WARNING: I Brake for Plastic Shopping Bags

by Carl Santoro

There used to be a time
when the most graceful
part in a tree was it's branches.

As I drive around the island
this Spring I now see
instead of brown wood
oozing bright green buds...
weathered and torn plastic,

innocent butterflies of pollution
trapped and entangled,
hopelessly trying to
free themselves with the help
of the next breeze.

They call to me with
frantic waves and staccato twists.
Many times resembling
birds frozen in flight,
pierced by an unforgiving web.

April '94

Alan Watts: "For the adept in ZEN is one who manages to be human with the same artless grace and absence of inner conflict with which a tree is a tree."

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/carl-santoro/warning-i-brake-for-plastic-shopping-bags»*
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