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## Grouches

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## Grouches

## SPLIT ROCK

Just when you think the country  
 Desolate, a sweet creek bubbles up,  
 Grasses sprout, what you left behind  
 Can stay there, air is snappier here,  
 Light hurts you can see by.

## GROUCHES

I've got a case full of grouches,  
 They like to scratch and shout,  
 Parade around the table picking  
 Fights, spitting spite in everybody's  
 Coffee cup. These grouches  
 Have heavy gobs of hair in their  
 Ears to filter all incoming thought.  
 Only the word or idea that registers  
 Maximum Irritability to the grouch  
 Gets through for revving all them fellow  
 Grouches up. Grouches pour vinegar  
 On conversations, shrivel buds  
 Before they bloom. But I get no relief  
 In letting my load of grouches out,  
 The more I do the more they breed  
 Their smelly deposits, and I'm running  
 Out of Ajax cleaning up. Next time  
 They try to snatch my tongue and  
 Hang more hair on my listening devices,  
 I'm stringing my fiddle for mountain tunes.  
 I'm fixing to make them grouches dance.

## RAINBOWS

Rainbows fade the closer we get to them,  
 Greens and reds move into violets, mist  
 Pervades, the slanting sun cuts  
 In and out, our faces drip dew,  
 We feel treasured.