

# I Never Made a Blade of Grass

I never made a blade of grass,  
So gloriously green,  
Or one square of a clear blue sky,  
That we have ever seen.

The stately, tall majestic tree,  
With sturdy, spreading boughs,  
Takes all my breath away to say,  
With exclamation, "How?"

The sunny flower petals on,  
A Spring or Summer day,  
Have colors that defy my mind,  
To create such array.

The evergreens so comforting,  
Thicket with needles stand,  
And play a role within my soul,  
I never could have planned.

Motionless, they give a thrill,  
That quiets with a hush,  
For like a living scripture they  
Need not our modern rush.

A cat with yellow fur just flew  
By back behind the house.  
He's such an aeronautical,  
Amazement to that mouse.

And just when dinner seemed a cinch,  
A little hole appeared,  
To spare this time the dreadful death,  
The little mouse had feared.

The news of the escape spread wide,  
And Mickey and his wife,  
Thanked God that He had spared this time,  
Their little nephew's life.

In coarser times no little boys  
Or girls would ever care,

If all the cartoon mice got killed  
By joystick's gaming dare.

I took a breath and squirrels danced,  
High on a nearby wire,  
Gracefully, their flapping tails,  
Seemed not to ever tire.

A white-streak cloud invited birds,  
To see if they could rise,  
Above the high drawn line they made,  
And fool my watching eyes.

For in that moment I forgot,  
That birds can't really fly,  
Up where big hunks of metal go  
So high they pass the sky.

The scientific wonders we've  
Discovered blow my mind,  
But in their complications there's  
Still something I can't find.

It would elude me even if,  
A Nobel Prize would pass,  
Into my hands for making just  
A single blade of grass.

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