

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.