

DANIELLE HANSON

## Compost Still Lives

I.

Built on a foundation of coffee grounds,  
like morning,  
followed by banana peel,  
it rises with layers  
of circular orange  
rind, white inside and curving  
upwards toward feathery  
onion and garlic skins, so easy  
to balance, so ready to  
climb sky at the slightest invitation  
of wind, upwards toward egg  
shells, the continued curve, circular motion of  
hawks and an afternoon  
storm of tea bag, seeping  
through layers, reminding  
them of their bodies of  
dirt, where the building begins  
in earnest with  
chard stems, zucchini  
tops, sagging  
flowers, monument to home.

2.

Within a square vase  
is a spiral, a twisting  
up through an atrium,  
a coffee ground floor.  
The useful remains of

the used, an offer to  
earth's capitalism, fu-  
ture turnings through  
insect stomach, spun  
to aerate and stir. Soil  
entrepreneurs twisting  
through trash, through  
cogs of coming crops.

3.  
The foundation is coffee. It's important  
to wake up for life. The white-orange

mask of an orange curls into the ground,  
mindless mid-morning snack. Avocado and

egg shells curve around emptiness, what used  
to be and used to be alive. The pile gains momentum

but loses its beauty at dinner, paper wrappings of  
garlic and onion, zucchini and carrot remains, castaways

of radish and chard. A good meal is the culmination of an  
empty day, every day a still life in quarantine.