

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **The greener grass**

by Marge Piercy

Most cats I've lived with always  
think another cat who shared  
the same can is getting something  
better. We put down plates

in front of each and they switch.  
Why is it people imagine other's  
possessions, luck, lovers, life  
is to be envied? Envy is useless.

We never know what goes on  
in other's homes, work, sex.  
We make up fantasies we then  
crave. Us mammals can be silly.

It's like on Facebook when  
folks post photos, text about  
wonderful beach vacations  
when it rained every single day.

We hide our secret wounds,  
our disappointments in bed  
and table. We are all holding  
bright masks before our faces.