

The Gardener

©by Jane Campbell

When I die, please bury me
in this orchard full of fruit trees.
Plant me like the cherries,
apples and plums I grew.
Don't box me up but lower my limbs naked
in an earthy shroud down in the rich brown soil.
Watch me bloom in the dark
towards a million wormy mouths who
recast every fold into a feast for fungi.
Let Gaia's grains absorb me back to her stores.
My body yearns to be compost,
free again to drink clouds from spring rain,
to be bark, branches, buds, leaves,
part of plum, cherry and apple too,
for I shall be the garden then
and the gardener will be you.