

For the Recycling Bin  
Luke Jackson

Empty,  
I feel empty. However full I may be, the emptiness creeps  
like darkness on a fading candle at the end of its wick.  
I am the wax as it cools, its life fulfilled,  
never to hold light again. Like a fly in the  
vastness of an empty musty attic, flying aimlessly,  
bumping into dust covered sills and smear covered windows.  
Closed in. Simply  
left to die.  
Empty.

Watching,  
Forever I watch. My eyes locked onto you.  
How I wish to peel them away as old white paint  
on the side of a creaking log cabin. We are both filled  
with the things no one longer needs.  
But you.  
You are never filled with aimless tossing.  
You are filled by calculating minds.  
Minds that chose you. Minds that purposefully decide.  
Shame rises in me as I am given the scraps.  
The things you cannot use. The things you cannot transform.  
I sit, as though an old chest.  
Full of dolls with missing hair,  
action heroes with broken bones,  
books with missing pages.  
Toys that children long grown have long forgotten.  
Watching.

Disgusted,  
I am disgusting. I have no rules, no boundaries to my consumption.  
I gorge myself on all I am given. As the peasant  
digging through the slops,  
I crave the sophisticated delicacies of your royal feast.  
The crisp plastics and paper, crunchy and delicate.  
The perfectly crafted glass bottles, rich with curves,  
blessed with a symphony of subtle fruity notes.  
Such an eloquent banquet only exists in my fantasies.  
I think of these as I feed on cold messy wrappers.  
Soggy rinds of yesterday's fruit.  
Disgusted.

Angry,  
You may feel as if I am angry,  
though, I could never be.  
I stand in admiration of all you are. All I could never be.  
I may feign to be a lifeless candle.  
An empty attic.  
A fading cabin.  
An old chest.  
A peasant's dismal feast of scraps.  
But even these hold more glory than what I am.  
Forever in your shadow I will wilt.  
As the weed wilts beside the powerful roots of an oak.  
I know what I am.  
So, how could I ever be,  
Angry.

For I am only a can of trash.