Pox & Pestilence

Among the numbered to go
Are the weak and the slow.
Nature suffers no bounds
In culling the herd
Despite what you've heard
Making its circuitous rounds.

Any gardener who grows
And every husbandman knows
What lives can only but thrive
If some part of it dies.
'Tis neither magic nor lies;
Only the chance to survive.

2021