

Then the grass would grow too tall

Would she dig with her hands
And feel the earth's touch
Softer than hers could ever be
And more welcome
Buried treasure

Then the grass would grow too tall
And when it was done

Would she know
Would he
As her feet trampled all that grew
And they both returned to the dark

Then the grass would grow too tall

Would she forget
What the weeds would always remember
Because her memory became part of them
And they rejoiced
In the only way they could
The seedlings all joined
In their joyous grieving

Now the grass has grown too tall.