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Rubbish

It is Tuesday and I am dreaming that I live inside the trashcan on your Apple MacBook screen. Bottom right. Lid slightly ajar. My head popping up at intervals, not to offer you advice, but 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 the sound waves ricochet off the crenellations. Facets. Indentations. You have to 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 be a square pink button with a harp sound when you click on me. I want to shimmer and pulse so you recognise me. I want you to constantly press on me. Double click. (Is there are triple or quadruple click?) I want your mouse to slide over me 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 ever touched the keys so I feel safe. I am only yours. I am the only trashcan you have ever used. I wonder if you have ever been unfaithful. If you have used other computers when I am sleeping. If you prefer other trashcans to mine. I worry every day that you will go to 'Empty Trash' and I will disappear.