

Stomping the Big Ozarka Bottle Flat

by Gary Hardaway

Recycling makes me think
of bio-mass and critical mass
and mass extinctions
as my imaginary dolphin friend
chokes on the plastic rings
of a six pack.

I dream of benzene rings
and polymer shrouds
and endless coal fires
under earth.

Periclean Greeks
had no plastics
just littered the world
with tragedies.

