

SUSAN GRIMM

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Undergrowth Near Hessler

Between the fence and the bushes. The backyards on our left.  
We squeezed under the unblossoming branch (February). Maybe  
forsythia or hazel with its half hoop that would yet be green. The fence  
was metal, temporary. Lunchtime and the crane operator curved  
his claw above. That little back way by Hessler Street. A tiny piece  
of country, of no concrete, 100 feet from Euclid Avenue. Switch me  
my switch to the mud and ruckus of tracks. No glove weather  
behind the red brick and stout old brown. In one of the backyards  
two plastic chairs awaited spring. Avenues have their straight lines  
and their canopy of trees arching. Here leaf cover would be  
like a broken umbrella. A way to chicken coops or love trysts.  
Back ways. Backyards. The same mud for a thousand years.



## ABOUT SUSAN GRIMM

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Susan Grimm is the author of *Almost Home* (Cleveland State University Poetry Center 1997), *Lake Erie Blue* (BkMk Press 2004), and *Roughed Up by the Sun's Mothering Tongue* (Finishing Line Press 2011). Her work has appeared in *Blackbird*, *The Journal*, *The Cortland Review*, *Seneca Review*, and *Tar River Poetry*. She earned an MFA in poetry through the Northeast Ohio MFA consortium (NEOMFA) and teaches creative writing part-time at the Cleveland Institute of Art. She also occasionally teaches classes for Literary Cleveland. She lives in Cleveland, Ohio, and can be found online at *The White Space Inside the Poem*.

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