

My Nana's Grass

by Caitlin Clancy

I remember my Nana's house
And the bristly grass
Like little needles
Prickling my bare feet
As I tried to make it across
My Nana's grass

I remember the little salamanders
Swiveling their little bodies
Through their mazes
Of grass
I watched them
Trying to take a picture
But snapping the shot
Too slow
They always skidded away from me.

In the night
I would sit
Right next to my Nana
On her grass
Both of our feet
Sandal less
And stretched out across Nana's blanket
We counted the stars one by one
In the humid, sweaty air

I remember sneaking back into my bedroom
Waking up
Just to start
A whole new day
On my Nana's grass