

Neive Pity

Glossy marketing on wet cardboard

Snow fell here too.
Just a light dusting though.
A coating of puffy dreams;
A bright stormy day.

It's like we live somewhere
else, someplace special.

Our toaster-oven died last night.
It was sudden. The thing just collapsed
Right there on the floor, doing what
it loved best, heating up corn muffins.

Even the garbage trucks
Rolling down the street
Appear the very model of
Americana at Christmas.

Young people taking away
The packaging of new toys
and tossing decay bags of the once special,
The once brand-new into compacting jaws
of what damp future awaits us as an inevitable when.

We are all trash waiting to be carted away
In green-gold trucks to sugar coated skiffs.