

# 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.