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## Easter Grass

What do we do with Easter grass after the basket?  
It clings of its own might to the elbows of pink sweaters  
and the cuffs of stiff corduroy pants. The shimmery,  
cellophane strips cushion eggs we have boiled and  
dipped in vinegar-bitter blues, violets, greens, blood reds.

What mystery of electricity.  
It reappears in June, clinging to the carpet. I stoop,  
pick it up. A memory, translucent as the grass, flirts in  
in my mind; a memory of the basket and the eggs – –  
hard-shelled, unopened gifts.

Ubiquitous. Immutable. Charged with irony.  
I cannot merely flick this survivor of the sweeper  
into the trash.

What to make of the grass – –  
that it grips a fiber of the soul  
after the basket,  
after the Easter Sunday sweaters,  
after the blood-red eggs?

■ Irvana Keagy Wilks