

Bill Siverly

## Turning Compost before the Next Administration Begins

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I fork in decomposing leaves like rough drafts.  
I fork in layers of chips reduced to coarse dirt.  
I dribble powdered nitrogen to stimulate decay.

By late March my compost bin bakes a rich loaf  
packed with energy for growth.  
Garden mounds can't wait to feed.

Grandfather soil, you need a full meal:  
Scarf up tomes of dead ideals,  
chow down weasel words and lies.

By June, seed potatoes dine on compost cake.  
Greedy tubers wash it down with water and light,  
become small suns for humans to consume.

I fork in grief for all who died by Trump.  
I fork in raw hope for those who need food.  
Powers that be: You know how people are starving.