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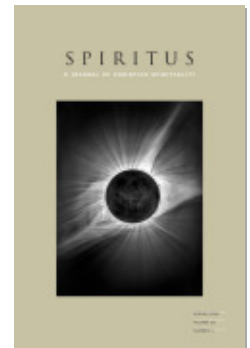
The Grass Is Singing

Jay Parini

Spiritus: A Journal of Christian Spirituality, Volume 18, Number 1, Spring 2018, pp. 108-109 (Article)

Published by Johns Hopkins University Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/scs.2018.0011>



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The Grass Is Singing

JAY PARINI

The grass is singing to itself again,
a green field rising
through the dirt-pad, blades like tongues
that flare out through a mouth these months compacted,
silenced, seeds dead-furled
in icy crumb-pods, crusty loam.

The grass is green-gold, gladdening
in sun, these tongues
of flame that sing without a word,
that stun with music:
one clear note, pitched perfect, tingling
in the ear, this carolling of light.

It's me just singing in my bare red feet
here standing in the spring
without a word, just humming in the grass,
my light-bones brazening
in blast of music in the endless dawn,
this music in the clearing

of a perfect-seeming dawn when nothing
but the sun, this grass, this singing
lifts me up and lifts me over
compost of a billion dead black souls,
the losses of those lives
lived one two three, lived then back then

and yet now present in the air today:
in light of everything they've said and done
ploughed under, soaked, unsoiled,
the long cold rains of April afternoons,
the sorrows that have fertilized this soil,
that soften it, give up, give over

into such a singing I cannot believe
in anything but glad-gold sun inside the grass,
that powers into lush-felt
plush new song, which I've been strumming now
as if my one true task were chiming in:
this selfless harping on what heals, what hums.