**Timelapse Footage by Thomas Larner**

From fading hair, the colour of rust,  
The snout wrinkles in slight disgust,  
Jaw slides back to a toothless grin,  
As flies jostle for space within  
The eyeless hollows, that still give out  
Daylight, from behind the stout  
Declining body;  
As if it’s rearing back to pounce  
On some unfortunate bird or mouse.  
But he sinks back to earth,  
Infinitely curls inside himself,  
Feebly smirks as if mistook-  
As if ashamed of how he looks,  
To greet the great hereafter,  
And the grass shaking with silent laughter.