

**Recycling** (A Prose Poem) by Marian K. Shapiro

Heads.

What to do with them?

Bodies disintegrate, more or less. If there are too many, we bury them in mass graves, or toss them into garbage trucks. I take their jewelry of course, before the executions, if there's time. The early bird, as they say. But even if there's only one on the chopping block, sometimes, there's just too much commotion (the cheering! the screaming!), so I play it cool til the crowd leaves. Gotta stay professional, don't look too eager for the stadium to empty out. Then, a solid thwack at the dead guy's wrist, take the hand with me, saw off that wedding ring at home. Always a good price for gold.

But the head –

after it's been severed, marched through the streets on a spike – what then? Dump it on the doorstep of the wife? the mother? the father? Mount it over the fireplace? The guys who do deer heads have the right tools for the job. Here's a thought – a bowling ball! The mouth and eye sockets for thumb and finger holes. Have to research how to make that work.

Something useful. That's the ticket. Think on it. All suggestions considered. Remember – recycling is the law. Let's set a good example for our children.

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