

A Martian Asked*Anonymous*

A Martian asked me,
"What is grass?"

The dead world living.
Its thin small hands reaching up to poke you.

It eats the sun
It puts it in its factory and then it starts to grow.

It's a green needle from an old warrior,
Poking through the Earth to avenge its fall.

It is the balding mother earth,
And we are the barbers

The climbing wall for the ones everyone knows,
As turn to compete for some metal and paper.

It is the world trying to say hi,
But it's too nervous and shy.