

Menagerie of Trash

by Jennifer Redmond

Everything resembling life could be summarized
By what had been disposed of in the garbage can.
The cellophane now purposeless,
Scraps of poison, lead, and
A broken high heel from the night before.

As if a monster of goo could be born
from a mound existing for a short time,
like a shadow, a charade.
Mixing together in some melting pot until each piece,
once deemed a necessity, lost its own identity...
Until taken to the city dump, it would never be truly
Eliminated in a world of isolation.

The heap that visibly sat there,
in its own repulsive refuge, of
nothingness that had become something,
a symbol hounding and reminding time of the
duties to be done, and
those not yet fulfilled,
those to never be undone.
All contained into a mundane, plastic parameter.

Its existence determined by its culmination
piled high to the sky,
Never knowing the meaning of cry or smile,
Its existence determined by figures,
The physical clutter taking up space.
Peanut butter sandwiches,
Sticking to everything, not letting us forget
It hadn't been eaten.

Like the file of a memory chip in a computer,
Operating as a mechanism designed for the future
When the only things existing were
The present and the past.
As if eliminating it all would rewind the clock,
Or foretell of the inevitable with some recognition,
Oh, the feelings an overflowing
Trashcan triggers.