

I love the smell of worms

the size of hot asphalt
drenched with sweet rain

I would skip through puddles
muddy with my bare feet
taking my shoes off
leaving them to become wet

and the worms would crawl
over the sticky tar like some
pilgrimage vast and undaunted
as I'd crouch in the rain
my hair damp against my face
serene as an unknown god
gazing over their struggle
I'll always remember
the scent of darkened earth
the sacrifice of worms
pure and musty to my breath
and how the rain
would always smell like
worms