

## Compost Bin

I moved the can of compost,  
the tea leaves, onion skins,  
the brown ends of celery,  
from the kitchen counter  
to the frozen front porch.  
I was hoping to stop the life cycle of  
Drosophilae, the fruit fly,  
before feeding the rotting mess  
to my beloved composting worms.

And then the distraction that  
is always at my shoulder.

Three hours later,  
after the long, calming  
hike through the snowing woods,  
I notice the frozen can.  
I had left the lid off.  
Now there is a banana peel  
daintily placed to the side.

A thank you note,  
written carefully in the snow,  
lets me know who  
has helped themselves  
to the goodies.

Raven,  
wearing black satin  
and pearls,  
could see,  
or smell,  
the invitation.

Wing tips show  
her arrival spot,  
and regal footprints  
show her departure.  
What beautiful footwear!

It looks more like  
afternoon tea

than Halloween treats.

What was covered  
by that banana peel?

What was the most

Intriguing sweet

that was the best offered?

No need to dig.

If I knew,

I would be tempted

To offer more.