

## GARBAGE HEAPS

I remember  
the blue and yellow triangles  
of the long-lasting milk.

They slipped.  
almost unnoticed  
into the *dukas*\* that were  
the unwitting agents  
of the global market:  
and into the villages  
where they  
replaced the  
strong warm goat's milk  
to welcome the foreign visitor.

But then,  
afterwards,  
they wouldn't go away,  
- the milk cartons, I mean,  
(though, perhaps you could say  
the same about the visitors) -  
but hung around the midden,  
at the edge of the village,  
refusing to return  
to the earth,  
the way things  
always had,  
because they were  
a part  
of life,  
and living.

Once there was no  
Away:  
everything was part of  
the cycle  
of seasons  
and births and  
deaths,  
that broke down  
and absorbed.  
Now the line is  
not clear,  
and things stay  
longer than they need,  
or are needed.

\**dukas* = shops

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