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Bed of Soil

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Bed of Soil

Madelene Przybysz

Come find me here upon the ground
With bones, hollow and breaking
With a heart, crying and aching
There is no use for standing.

I am here
and

I am cold.

Gazing up but seeping through the cracks below.

Come find me here,
Half old and decaying
A hole in my ribcage
Where maggots grow

In the soft sweet soil, I make my bed
Returning to the earth
From where I began.

Come find me here upon this land
Where nothing is lost, and nothing will end.
For here I am,
Here I will stay,

If you choose to look for me now,
Come find me here upon the living ground.