

UNRECYCLED

Francine L. Trevens

Abandoned, forsaken here they lie,
Stuck in snow banks six feet high,
Their silks in tatters, broken ribs exposed
Storm tossed, destroyed and so disposed.
Unequal to challenge of winter blizzards
Unwelcome as disenchanted wizards
You see them everywhere you go
Useless umbrellas dumped in snow.

Time was when we restored, repaired.
Time was when we cared and shared
When we believed things should last
And not by novelty be outcast.
But now, drunk on productivity,
Disposal is our great proclivity
Not just of things we made or bought
But even people—tossed sans thought.

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