

Wckr Spgt, Elegant Dirt Part Ii

The dirt is soft, the air is clean.
the lawn is growing nice and green.
The ditch is undetectable.
No one can see my memory placed in a hole.
If I need to remember again,
I've got my plough and nothing more.
Instead, I'll plant a hedge nearby.
Something to take root and grow.
But with my luck, it'll probably die.