WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

The vanilla grass

bends

to the will

of the wind.

Actually

the wind has no will.

The wind is air, a disposition

of molecules on their way

to low pressure.

The glumes

of Hierochloe orientalis

stand in the way,

act

as sails, transmitting

the force of the wind

through the round stem

to roots, rooted as they are

in a tangle of topsoil.

The stalk inclines,

how far

determined

by the uneasy

balance of forces, upset

by the spikelets bounce-

slip back

off-equilibrium.

The wind has no will. I,

who do,

must bend

to follow

the way of the vanilla grass.