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How Good It Is

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Tell me again 
about the three billy goats gruff.

Tell me again their simple lesson:
Appreciate where you are and 
what you have.

I have forgotten 
(just a little)
as I strain ahead,

searching for ways over bridges
bridges that have not yet been built

hunting for trolls I think I should fight

ignoring how the grass right here
under my feet is a
cool, complete green

and that I could stretch myself out on it—
the blades would tickle my ears and
ants would crawl across my knees.

The earth smells wholesomely dirty
when you're that close to it
and to run your fingers through the grass is to
scoop life by the handful.

Tell me again
how good it is
to be
right here.

I believe you,
but I want to know that someone else
can feel the ants and blades.