

## Nelson Pohgline - Private Research

*May 15*

Today, as I was reading one more arduously boring lab report, I glanced out the window and saw a ray of light revealing one soft patch of glowing greenish-brown grass, heavily trodden and clearly suffering from dehydration and a lack of stimulated chlorophyll. I felt a sudden call to leave my work and dash off to see life crawling between its roots, and perhaps watch it come back to life in one luminous moment!

*May 16*

Yesterday, while en route to my car, catching the last few rays of sunlight that might escape from beyond the Pittsburgh sky, I passed by that luscious ... brownish-greenery... or greenish-brownery.. so sad. Well, I am not one to judge. I'm lucky if I manage two matching shoes in the morning... rather, afternoon... I may get to the lab a bit later than do most people, but it is even *later* when I leave.

*May 18*

How often I am distracted by the soft radiance of glistening grass, cool with wet dew – despite its misfortune of being located so close to a walkway – that I have come to a conclusion. My work cannot go on without my close attention to its devious little developments. I should forsake this obsession. I must choose to focus my attention.

*May 20*

I cannot focus my attention! I found a bit of unattended earth behind my apartment building. It is well lit, and does afford a good bit of fertile soil. I have stolen some sod from that miserable little patch outside my window at work – if all of it cannot be saved, by god some of it will!

*May 22*

The sod is slowly taking to its new home. Perhaps that is to be expected, I did not unpack my things in my apartment until I had been there nearly a year.

*May 26*

It has begun to take root! I can see color coming back to just a few forlorn blades. I hope that the disease of life will spread. It is so exciting to watch your children grow up. I know this is as close as I shall ever come to such an experience.

*May 27*

I've been so caught up, I haven't written; I'm starting to scare myself a little. I wake each day, sometime between 11am and 4pm. On my way to work, I find my body drawn to the small patch of grass behind the building. I spend hours sitting, staring, transfixed... They display a vibrancy that I did not think possible. I feed them fertilizer, a little water. Sometimes I speak to them in a hushed voice. The super who lives in the apartment below mine has caught me a few times when I have been singing. I shall have to be careful when her window is open. She also keeps the grounds around here, I should be careful of her.

*May 29*

I have been noticing, as I glance out my window each day, that cars sometimes stray from the nearby road, especially in the rain and at night. I mentioned to Mildred that such things have been occurring. She only grunted and reminded me of rent being due. I fear for the lives of my charges.

*May 30*

Today I did not go to work. I am sitting outside now in my lawn chair, sipping my razzmatazz kool-aid. It is so nice to feel the brisk autumn wind. As a poor miserable grad student, this is the best I can hope for.

*June 1*

Oh horror! I just went outside to whisper a brief "good afternoon" to my little friends, but to my dismay, they were no more! Pummeled to the earth by the super, that gnarled and despicable character, no doubt. Tears of grief fall to the page even as I write.