

On Composting and Grief

It's a dumb thing to grieve about, but a couple weeks ago, I realized that our household had to stop composting. I used to compost when I lived in Boulder, and it was super easy - we had a compost dumpster at the end of our cul-de-sac, and we'd just take our little compost bin down a couple times a week, before it got too gross.

Once we moved to Louisville, we would store compost in a bag (or pizza box, or some other compostable container) and I would take it into the middle school where I work at least once a week.

And like I said, it's a dumb thing to grieve, but now that we're under a statewide shelter-in-place order, and the compost was piling up in the garage and the temperature outside is getting warmer, I tried to figure out how to compost or where to take my compost, and I couldn't come up with something that would also keep my household safe. So, all the compost we'd been storing in the garage went into the trash. And since then, we haven't been composting. When I throw something in the trash that should be composted, I still notice it, though. And I think that loss of something "normal" in my life turned into grief.

I believe that this grief, while I've called it "dumb" twice so far in this musing, speaks to a larger grieving that I am going through, but don't know how to address. So much of our daily life has been upended, that I think going through the grieving process is important, but it has been hard to find a concrete way to feel that grief. I imagine that as I find ways to express this grief, even if my brain classifies it as "dumb", that that "dumb" grief will actually help me move through these hard times, move past them, and move forward.