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Trash Can

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Trash Can

By L. S. Viola

This morning the trash can spilled
into the yard
a rotting fish with mouth agape on
the sand
Eggshells, beer cartons, milk, orange
peels,
puked from its mouth while it eyed
me coldly

My roommate said it was the dogs
but I thought it must have been a
whale

It's your turn he gestured I did it last
time
I smiled and stuffed its scale rusted
torso with chicken bones
I kept a look out for the whale
to see if it had been to the neighbors
homes
but all their fish were neatly chained
through the gills to poles
and looking at me as if to say
You are a disgrace the way you treat
your fish