

Poets

Meena Alexander
Judith Arcana
Jason Guriel

Steven Heighton
Ray Hsu
Tanis MacDonald

Yvonne Murphy
Alicia Ostriker
Russell Thornton

Priscila Uppal
Mark Yakich

Judith Arcana

A child said what is the grass

Oh, it's seed in stitched up bags smelling all green and brown;
the buzzcut of a golf course; rolled turf stacked in the back
of a truck to bypass birth and struggle; lawn that's blue
as a banjo, feeding slim-legged horses; smooth cover
for a knoll in history; standing waves pressed low in the glades
by hurricane; rye bread and oatmeal; bison food; la puebla's roots;
and still the beautiful uncut hair of graves we touch tenderly:
so keep off those curling *monocotyledonous, mostly herbaceous
jointed stems*, honey; don't hurt those *slender sheathing leaves*
or their *flowers borne in spikelets of bracts*. Come sit in my lap.