

forget-me-not

i think it would do me good
being buried

clumps of dirt in my lungs
mushrooms
growing from my pores
post-putrefaction

'hebeloma aminophilum'

worms
making their homes in my eye sockets
crushing weight on my chest
soothes me to slumber
damp dark waterlogged
soil - constricting yet

comfortable. footsteps above
cataloguing lichen sprung
from my corpse a sort of
scientific curiosity

'letharia vulpina?
or maybe a type of parmelia,'

root me in place
tangled white veins drink

feed from my garden