

## *Grim Reaper*

CARL BEAUCHAMP

It's only natural  
A black gown  
And sharp sickle

For one who sucks  
Dry the juice  
From sagging skin

To fill the farm  
With rows  
Of carrion,

But not yet  
You reaper  
Of decayed crop,

I'll be ready  
In the time it takes  
A worm

To eat the world.