

Watching the Whispers in the Grass

Cadence Gray

The grass where baby feet frolic
is the grass where you'll one day admit defeat.
Where the innocent ends, the wretched begins;
and to the naked eye,
there's no place for the two sides to meet.

There are whispers somewhere
between the flowerbeds and the soil,
whispers that melt under the sun
and prevail at the sight of the moon.

This is the land where we breathe in,
and then breathe out.
Then we cry, and sigh.
Then we break apart
for hours and hours . . .
until finally, we break down.

There are whispers somewhere between
the breaths of strife and tears,
whispers that evaporate when lilies wilt

and carnations bloom.

This is the land where carefree eyes,
glittered with bubbles and softened with life,
harden and burst.

Soon, they too can only watch.

As those little feet grow,
so will the torment of the real world.

As its gray sky looms over the blues
and its mulch encapsulates the gardens,
the sun will come out just long enough to seal it all in place.
This land is only a land of reminiscence,
for when adolescence is over—it no longer exists.

Cadence Gray is a writer from Mississippi who thrives on creativity and challenges. In her free time, she enjoys listening to music, curling up in bed with her cat, and sipping a warm mug of tea. Popcorn is her go-to writing snack. While drawn to novels, Cadence finds her strongest expression through short stories and poems. She relishes the challenge of pushing her boundaries and exploring new avenues in writing, always eager to tackle what she initially believed she couldn't achieve.