The Insanity of Sanitation

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.