

5-1-1998

## Green Grass

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### Recommended Citation

Cohen, Stephen (1998) "Green Grass," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 5 , Article 38.  
Available at: [https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol5/iss1/38](https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol5/iss1/38)

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## Green Grass

*Steven Cohen*

Two enemies stand on a plain,  
Facing each other, ready for battle.  
The wind blows fiercely and the leaves rustle,  
As the sun sets for the day.

One army rushes toward the other,  
Just as waves clash with the shore.  
The two sides collide, fighting for their lives,  
As the crickets chirp a warning of what is to come.

The green grass on the plain  
Turns bright red  
And what was once a peaceful field  
Is now a raging storm of violence.

Tempers flare and guns are shot  
As the noises of battle are heard for miles.  
The wolves howl and the dogs bark  
The snakes hiss, ready to strike.

The sun starts to rise over a hill  
And the ocean waves begin to calm.  
The battlefield is covered with bodies  
Being picked at by ravens from above.

Many lives have ended  
And families are in mourning,  
Suffering with the loss of their  
Loved ones.

War is one brother fighting against another.  
In the end,  
Nobody wins.