Hunting for Tin Cans
Betty Garrigus

A worn grey angel, wings dragging, he walks enduring sunless cold along the highway.

A red cap on his head nods up and down intensely birdlike stabbing broken lines across the sky. Like a large winter-crazed bird pecking frozen grass searching the sliver of consumed elixir.

His grey blanket poncho trails tattered wings across the burlap sack whose sagging entrails are the food of his survival.

The beginning and end of his pilgrimage the hollowed ditch beside the road.