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THE GRASSHOPPER

It is a cunning thing: woven, it would appear, of grass blades and large as a hand, its hymn some vast, internal drum. Antennae waving at the newest sound it bristles when I approach as if the wall inside my house were all in the world to lean on. I imagine a soul is like this: driven to feel narrowed, more acute in a chosen exterior, some grumbling carapace. It waits, pristine as glass, a wordless, hardened angel with marble, all-seeing eyes. How do I catch the spirit then set it free intact? Now my jar snags a recalcitrant leg, the insect foams, flails curious dimensions, and, when “freed,” limps off grotesque and frivolous against the grass. Maybe some liberation lies in being out of place, out of a home, movement itself should be a home where error has a space . . . but I’ll fixate on the gleam. Am I its host?
Or does it, green and surly,
unhinge the luminescent world,
this papery self that leaps and leaps
until a broken leg or wing
(mauled by the usual downfall)
looses it from the body
and it can really spring.