

Grass
Chido Munangwa

When the sun didn't rise,
under the manmade light
my grandmother thought of my future.
Granddaughter, she cried voice strong,
The grass is always greener
on your neighbor's side
because you didn't water it.
Tend your own pastures.

Learn from the grass.
First, it sinks its roots
before boasting of its lushness.
Burn it; it betrays not its faith.
Instead, it grows in the dark
away from piercing eyes
and hands that pluck.
It feeds the cows
but doesn't seek praise
until a drought.