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VERSE IN PLACE

TERRY LUCAS

Recycling

I am wheeling the recycling bin down the driveway, the steep pot-holed driveway, eighteen percent grade—impossible for trucks to negotiate up through freighted foliage to our house. I am thinking about the plastic Arrowhead water bottles, broken down cardboard boxes, Ball Mason jars with a faint grape odor I am sending out into the world after having consumed their contents-I am wondering where they will go, if I will see them again, and if I would recognize them in an altered form or universe.

I am wondering about the day the wood pulp in the cardboard was conceived from a single photon of sunlight striking one green leaf of perhaps the greatgreat-grandmother of this eucalyptus tree or that balsam fir. And I am amazed at the thought of breathing in molecules of air, exhaled from plants, as well as from people dead for years—Darwin, Shakespeare, Whitman, Crane—swirling in my lungs, their embered words, unreadable heat signatures, along with the last breath sucked from the chest of some rapist on death row, a thief hanging on a cross by nails fashioned from iron smelted in a star gone nova over five billion years agothe same metal hammering through my veins, feverishly trying to get more oxygen to my legs as I walk back up the crumbling asphalt, loose gravel anting oceanward-mother ocean stretching up as tall as she can with every wave for a glimpse of her prodigal children returning home.

From *Dharma Rain* (Saint Julian Press, 2016) and *Marin Poetry Center Anthology* (Volume XIX). Reprinted by permission of the author.

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