

To my recycled friends

stuck like green arrows in a gyre,

I know you're tired

of my shit.

But we can compost and come to an agreement.

I'm sure of it.

I'd feel wretched to

never be a building

or former tin or an aluminum

bat

swinging. Homer

said, "We men are wretched things."

No, don't throw me away, again.

I'm left

blue as a city recycling bin.

Just say the word, and

I'll save every fragment.

Hoarding is harder than it seems,

though.

Homer said, "We men are wretched things,"

but I promise something more real.

—*Tim West*