

Wild Grasses

By Cheryl Freier

(Excerpt for Website)

www.TheGraylingHiddenTruthPoems.com

Within the eternities of our present time: the happenings that will become our past, when traveling through many miles of the pristine perimeter of the great Slovakian forest, there are sounds that we hear. These are free, natural sounds, not crying, not gasping for breath; many times these echoing, reverberating sounds and repeating sounds are welcome and could be heard over and over and over again. And it was a grand opera to our ears. If we closed our eyes, we could hear our own familiar sounds: the sounds of the horses and the wagons. We could hear the sounds of the newfangled cars sputtering as they passed by the houses. We could hear the hustle and bustle of people going to work to their trades, to their offices, to their business, to their shops. We could hear the sounds of children laughing and talking as they walked to school. We could hear the sounds of prayer from the local synagogue and from the local churches. The sounds of prayer were always heartwarming. All the sounds were always welcome and indeed a respite from the other side of the mountains where the sounds were from cannons balls, rifles' bullets, grenades landing in the middle of fields and exploding.

Just once and a while the sounds of the wild would come dauntingly and shockingly loud; and all at once and given the odds per chance and the pace of falling rocks from the surface crests of the mountains, there would be an avalanche undoubtedly followed by: and its own identifying sound of one rock falling and falling and then another and then more falling and many other rocks falling until there was a landslide of rocks falling and a very loud eardrum overwhelming bang sound, dulling the sense down for moments until the eardrum and its brain connections had its moments to reignite its

natural connections in humans, in bears, and in all of the animal habitat of the tall mountain chain of Slovakia; even the tall grasses caught their breath and stopped shaking dizzily and bent softly with the winds.

But still this sound was no where as fearful as the sound of children crying in the streets, abandoned, as there parents were taken to the gas chambers. The sound was nowhere as fearful as the perceptions and sounds that all people, young children and older grandparents conceived in their minds of a truck door slamming closed and then the bars slamming shut and then the motor of the truck racing to a land beneath the earth and beneath the sea level, and the smell and impermeable blasts of gasoline odors, and the starling and loud, and scary sound of the horn of the truck. Scarier was the indecent words spoken between the driver and the soldiers up front.

One of the more distinguishable, although relatively soft sounds is from the tall, wild grasses could be heard swooshing back and forth. The wild grasses flowed with the drift of the wind and followed the path of the mandates of Mother Natured like all of the creatures in the world created by G-d; even though the cold weather of the winter had arrived a few weeks sooner than expected, some of the grasses had not turned color to the typical wilted, pale tan and then sort of faded away.

It was still warm enough to easily tear the green leaves off from the top and chew on them, spit them out or swallow them, or eat them with a piece of fish. It was really quite tasty and nutritious too. An occasional worm was found leafing through the top soil, but that was all right too, because it showed normalcy! The worm was going through the natural process of softening up the earth so that more roots could take hold and that more plants could grow. And once in a while when there was no other food, a

worm to chew on was not that bad. It was tasteless, but not that bad. Life was hard and the choices of food were not very many, but starvation was worse. The grasses, when you got used to the taste when chewing them well, they were kind of, well, they almost tasted, like dandelions. And, yes, the wild grasses, grow and grow taller and taller and spout on the very top their seeds and this becomes their spring grains. The grains are the essence, the meaning behind so many of our important prayers. We knew we could eat the seeds from the wild grasses. We did not become sophisticated enough to learn how to make our own bread. We did not have the patience to learn how bread is made.

It was nighttime and the glare of the moon was our only light, and we were lucky because the moon lighted up our spirits as well as dissipating all of the darkness around us. . All three of us, Joseph, and Martin, and Samuel had set out to catch some of the grayling fish. It took them a while to find the lake. Joseph noticed a shadow behind some of the boulders and he said to his sons: “could be my eyes. Maybe I am mistaken. I do not hear any unusual sounds. I am tired. But, best if Sam went home to look after Anna and the family. Martin and I will do the fishing or we will hunt for some food. Sam said, “Are you sure Pop?” Joseph answered, “Sure Sam, you will come along next time”. “But what about bringing along a grayling fish, some wild berries, or some of the wild grasses, or wild mushrooms?” Sam asked. “You know Sam, you have a point. Why don’t you go on ahead of us; put together a fishing pole; and we will join you as soon as we can.” Joseph said. Sam nodded his head and said, “Okay Pop”. Joseph told him, “We are going to circle around and scout the area—maybe look for a rabbit too.”

Sam hurried along, but aware that his father had seen a shadow. He asked himself the question, “What could the shadow have been? If the shadow were Nazis, they would

have shown themselves. If it were a pack of wolves, you would have heard some howling? It simply has to be someone or something else. Sam rounded the bend like a wild wolf in a hurry and he stopped with a halt of his shoes, making his feet a little tired from the bumpy terrain. He was startled at the beauty of the lake, its medium color blue mixed in with splashed of white waves and gray and brown rocks halting its path upwards to the main channel of the river. There in front of him was the sight of a treasure: a Jerusalem of its own----perhaps not the wonder of religion or the revelation of its spirits, but it was the essence of the phenomena of nature and creation.

He, Sam beheld in his eyes a visualization and perception, a Devine perfection in the formation of the lake-----its color, its ripples and water rushing over rocks; the algae living under the surface; the wild grasses that thrived and seemingly understood what was going on with all the surrounding habitat. The lake was surrounded by sandy terrain where frogs hopped; grasshoppers looked for ants; and other bugs searched for their prey; beetles encroached up and down and in and out of the top of the surface of the soil, making the soil soft, rich fodder for the distant seeds of wild flowers that blew from yonder and landed on the sandy shores of the lake.

Within the spotted sandy openings the tall grasses grew and surrounded, easily, the perimeters of the lake. Sam could see someone had left a box and a long fishing pole. Same used the fishing pole and dug for his own worms, and fished for a grayling fish. It was not long before there was a jerk on the line of the fishing pole. Sam knew to outwit the grayling. He took it slow. He let the grayling get tired out. He moved back on the sandy shore very slowly, but held onto the fishing pole with a tight grip; then he stopped moving backwards because he knew that he would probably have to go into the water to

hit the grayling over the hit with the pole to stop it from fighting; he was going to wait and see; he pulled at the line, which was made out of then branches woven together. For a moment, he asked himself the question, will the rope of twine hold, then he answered himself, “oh, yes, it will”, but then the end of the rope was just about out of the water and yes, he could see the face of the grayling fish emerging out of the water. Sam could see that the fish was choking on his hand-made worm and hook, but that it was trying to dive back into the water. Sam thought, “If only this rope will hold, and, yes, I will take a chance, and he gave one final thrust and he pulled and thrust the pole with the fish out of the water. All of a sudden the fish jumped as high as it could. It wiggled and wiggled and tried so to get free in that moment when it was high up in the air. Then suddenly, with that very last bust of strength, it dove right into the lake. Sam was ready for that. He knew not to let go of the pole. He pulled and pulled and tugged and tugged. He could still feel the tension on the rope. When he could see the grayling fish close to the edge of the lake, he walked in quickly. With his deft hands, he swung the pole with precise aim at the head of the fish. The fish stopped fighting. Sam looked at the fish with respect. He wrapped it up in leaves, many leaves, and even one large mushroom that he could find that looked edible. He hooted his bird call sound twice to tell the others that he was going to the cave. He was on his way to the cave with the fish. He had a meal for Anna and the children and himself. He was proud of himself. He did not know it at the time, but there were two eyes watching him.