Mr. & Mrs. Compost

Bibio

Succulent, ready to be twisted off,
The leaves are warm and the stones are hot,
The distant houses seem to melt with the vast open glowing air,
The almost steaming ragged wood of the oak trunks and the sweating walk,
The ease of the wagging boughs,
Layering wavering shadows.A story tells me that there is a couple there,
Buried 'neath the twisted roots,
Older than the tree itself, older than the ruined farm,
They 1ived there in the wooden days,
When hands were tougher than a plough,
And will was stronger than the rafters of a house,
I also heard their dog is there,
Their bones are tangled in that tree,
Side by side and holding hands,
And that's the reason why that tree is beautiful.

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