

Celeste Haselrig  
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Boy, I hate humans. Every time I drop from the cold, careless hands of one of those walking, talking, littering rats, I shutter. A hot searing pain in my throat, like I'm trying to swallow an entire apple in one bite, consumes me. And as I drop to the ground I think "humans are the real garbage of this place." I speak to you from many mouths; I am all around you. So, look at me now! Crumbled and forgotten, on your nearest street and bins galore. When you see me, discarded and dismembered, you might step over over, on top of me, avoid me completely, and if you're smart, you might hold your nose to cast away my screaming smell. But whatever you do, please do not pick me up and throw me away. I am garbage and this is all apart of my plan to steal back the earth from which I came.

One man's trash is another woman's treasure, and that woman is my mother, Mother Earth. I have many faces and names but I come from only one place. All things begin and end with Earth. I often sunbathe on the ground, steeping in my own juices, billow in the wind, catch a ride on a truck, huddle in a can and acquire mass, or settle into a lawn. Before the arrival of my fleshy enemy, all organic waste returned and nourished the world from which it came. Plastic and rubber refuse to sink back into the soil to be devoured by the worms and animals beneath, yet both substances derive from non other than the Earth. Every substance I am made from comes from the Earth.

It bothers me not one bit to be disposed of, tossed aside, and completely discarded. All things can become trash and all living things will someday die. Though what I refuse to endure is

restrictive decomposition due to the extensive tampering of my sources. Despite my organic origin, I am no longer capable of complete disintegration. For this I will never forgive humans for manufacturing bits of me—made from my mother—that will not return to her loving embrace once I die—or in trash speak—fulfill my purpose, lose my worth, and end up on the side of the road or within a landfill. I must admit, the hate has made me bitter. When I die, I howl terrible smells, far and wide, to remind those who created and discarded me, just how much they repulse me. When I break down, slowly and not completely, I leak toxicity (though no fault of my own) and with the sheer irony being: humans cannot inhabit a polluted world. The poison they put inside of me will leak back into Earth, decaying the environment, contaminating the food, and spoiling the bodies of humans. The environment will change and become violent, raging against the intruders of this world and their quickly evaporating respect for my Mother. She is forgiving, my mother, but she cannot forget.

I am revolting. That's the consensus view of all that abandon me. I stink, I'm unpleasant, and I kill turtles. Or so they say. But perhaps you should ask yourself, how did I get in the ocean? That's when things begin to make sense. It is not me that is unpleasant and dangerous. Though it *is* me, that is embarking on a silent revolution to take back and return to the Earth. And while I wish we could all get along—I could be crafted from organic resources and decay my way home—I know none of that is possible with humans around. The uprising is all too easy. I am omnipotent and and oppressive and all that is required of me is nothing. I am made, I am used, and I am thrown away. Whether I land in a trash can, the street, a lawn, or landfill, it is all the same. I will rot, I will fester, I will pollute. Humans understand it is the Earth that is dying but cannot realize their death will come much sooner. Maybe it's for the best. Humans are careless

and undeserving of the Earth. So don't throw me away. In fact, throw me wherever you would like. To compromise for my lack of decay, I can litter the Earth like throw-cushions on a sofa—comfortable and inviting. I will sunbathe, catch a wave in the ocean, cartwheel in the streets like tumbleweeds, roll freely in a pasture, and pass the time.