
Decay

I want to sleep a while beneath the autumn fog fallen leaves their vacant
fire over morning grass don't wake me don't tell me how the prudent man
grieves the loss of his top button how on his way to work the trains hit the
right switches at just the right time or how the toe of his shoe pivots in the dust

I've been alone a long time this year older now than I hope ever to be
again and this body as I understand it enters the ground slowly not all at
once not a burial but a becoming a coming into and I want to learn more
about this kindness the sky moving in from under the trees

it is not my age I know but probably that is how I have come to it grass
parting around the animal's body as it enters a field the fescue to which
despite its blindness the animal returns time after time stalking what it once
devoured in a dream what it does not know but knows of and is content to
spend its life pursuing

this is what the living do eat make death and undo it and given the
memories handed to us by those we've never met it is understandable this
appetite this bed of leaves entering the earth wholly and unseen