

Outhouse

The only chair with a hole in it,
you name me *throne* for my power:
built before the cabin's begun,
home to spiders and wasps
and shadowy bears in the night,
the one call no-one can ever refuse,
no matter how late or dark.
All manner of daytime cover-ups
are exposed on my redolent heap,
many an indulgence paid for.
Oh you wriggle and squirm
at the thought of my eye
cocked at your bottom side!
But in my way, I'm discreet.
Dirt and disease are quickly cooked
by my rich bacterial tribe
into a useful soup.
And the trees grow a little taller,
the jack-in-the-pulpit thrives.

So deny me if you want to.
Set me back in the shadows,
grimace when you lift my lid.

But remember, along with philosophy
and politics and poetry,
you live to service me.
Mine is the lasting treasure
of all your bright songs and fine lies.