

## Plastic Homes

One by one they follow  
into the plastic hole  
with green tipped top,  
my milk bottle hand bag.

Look! A man-made colony  
I have in my control,  
fingers contort the warped  
shape; crisp, crunching, plastic  
hills for the black bodies.

We were taught in science  
that we can all capture  
them like the nymphs at sea  
with sweet, luring presence  
and diamond shaped hands.

Help me prepare the house!  
Piece by piece, ripped leaves, moss  
smothering desert air  
in my mind a jungle  
inside a castle of plastic.

Watch them avoid the maze  
Of home-made treasures  
burrow, panic, climb,  
fall; with wasted luck  
the lid a vacuum seal.

Don't they like their new home?

Bodies wrapped like mummies

in a tomb of plastic

that still survives today.