

# 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 disenchanting 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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