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There is Mulch Here

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THERE IS MULCH HERE

ELEUTERIO PACHECO

There is mulch here.
It lies at the base of a stump,
And keeps invasive weeds away.
Though a few pesky plants sneak
into the light,
They too will fall in time.

There are scraps here.
Scraps of a fallen giant that lived in
the way.

And when its cousins spring into
the new light,
They have but a moment to honor
their friend.

There is a mad man.
Who gazes at nature and sees
a soul.
He weeps for mulch and
repurposed wood.

And praises such a common thing
as weeds.
Then berates others for caring little
for the meaning of mulch.