

The Outsider

Miles from its super market origin
now rustling in a tree
gripping to the frail branch,
no willingness to be set free.

The plastic bag waves like a flag
without a country.
It stands for nothing,
yet holds on too tight.

The push-pull sway
a dance with an uninvited partner,
the outsider.

The breeze instigates this
strange dance
along the street's party
and the people, pointing
to the odd pair in their forced union,
the tree like a majestic guard
facing taunts,
once a bird perch of
a proud arm,
now stuck with this flimsy
clinging nuisance and its
cheap mockery.

Grade 10, age 15