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## The Last of the Firewood on a Cold Dark Day

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## BRUCE TINDALL

### *The Last of the Firewood on a Cold Dark Day*

In the decay at the bottom of the wood-ward,  
margin where dead fuel falls into fertile earth,  
life's inheritance survives winter:

pill bugs curl, worms cast, termites digest,  
Bess-beetles hide and chew and feed their larvae,  
keep watch, and hiss at anything disturbing --

to frighten, warn, call help, lament? Some reason  
passed down from birth to birth to this frosty day;  
still, some say the hiss makes nothing happen.