

BODY

I am proud to be a body of grass
wide and strong enough to withstand
winds under pink magnolia leaves in summer.

My green smile convinces crickets
to blend shyly with my skin.
Although I hear bananas drip on daisies
I dance to rhythms of nervous cotton in sky.

Their tears fortify my ego
and I glisten like diamonds filtered in stone.
Uncut, I bunch like pillows during picnics
and tickle lovers who rub in my bed.
I am proud to be a body of grass.

My face with carbon eyes
dangles oxygen pearls from nitrogen ears.
Their phosphorus glow
urges organisms to feed my features.

Yes, my blades are conceited.
Their heads point to heaven to declare
they are bold enough to caress feet.

--Cyd Charisse Fulton

1 Washington Place, 8th Floor
New York, NY 10003
ccfl@nyu.edu
212-998-7312