

## Trashed

Aren't our lives messy enough  
without this meddling March wind?  
    Paper and plastic swirl like kites  
        launched from Monday recycle bins.

Our daily habits co-mingle in the street,  
compare notes while piling up  
    on  
    storm  
    drains.

Who drinks all that  
    Gatorade Pulse?  
Which neighbor takes toast      with pure Irish butter?

There go the Sunday papers,  
    their bulk of ads  
        and circulars  
rolling  
    like  
        tumbleweeds  
            in acrobatic unison.

Some make it 'round  
    the corner,  
steeplechasingdownthehill  
        toward the inevitable  
    puddle.

Turned into trash after all.