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But, You Need Not Notice Me

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Author Note
Sara is a twenty-year-old graduate student studying experimental psychology. She earned her first degree in English Literature, but later chose to pursue scientific research. She believes wholeheartedly in living life without bounds; thus, she eats ice cream once a week, despite her being lactose intolerant.

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I am not a flower,
I am grass.
I do not blossom in the morning sun,
I am consistent, whether brownish or green.
There is no moment in which I am somehow lovelier than the last.

I am not so delicate as she,
I am capable and strong.
No, it is not I
That dies from a single cutting.
My roots run deep into the earth;
Perhaps, buried somewhere within the dirt you may uncover
A softer part of me, beyond the naked eye--such a part you’ll get dirty trying to find.

I am not a flower.
I am grass.
I am warm in the summer sun,
I am cool in the morning dew.
I am a soft bed under the stars, the plush prick beneath your feet.

~But, You Need Not Notice Me~