Peter Arvan Manos writes and consults on renewable sources of electricity. His poetry has been published in the *New York Times* and in many poetry journals.
RECYCLING

He goes to the old landfill
to try to find the real dirt
and he digs in the sand
and he finds a tiny porcelain doll
and he places it safely off on the side
and he chooses a special place for a mulch pile
and he rakes many leaves up into the mulch pile
and he takes out the sticks
and he takes out the half-inch thick asphalt chips
and he doesn’t know where he should put them
and he takes some of them away with him
and he throws them out in the garbage
and he hopes they end up in a better place the second time around
and he stomps on the mulch pile
and he turns it upside-down to help it turn into the real dirt
and he returns to the same spot years later
and he mounds a mound out of the new soil
and he places the porcelain doll on top of it
and he plants a tree by the porcelain doll
and he never leaves the place for very long
and he ends up dying there
but no one knows but
softer and softer
in turn he turns in
earth with Earth's
grasp at last.
DAD’S WATCH

what i’m in is my back yard but it is a junkyard and i am walking through it hearing a caw and wondering what i am to do with all this junk and look up and see a seagull swooping to me and landing near me and i see the old self-winding gold omega wristwatch my father wore when he went all around the world in the merchant marines around the seagull’s long cylindrical body and i then get the thought that i could pawn off my father’s wristwatch and then (despite the praises my dad always gave seagulls repeatedly telling me—as if for the first time—that despite being junk birds seagulls were his favorite birds, given how without labor unwaveringly they’d hover so beautifully in the breeze) with my work boot i kick the bird’s watch off but as i reach for the watch suddenly jumping up onto my arm the seagull now has an eagle’s talons and latches onto my wrists like handcuffs and lifts me up unpredictably before i stand to be taken where i don’t know.