

Consider the Litter

Consider the litter
We so willingly disown -
It keeps right on growing
With a life of its own.

It's out there!
It's down there!
It's around every turn.
We neglect it -
We reject it -
It's not our concern.

It slips from our fingers
And onto the street.
But we keep right on walking -
Never missing a beat.

The wrapper - the bag -
The Styrofoam cup
We hope some do-gooder
Will soon pick it up.

It's curious
That we humans
With our superior brain
Act in ways that are
Hard to explain.

But deep in the jungle
And way out of sight
There's a group of monkeys
Who do things just right.

They know a good way
To leave their place clean.
And under their tree
They leave no messy scene!

You see, they're the sort
That eat all of their meal.
They first eat the banana
And then eat the peel.

I think from these monkeys
We can all take our cue
And eat our snack food
As these bright creatures do.

Oh, how I wish
For an edible dish -
And an edible can and cup.
Oh, what a treat
To walk down the street
And find there's no trash
To pick up!