

Grass

Life has begun with only a small seed
Searching the surroundings for a place
Grasping at the ground around it
Until a firm grasp has taken hold

From a slow start at first
Warm sun and cool dew for food
Finding similar companions nearby
This will be a comforting abode

From bright green in the spring
To a soft brown in winter
Colors will change with the seasons
But always life even in slumber
To grow with the right conditions
To reach highs to touch the sky
Only to at times be cut down again
With the swift blade of the mower

The life of grass is not an ideal one
And the struggle is indeed there
But to rise again after the battle
Unyielding and defiance will win