

# The Insanity of Sanitation

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They're ashamed of autumn.  
They push it back to the fringes  
Of perception.  
Barely visible,  
It peeps out anyway  
At the neglections.  
They can't get to all of it.

Like a half-forgotten traffic ticket in a drawer  
It festers.  
Like a demon buried in layers upon layers of psyche  
It pricks.  
A whimper here.  
A scrape there.  
They can't leave it be  
Because it won't leave them.

But the streets are lovely,  
Dark and deep with tree salad.  
Why must it be cleared away?  
They do not approve of the customs of trees.

Every year a shedding.  
Every year a picking up.  
And so the war continues between man  
And the mother from which he came.  
Children may love but rarely  
Approve of their parents.