

...paper bag tycoon...

let me introduce myself –
i am the paper bag tycoon
in one-ply two-ply three-ply
square flat and oblong –

i haunt alleys streets and lanes
caped heroine of garbage cans
recycling and rescuing
forgotten paper bags –

no size is insignificant –
no shape is impractical
from tissue paper flimsiness
to heavy duty weights –

all types – all types – waxed and unwaxed –
from doggie bags to mushroom bags –
shoe bags clothes bags cookie bags
book bags airplane throw-up bags –

printed stamped or undefined –
collected one by one by one
into the folds that hide my cape
and then secreted back to rooms –

ceilings floors walls windows hide
white brown rainbow paper bags –
striped checked ribbed plain advertised
in boasts of marts and fast-food chains –

eatons – woolcos – zellers – bays –
filling closets cupboards shelves
creating tables – chairs and beds
in tribute to consumptive sales –

one day this city will proclaim
my name in boldface paper bags
and society will bow
while ringing heritage approval –

canada will honour me
and charge admission to my rooms
enscribing me in history
as the paper bag tycoon.

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