

It is that time of the year, when the winds of ice calm
And the sweet grasses, devoured by deer, act as security, a pillow, a balm
When the howling rains and lingering frost
Cling for winter, to cracked window panes, all things asleep grow foggy, lost
When the ground is swept with watery fingers, the mud is kept
So the denizens linger
Among them, the conquerors, who dwell in sharp stupor
The beetles, the larvae, and the generous worm, nestled in soil, heart a loyal trooper
It is the worm who ponders in thought, whose sinuous and soft being lags
Into a slimy, endearing knot
Not a creepy crawler, not a limping stutterer, but a gentle drag
When the spring rains fall and the songbirds sing
And the mud is kept and the grass is wet
Only then will the worms take wing to migrate west, past all known threats
Of looming steps and badly groomed pets
Crushed underfoot, with no intent
What reward is this, to owe but a debt? To be trampled asunder, reduced to a dent
Ingrained in ratty, crunchy, turmoiled ground so none remains but this:
Tattered ribbons of flesh, drowned, swept away, but not to bliss
A travel challenged with that of death, red of blood, white of shed skins
Spilling on the banks of the River Lethe
Nothing exists here; no family, no gentle drag, no washed away sins
The worm's corpse will remain here, dragged and smeared 'cross eager shoe

Year after year after year after year, becoming a very unusual stew
Softening to plumpness on dew-touched dawns, crisping and browning by a midday sun
Then finally, becoming a death-turned bronze, like a side of roast, long overdone
The wind will take it from the stones, drifting to settle in the briny deep
Or nesting in the fence grasses, amidst bones...or perhaps already in final sleep
When the rains cease and the skies do clear, the ferns and fronds will carpet the mud
Hiding new colonies of traveling worms, here and there
For the migration has passed - but none forget the elders' blood
Not in vain, or spite, or because they were pawns to the Great Worm Migration - which, every
year, lives on.