

## *JURY DUTY*

You always make sure to push excess air out before closing bags. It removes the oxygen and keeps things clean. It chokes me out and you throw me in the fridge. That's why you're qualified for this role.

You see them as the light reflects back into you and you share your opinions. You never keep them to yourself.

Open, push, seal, fridge, throw, repeat. Throw me away – keep doing it. I love it.

You're such a prick.

Just like a parenthesis, like salad dressing during the end of time.  
The mouth opens and I'm face-to-face with a list of renewals, a library a library a library.

All been said, you know it too well. Round-shape me in and I'm petrified.  
Parenthesis closing, parenthesis closing. A library a library.

Like in the North, everything's expensive. Too much taste. You want to be there but it's too expensive.

You keep looking around – don't stop! What do they deserve?

Do they deserve some atoms? Scratching at aluminum? Or should they be used up? Do they deserve to be cold? Can we afford it?

Do they deserve my time?