

# Dirt

I am dirt  
I come from it  
I feel like it  
I walk on it

I fall down onto the dirt  
And sink and prey  
For the dirt to take me back  
Take me to where it is peaceful and cool and I can sleep  
And spill out all I am  
Let me drip down into my source that I may be whole...again?  
Please let the dirt take me back

This dirt will recreate itself someday  
And perhaps its new form will have better luck than me  
Let me someday be part of a tree  
A big oak that lasts a thousand years for all to see  
And grows up high and tall  
To look down upon it all  
Let the dirt separate and sift into a sunflower  
Or a worm...or anything but me  
Let the dirt be  
Anything but me

John Morell

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