



“No manure – no magic” is the conclusion protagonists in the film “I Heart Huckabees” (2004) arrive at when considering what grows from the drama of human trouble and the interconnection of drive and desire, as both ‘fantastic’ and ‘nothing special’. They recognize multiple philosophical positions seemingly in conflict are necessary to reach their broader insight, a belief which transcends the positions alone. Simply put, there’s magic in the compost.

Compost embodies my philosophy succinctly. It exemplifies the multidimensional interconnecting systems I experience. Compost is life and death. It's one and many things. It's all phases of matter (solid, liquid, gas) coexisting. It blows and calms my mind. Compost is the cosmos and a heap I tend in my garden.

I love this compost heap. It's my labour of love, connecting me to something greater than myself. It consists of remnants from foods past, consumed by the household culture creating it. By-products of meals prepared, moments shared; it tells a story in crumbs left behind.

It contributes to the fecundity of the land it dwells; as time passes, matter breaks down in the compost heap, generating rich soil that becomes part of the landscape I design.

Acrid, earthy, musty, sweet, floral; the compost heap is a bouquet of birth and decay, emitting aromas that evoke senses and primordial understandings, words cannot contain.

I heart compost. Like my mascot Marjorie the Trash Heap, a sentient compost pile in “Jim Hensen's Fraggles” (1983-1987) says, "I'm orange peels, I'm coffee grounds, I'm wisdom!".



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