

NEW WORLD RECYCLING

Jefferson City, Missouri

I am thrown up + out of a rust-chewed truck
+ told to be useful— *grab the bags fuck-*
face—
'cause this garage is tar-hot
+ you, *poor* you, slosh sweat down your jailbird-arms
(down a neck you let me kiss only sometimes).

C'mon fag you laugh + I stumble into the bed
for our bales of beer cans,
you slapping my ass
as I pour
my way across the sticky floor
for the conveyor (that great guzzler)
+ empty our empties into an aluminum-loud rush.

You make sure to feel up
the wet + warm plastic to pull off cans still stuck
with a soup-slurp. We drink
the sight of our collection
wilding up + over, fed
into some basket, some bird's nest,
to be weighed. + I smile (my mouth full of silver
+ salvage)
when you read *pounds, pounds,*
pounds,
+ the machine drools Mountain Dew-green into a blackout
pit,
where cans are crushed +
cubed. I smile
for it means money.
Money for cases—
cases + cases.