Somewhere Warm, Green Grass Is Growing

Dwaine Marvick*
The room moves like a set on well oiled rollers. Now the big window glides past, and now the radio; he has to duck his head when he goes under the chandelier.

"I'm sorry, your hair is getting mussed a little. My chin seems to be in the wrong place."

His chin is just right.

"Let it be mussed; it can be combed."

Dreamy—if I put my hand here, I can rest my cheek on it so. Mmmmmm—dreamy. The noise is faint, like the last echo.

"Hallowe'en? Yes, I like Hallowe'en." This year and the next, and the next.

And the next after that?

* * *

(Today; Hallowe'en '42, the one that is our fourth, the one that will be the first without you. No hot chili this Hallowe'en; no one to go hunting for olives when the last on the table is gone. No one to muss my hair. Only maple leaves, soft on the backs.)

Somewhere Warm, Green Grass Is Growing

Dwaine Marvick

Somewhere warm, green grass is growing,
Covering the hill-brow;
Somewhere herds of cattle lowing
Spread the word: it's spring now.
If I could stand at sundown
On that rough, crop-weary hill
And see the brown, sun-heavy ground
Turned black and wet at the plowman’s will;
If I could strain with my tired eyes
To see in the graying pallor
The flaming sun as it slowly dies—
A shining medal for a dead day's valor—
I should forget my store-bought brain,
And know dumb wisdom bought with pain.