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## Recycling

The tiny dogs yipped like rats at my feet  
Sorry your ceiling fell in  
I'll call him tomorrow

I went home and  
Recalled stranger places  
Her basement was  
Like a forgotten store  
Buried under its years.  
In dim light  
You can see  
Faces from the fifties  
Smiling at you like ghosts  
Enticing you to their wig shampoo.

But they will be consumed  
By dirt  
Or by yard sale.

Our forts were fed to sheep  
After hours of play.  
Scratchy hay was brushed from  
Our hair at night  
And its musty smell  
Removed from the wool  
But I can still smell it in my shirt.