

# 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."

