

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Grotto Green

By Joan S. Soble

beyond the field's far end,
grotto green

sunlight streaming
through chance breaks
in the canopy's dense weave
bathes the yellow-green
of rising grasses and leafing stems
closest to the forest's edge

until downward pouring
and upward reaching
spark, then fuse and pool
in a shimmering force field
of pulsing palest green

so liquid limpid bright
that angel clusters
twirl and spin
on the glinting tips
of sun-drenched stalks and stems