**Sincerely, a New York City Trash Can**

**By Chara Ho**

The world is turning into a pile of garbage

an abyss of rotten souls and deflated dreams,

It surely is a peculiar world

governed by arrows and cogs,

Where growing up is a trap,

where old doesn’t mean refined,

and young only means wild.

Where some birds have dynasties,

and my palace is a man’s shoebox shanty

Where people fight wars over storage

And loonies are put into bins, even

though they think that only dimes twinkle the brightest.

Where people search for the Stars more than they reach for them,

Where pictures move more than the people who take them,

and the only universe anyone cares about is cinematic.

Where life imitates art,

and art is a dirty kaleidoscope in a world

of telescopes and isotopes

periscopes and piles of dough.

Where hearts are like maximum security bank vaults,

Where banks are like cathedrals

And cathedrals have price tags and indie music.

Where gases are noble and

pornstars are royal

and the darkest coffee wakes the city up better

than a thousand suns.