

# Grass

*Zachary Riley*

the white shirts  
sit at desks  
answering letters  
pushing papers  
wishing they knew  
how to use a welder  
or an angle grinder

the blue collars  
walk around  
drilling holes  
dirt covered  
dreaming of  
hot coffee breaks  
and lunch meetings

the grass appears greener  
on the other side  
of the fence  
but why  
does anybody want grass  
and why does everybody  
have a fence?