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### Garbage Disposal

It's two in the morning,  
And aside from the mocking of periodic time by  
Honking geese just past the praying maple  
Trees, the only other being that seems to be  
Available for conversation is the  
Silence that awaits as you lean against the  
Chilled railing that overlooks the twisted  
Driveway as you attempt to collect your thoughts.

A dog begins barking,  
Just past the meditating trees,  
Echoing across the still pond that  
Seems to be waiting for the tan fish to  
Leap out from beneath before exploding  
Into ripples of excitement.

The canine is demanding your attention,  
Because he's witnessed your kind  
Before, and he just wants to offer  
His warning up into the atmosphere,  
So that maybe you'll look up into the sky  
And smell the insanity, and hopefully  
Return to the dreams that will let you  
Sleep in peace until sunrise, when the  
Static of the radio will expel what is left  
Of the worries you may have contracted  
Hours before in the cool air of the morn.

But occasionally,  
You're going to ignore the dog,  
Because it seems as though you adhere to its  
Prophecy every night, and for just once,  
You want to be punished for not listening,  
You want to know what it's like to think,  
To calculate the futility of life,  
To map out all of your fears and worries,  
As if they're bound to happen the next day,  
To list out all of your regrets,  
All of your embarrassments in life,

(No Stanza Break)

Like all of your unpaid debts to the loan shark,  
To list all of them out in chronological order,  
Reviewing the very worst events in your mind,  
Letting them play over and over again like a VCR tape,  
Almost imagining the scenes rewind before you each round,  
Almost imagining the screens becoming overcome by static lines,  
Representing an almost equally broken past.

The dog continues to yelp,  
Attempting to get a response,  
Waiting for you to give the signal,  
That you're still there,  
Trying to lead you out of the tunnel  
That you've purposely lost yourself in.

Your mind continues to spiral,  
Down into a bin filled with the  
Remains of what you typically toss  
Away so carelessly during the day.

But it's okay,  
Because after a while you'll be done cleaning  
And the dog will cease its pleas,  
And the trees will break from their  
Religious fervor as the radio  
Clicks on and  
There's some allure to being a  
Tragic hero  
Every once in a while.