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Whitehorse

## KEEP THE PLASTIC ON

I felt something heap up before  
a black background and  
here I am self-tracking,  
the bald peak of vanity—  
I collect my shit in my backyard—  
but who even finds themselves?  
One day I would have accumulated  
a structure to contain a life tall  
enough to stand the test of time.

What I leave behind:  
chunk-laden styrofoam sandwich containers,  
a Euclidian mound of paper news recollection,  
stacks of drive-through ketchup packets kept  
to preserve the blood red jug in the fridge,  
every single bulleted to-do list  
since humans discovered agriculture—  
or invented it, or stumbled upon it,  
or were gifted it by alien civilizations, whatever—  
an elephant's ass of foregone conclusions  
and a row of cans of paint in case  
I need to recapture my wall colour:  
soft beige over off-white over egg-white over  
was it the mustard yellow when she left or  
the inoffensive not-quite-sky blue?

Napkins that blew away after a raven  
poked a hole in the packaging  
now grate against the invisible American border.

I keep because I  
fear I will  
not remember  
my home  
in a city  
on a lake.

But it goes beyond that:  
*their* shit in *their* backyard, tall  
enough to stand the test of time,  
tossed in a scrunch at the door.

I do not want to lose in  
order that all will not be lost  
I keep the plastic on.