

Green

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Dissatisfaction launches out
ahead of me
every time I gather
with humans. Even doing
their best, they destroy and I am
unclear why any of us
are here.

See this green grasshopper
situated on the salvia?
He is at peace with his contrast
to the fire engine red petal,
yet his back legs perpetually anticipate
leaving.

If I could do that
and then go
with one crisp decisive motion,
perhaps I could forego
the nausea that overtakes
just after letting go
of the next place
where humans disappoint.
I could be

a hopper amongst the humans
when the weight of me
is more
than they can take.