

## Compost

Helen Moore, [www.natures-words.co.uk](http://www.natures-words.co.uk)

*'The Dharma is like an Avocado!  
Some parts so ripe you can't believe it'*

*from 'Avocado' by Gary Snyder*

It was turning time,  
and from the shed  
where Wood Mice ride out Winter,  
I took the weathered fork,  
rolled up my sleeves,  
set to work.  
It always intrigues me to see  
what becomes of carrot-flaps,  
squeezed-weary bags of tea,  
daily coffee grounds  
(though they already look like soil),  
or hair balls teased from bristles of a brush.  
Even the regular peaks of egg-boxes,  
and the pea-green boats that float  
the soft-soap, pistachio-flesh  
of Avocadoes,  
are reduced to sweet sugo sauce –  
a fine tilth, like positive thoughts.  
Yet what of that 'great, big round seed':  
surely it remained hard, intractable?  
Once I scooped one out,  
potted it in the garden centre's best,  
then set it in the Sun,  
and watered it from time to time.  
It never budged;  
but that turning day another came to light,  
curled amidst the warming heap  
where Springtails, Moulds and Protozoa  
perform their transmutation.  
The seed had split through the middle,  
lay naked as a pair of cream-skinned buttocks  
sprouting a wild, green tumescence –  
like my own Buddha Nature  
rising from the layers of my mind.

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