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Cassandra Atherton

RUBBISH

It is Tuesday and I am dreaming that I live inside the trashcan on your computer screen. Bottom right. Lid slightly ajar. My head popping up at intervals to ask you why you left me. You have three reasons but I can't hear what they are. The trashcan graphic is too solid and sound waves ricochet off the crenulations. Facets. Indentations. You type your responses and drag them to me so I can read them. I wait for you in the trashcan. I wait for your mouse to lift me up and make me an icon. I want to shimmer and pulse so you recognise me. I want to be a square pink button with a harp sound when you click on me. I want you to constantly press on me. Double click. I want your mouse to slide over me. Tips of the fingers tapping out a morse code on the left click button. As I sit. Patiently. Singing *Kumbayah* and toasting pink marshmallows. Listening for you. You never let anyone else use your computer. No foreign fingers have touched the keys so I feel safe. Innocent. Virginal. I am yours. I am the only trashcan you have ever used. I wonder if you have been unfaithful. If you have used other computers when I am sleeping. If you prefer other trash cans. I worry every day that you will go to 'Empty Trash' and I will disappear.