

The Other Side

Some say the grass is always greener on the other side
But I was always told that this was false.
So, I had never even bothered to look at the other side.
I know the grass on my side is the greenest there is.
Even in the winter, it shines bright green
The grass is soft to my feet and free from weeds.
Animals never dig it up or destroy it.
It never grows uncontrollably or dies.
However, one day I was curious and looked at the other side's grass.
I found it was true that it was not as green as mine.
It was untamed, filled with weeds and had a dull brown-green color.
Despite this I was attracted to its wild beauty.
Colorful butterflies fluttered around the ugly flowers that were growing.
Some of the dirt was dug up from animals looking for food.
There was a sweet sound of birds swooping and singing as they gobbled seeds.
I decided that I liked this side's grass better than my own.
Although the grass was not greener on the other side, at least it was alive.

— *Matt McPherson*