

Orange Bags on the Freeway #2

Marlene Pearson

I told my psychiatrist I saw
the orange bags on the freeway again
through my window which I couldn't open.

sure it was stuffy inside. but out there
all those smog-covered people
in their moving cans

like a factory conveyer belt:
were we on our way
to being sealed shut
packaged and shipped out?

would I wake tomorrow morning lined up
on Gemco's grocery shelves?

he lit a cigar and nodded.
he was listening.

I understood the bags I said. two were clinging
to a stick in the ground. one was up tight
against bending bushes. they wanted

to get off that freeway.
to get out of there.

did they tell you that he asked.
no of course not, I laughed
I'm not that stupid. I don't
hear voices.

I read their minds.