

I watched a metal milk jug roll down the sidewalk and into the gutter. When righted, it became a collector for rain water. I took it back to my apartment. I carried it to my roof, covering its mouth with a sheet of cheesecloth to filter the brake particulates and other settling dusts. On tasting the gathered rain, it lacked the dulled metallic sweetness of the city's municipal tap water. When I found that jug it was in the gutter at the opening of an alleyway, no longer used as a vase for the dried wheat, the dried and bleached yarrow flowers, the dried celosia cockscomb that had sat in repose atop the Maitre d's reclaimed burnt pine stand. The restaurant door was held open by the weight of a rusted steel wheel. In California, I drive past hubcaps lying on the side of the road.

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