

Decay

Fresh, new life,
A colourful display of nature and creation,
Pushes up from underneath the earth.
Nature takes over the wreckage of man's production,
A reclamation of what was once lost to greed and the construction of mankind.
From the decay of one life comes the beauty of another,
The smells of sugary, fried carnival delights
slowly overtaken by that of the forest's sweet aroma.
What remains of the shimmering strings of lights are engulfed by the bright lights of stars in
the smooth blanket of the midnight sky,
So quiet that not even a mouse dares to move across the leaves on the forest floor.
Homes are made from the shells of the past's fond memories,
The inhabitants happy to live within the joyful moments of another.
From the beauty of earth's decay is in the rebirth of precious life- nothing is ever lost,
But reworked into another's story, anew.