

Blades of Grass

by Keith U.

I picked away blades of grass
dried on the side of my shoe
where the sole meets the rest.

The welt where floormats
and doormats
and even wiping with paper towels-
pulled from the roll he'd left in the floor of his truck
perched on the transmission hump
-wouldn't reach.

(How that roll stayed put
when I drove
I'll never know.)

I'd wiped away as many
of the fresh green blades
as I could
from polished leather
the same rainy August morning
they'd gathered there.

("What are the odds of August rain in Texas?"
I'd quipped days before
as arrangements were made.)

Yet rain that morning fell, unimpressed by the odds.

I picked away blades of grass
without making much progress
and paused to listen to echos
reverberating

twenty eight years a memory
my teenage voice, complaining to my teacher
"I don't want to do that story, it is boring."

Her retort rang clear
and sharp
as the day she'd snapped back
"*You're*boring. A writer can make anything interesting.
"Even a blade of grass."

I picked away blades of grass
that had gathered
as I carried him
from the car
in the rain.

I and five others
snaked between flat markers
across yards and yards of grass
fresh cut for us, for *this*.

A few words were said
then I walked away
back to his truck
leaving him behind
where the soul meets the rest.

