

Trembling Grass

Do you remember trembling grass?
It grew in fields in Summer's past.
I'd pick a stem and hold it high.
To see it shake, I knew not why.

But now 'Tis no more it seems.
No more, no more in fields of green.
Thick ugly grasses now grow tall.
No trembling grass beside the wall.

But yesterday I found my grass.
It sits in splendour in cut glass.
All russet ,yellow, violet too.
No longer frosted with early dew.

It's sold in bunches in the store.
No wonder it grows wild no more.
But I go back to long ago.
When grasses in green fields did blow.