

Roger Pfingston

No Grass

You're a good American, he said,
the man who cuts my grass,
this after I tipped him a couple of dollars
for his usual good job,
always cleaning up after himself,

although it might've been more
for the story he told of seeing
a white horse deep in a green field
while on his way here
from the small town where he lives,

how its whiteness increased
as the sky darkened, the storm
that passed south of us,
and then, when he paused
for the water I offered,

we somehow got around
to his grandmother who lived
here in town on 10th Street
where the used bookstore is now,
how when he was a kid



people would stop and ask
if they could pray in her front yard,
it was that meditation-friendly,
bright bushes and small trees,
ground cover and two stone benches,

flowers, of course, more than he
thought possible in such a small
space, and no grass, he said,
wiping his sweaty face,
no grass at all.

