

HOMAGE TO SLUM GRASS

Do not deride this sere and sorry grass,
Starved in a stony ground and grown awry,
Pale in the sombre vales of sunless streets,
Lifting thin arms up to the narrow sky.
Wonder, instead, at tough, tenacious roots,
Such as withstood a climate of despair,
Yet freed their seed on liberating winds
To reach a richer earth than they could share
And drink its milk of rain and honeydew;
And never, in that promised land, to guess
With what longsuffering hope those parent plants
Sucked dry survival from the wilderness!
Fated to famine and to need inured,
Learned hardiness from hardship - and endured.

oooOooo