

## Decomposition

The vultures have returned.  
A black shadow over my form  
Pulls my gaze upwards,  
Dark wings on blue sky.

I yell 'WELCOME BACK!'  
To the heavens  
And wave like a child,  
A smile on my face  
For the first time in ages.

I love the carrion eater -  
who hovers at the space between worlds.  
Holiest of birds.  
Would that he break open my chest  
And eat the dead parts of my heart.  
The dried-up sinew,  
The valves that no longer pump.

I want to decompose in the belly  
Of the earth.  
Devoured by vultures  
A fruitful plane for fungi -  
Scavenged by creatures  
With feathers and claws  
Or exoskeleton  
And hyphae.

I want my bones to return to  
Stardust.  
I want my blood to run through  
The xylem of a Sycamore tree.  
I want every tear I ever cried to fill  
The dry river beds of a dying land.

I want my breath to be carried on the wind  
To every careless ear,  
Bidding them to remember the  
Sacredness  
    Of  
    Life.

The vulture does not look down,  
But circles again.  
I feel lighter for a moment.  
Like air under feathers.  
Like death itself.  
Gentler, always, than  
man.