



# Trash

*Jennifer Hébert*

In the trash,  
envelopes, gum, and snot rags.  
Don't get a rash  
while searching in the trash  
for an earring, for a sparkling,  
for an inkling, for a feeling.  
What about the mystery;  
there is no misery  
while searching for a lost piece of trash.  
Make a dash  
to run and find that sash.  
Would it be trash or just a lost item?  
While your hand reaches,  
hope there are no screeches,  
in the trash can,  
there is a tall man.  
He appears and jumps out,  
never wanting to shout.  
Puzzled how a man finds a home  
in the midnight roam,  
in the trash.