

Keeper of the Compost
by Ashley Loe

A small hill of dirt sits against the fence,
Egg shells, orange peels, bok choy stems,
Throw glimpses of color onto the rotting, days-old decay:
My mother's pride and joy, the secret to her enchanting garden.

I tell her that, in addition to her green thumb,
She sports a shriveled, blackened pinkie.
Her response: Girlish laughter and glowing pride,
Head thrown back, shovel forgotten.

She revives the earth,
And breathes life back into death,
Turning scraps into wonders of breathtaking beauty,
And reawakening the earth to live again.

My mother smells of freshly mowed lawn,
Of fragrant, heady roses,
Of damp potting soil, and occasionally, a whiff of manure
All heaped into a mound of new beginnings.

She is a mother of nature,
A keeper of compost.