

DANIELLE HANSON

Compost Still Lifes

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 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.