

When I go to bed, I know I will see three things when I look out the window  
My mother's 2007 Camry, our neighbors trash cans, and the stars  
They may look different from one day to the next  
Snow on top of the car  
The sky being cloudy or the cans being fuller than usual  
But no matter the changes  
I know they will always be there the next time I go to sleep  
I know what the stars will be there. Slowly dying a painful death  
When I wake up in the morning  
The cans are back in the house my mother has left for work the sun is out  
When I wake up, I know that if I just wait, they will be back  
My mother will come back from work and park the car next to the mailbox  
The neighbors will take the cans to the street edge  
And the sun will set, showing the stars  
Still burning bright, still alive, still keeping me company when I go to sleep  
I know that they will be gone when I wake up  
but I know when I go to bed and look out the window  
They will be there, no matter what.

written by your resident mountain flamingo