



I HEARD THE CRYSTALS SINGING

GARRET KEIZER

Friday is dump day. I tie up our trash
in a fifty-gallon corpse-size plastic bag,
heave it into the hatchback's maw, stuff cash
(four bucks) into my shirt and, before I gag,
open the windows. Eight miles to the brook
where the rail-thin minder waits, smoking a cig.
You wonder what he's paid and does he cook
for himself, ever sleep all night in his rig,
the one with the decal of a skeleton hand
flipping the bird. Today a compact parked close
to his perch, a woman at the wheel. A wand
seemed to touch the garbage, dispelling the gross
reek of the world. Its sadness broke like a blister
as he bent his head to hers. And then he kissed her.