

the neighbor's garbage

the ravens have strewn the neighbor's garbage
across the dirt road

soggy bags and rotting vegetables
mixed with wads of duct tape and broken glass

buried in a heap of flour
is a plastic dildo under an egg carton

the underwear I lift with a stick
hangs heavy with syrup and rose petals

I know this is random material –
household flotsam –

but I now see my neighbors
in strange scenarios

I should clean up this mess
but instead I fling the underwear
onto a low branch

the ravens in the leaves above my head
chatter and cheer

the underwear looks like a melted face

let the next person passing by
stumble here
let them wonder

let them try
to make sense of this

from *blue wolf*