**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.