

*Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1*

*Christopher Barnes*

*The Recyclers*

Boys heavy-eyed on the hay,  
budging, spring – they'll step  
to the ladder of morning,  
warily cold-shouldering the doorposts,  
stretching from their nest  
- a discarded Coke can –  
to swim the hours till noon.

Against fun-loving wind  
is the punched out way in.  
Fizzy sunlight rims factory-built aluminium.  
Tube-vault grey fits to the decking,  
a dross of patted hay.

Distant, a whistle of rivers  
flat-out to piers.

**The Screenager And The Groover**

His life is a campus novel, a legend  
in passed time. He mellows his beard,  
dustball feet in hippy flip-flops  
and does not catch the drift  
of his one ostensible son.

Offshot Zachary's wordy  
way beyond jive,  
pronounces old man tree hugger, whose nosh-ups  
are frankenfood. A brewpub dodderer,  
a pilot without jumpstation.  
A dainty palate of bytes, chips  
and cursers are cakes and ale for Zach.  
Getting wired is sternly off-message.

But there's a Mexican chorus,  
(something 'bout Boogaloo)  
he reminisces, a lullaby from the cradle.  
It's been intensifying like new,  
in meatspace, between the ears, it tickles  
now and then waiting to connect.