

## Journey of Wild Grassroots

—In Sympathy with the Anti-Capitalist Occupiers—

When autumn comes  
Let me discover my roots as a blade of grass  
In the wild grass commune.

In woods when trees start shedding their leaves;  
In prairies when cattle lose their taste for grazing;  
On the roadside when men stop mowing:  
We shall be free, wild in the open air.

As grassroots we enjoy our common ground.  
Together we lie down on the earth to look out.  
Our soul is soil.

In the sound of waves from distant mountains  
The sight of moonbeams from deep oceans  
The smell of violent wind from empty sky  
We recall our journey as a blade of grass.

As a raindrop, a cloud, morning mist;  
A tree, a flower, moss or a rock  
As a bee, a dragonfly, a June bug or an earthworm  
So we roamed the world endlessly.

So many beings, so many lives in a single blade of grass!  
So many blades in the grass family,  
So many grassroots to preserve topsoil, protect our wild “earth household.”

Hundreds and thousands of uncommon grassroots  
linked underground in solidarity and harmony with all beings!

In the changing landscape of red, yellow and pale gray  
Thinking blades indulge a pensive mood.  
Feeling blades evoke strong aspirations in the Bodhi heart of the Dharmaworld.  
Where neither coming nor going, not even staying,  
Mountains sail out in the Milky Way and earthworms travel on Interstate highways.

When autumn departs  
my reincarnation is complete.  
Barren leaves and the receding notes of crickets put my “interbeing” into oblivion.  
It was occupied, now liberated, after a visit to the outhouse.  
So long to my beloved underdogs!  
When spring comes grass will grow green!

— Samu Sunim