

# 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.

