

**Gillian McKee**

**De/composition**

What treasure may I unearth  
from the leavings of our lives  
as I compost their return  
to their elemental nature.

I am loathe to sort and screen.  
Give me the undigested eggshell,  
the pimpled skin of avocado peel,  
the cob of hollowed kernels,  
their tenacious husk.  
Though I must exorcise  
the fruit stickers,  
the bread tags,  
hold outs whose particles  
can never be reclaimed.  
Give me the weathered nub,  
the amputated stump of lettuce,  
the wizened tangle of banana's shed skin.

Who knows what may burst forth  
from this messy amalgam  
as it transforms  
from food to  
waste to  
soil to  
seed to  
food again.

I pitch fork and spade  
I seed and sprinkle  
with optimism.  
What opportunity might emerge  
from this lumpy miracle  
of fertile ground  
I have half decomposed  
half created?

I prepare the ground  
cast the seed  
with little plan  
or expectation,  
trusting the plantings  
and the turnings  
to compose a well grown life.