

## Mulch by the Scoop

21 June 2022

I am living in the country again,  
back after a long sleep,  
and I wonder (at times like this)  
what that highway is doing here,  
near to the place that sells mulch by the scoop.  
It is part of the landscape now  
(we forget but have signs to remind us)  
though we don't embrace it  
where we are all cow, horse, and buggy.  
But do we, too, not love machines and their progress?  
We use them to market our mulch by the scoop  
and to haul it and bring it home,  
and to heat those homes and to light them  
and to plug in to our wider world.  
Yet mulch by the scoop *enchants* us  
with the call of the earth and convenience,  
the call of abundance and freedom from pain.  
I have known of no earth like this,  
unless broadcast by LED lights on a neon sign,  
yet my heart knows these things must remain.  
We are proffering mulch by the scoop.  
Will you come over highways and see?