

# COMPOST

The compost bin is filled with rot—  
Old table scraps that vermin got.  
They chew, digest and defecate  
This garbage for a garden date:

Stale crusts of bread, used coffee grounds,  
Cold soup where fetid smell abounds,  
Leftovers spoiled and food gone bad,  
In mold and wormy droppings clad.

The nauseating stench is foul—  
It renders shov'ler's face a scowl  
To sniff those strong disgusting reeks,  
as rottings reach their putrid peaks.

When decomposing piles are turned,  
Recycling work's reward is earned,  
And fuming refuse in a heap  
Becomes the harvest tillers reap!

— *David L. Hatton, 1/29/2020*