

Blades of Grass

S.D. Bassett

I have decided,
after 39 years,
that we are not alike.
It is pointless,
and fruitless,
to compare
the microfacets
of ourselves
with each other.
We are two
very different people
with similar backgrounds,
aligned somewhat
in our beliefs,
but at the core,
we remain strangers
confident
we know each other
because of longevity
of relationship
and superficial
personality traits.

It can be said
we know each other
better than
anyone else knows us.
But what is that?

We live our lives
never knowing anyone.
We share thoughts,
ideas, emotions, bodies,
creating beautiful
little humans
who grow up
not knowing us,
nor we them.

And life goes on.

Blades of grass
dancing in the wind,
reaching for the sky,
clinging to the earth.