

Collecting

Remember the stench that comes with growth and death
Creeping moss and blowing dried leaves
A collapsed hollow log crawling with critters, doesn't creek, it hisses and crumbles.

The shadow collecting the loss, gathering it up, growing,
Like a snowball rolling down a hill
But slower
And the sound, like a blanket

Going

Collecting,
Breathing detritus
And the goo

Remember how the light hits it
How it moves
It feels like taking away
Calming and frightening

-Angela Lopez