Soon Scrap Heap

Look at all that pollution over Tempe. The sky and the freeway one color: cement, like the fallen wheelbarrow skidded up against the barrier of the carpool lane coated in its own adhesive chalk, gray cough of commerce, of “growth,” the powder of delayed but certain obsolescence crusts its wooden handles, grooved and dry. Like everything here, dry enough (cracked, gaunt, reduced to some dwindling pith—) not being dust yet amounts to citizenship, still votes.

Oh! not everyone old is dwindling pith! Here we must depend on that. Retirees, the monsoons turned into haboobs, right? You remember, the creosote smell of the rain, the glaze—

Can I make the joke about white chickens?

Shall we just keep staring into the rearview mirror, the barrow upside down . . . oh look, the cops are stopping.