

A Day of Sustainability in Seattle
by Avery Carroll

My feet are stationed,
Time stamp on the ticket,
A secret society underground the orca,
I am in the trenches of it,
One of many,
Deciding to ride the whale
All the way to Emerald City.

I sit on fabric and silver,
Drinking from metal too,
My canvas bag carrying me through it,
And someone telling me they will buy one soon.

I step off at my stop and breath the night air,
Rain pouring in April, spiraling,
I feel it on my skin and set my sites on recycling,
To raise the water, bodied among us,
As clean as we hope it showers above us.

From the fires of our consumption,
I stick the paper with the boxes,
Oily cardboard in the trash,
Masonry in cycled bins, but not before
Washing and rinsing out the glass,
Cutting down this packaged core
To reduce my non-degradable ash.

Wherever I travel, whatever leaders I follow,
I hope my ethics dug raw from Earth,
From everyday I taste tomorrow,
Stay with me, become a moral mirth,
Conserving this gem of humanity,
My every choice for its every worth.