

Sometimes the Grass *Is* Greener

Last week had been our first meeting,
Before that, we'd never conversed.
I'd caught glimpses, only fleeting,
Of his movements as he traversed
The meadow adjacent to mine.

The burgeoning bushes and trees
Have created a scenic screen;
Springtime presents a fragrant frieze,
As summer's verdure intervenes,
The density intensifies.

Autumn's palette transforms the hues
Of this effusive barricade.
Shedding of leaves slowly ensues,
Bared branches and twigs are displayed
Densely entwined throughout winter.

Did he observe these same tableaux
Each year as the seasons shifted?
The answer I would never know,
Unless this lush blockade lifted.
I wonder if he wonders too?

Then came the day a gap emerged,
A breach in the constraining wall.
Now were our meadows to be merged
Or were they about to install
A gate or another rampart?

Yet this open portal remained.
First we exchanged a friendly nod,
Then with our passage unrestrained,
Through each other's pastures we trod.
We became inseparable.

I am a grey, he is a bay.
Where ever he goes, I follow.
We graze together through the day,
We will do the same tomorrow
Safe in our equine paradise.

By Amy Clennell

