

Otoño
I am a dumpster.
People judge it by its encasing,
Rusted,
Places where the paint is cracked,
and peeled.
But, if they would take a chance to stop and look,
They would notice the spots that the sun,
shimmers off of,
The spots that look brand new.
They don't stop though,
They don't look.
They walk by,
throwing their trash in,
Not worrying how that affects it.
On the very top of the inside,
It is filled with the rancid aroma of fear and hate.
That is the only most people choose to see.
But every once and awhile,
hopeful people will walk by and stop to dig through,
Searching for something meaningful and pretty.
Digging deeply,
past the imperfections,
they find it and it delights them.
They use it up until they no longer find a purpose for it,
Then toss it back in.
But once,
just once,
A group of people will look past the rust,
and peelings,
And repaint it,
making it bright and
happy again.
But,
those people will walk away eventually,
Leaving the dumpster there where it will
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turn back into its original form.
Eventually there will be nothing left but rust.
People will cringe at the sight of it until
someone will cringe at it for the last time,
then get rid of it
Once
and for all.