

Morning Litter

I step outside this winter morn
And find a plastic ear of corn!

Nor is this all my shocked eyes meet---
There's lots of litter at my feet.

Near the bush, no more than a bump
Lies Paul's red mitten, a crusty lump.

And there on lowest branch of tree
Hangs black knit hat for me to see.

Forlorn, lonely, coated with frost,
A plastic sand-toy that somebody lost.

With a crunch I have utterly shattered,
Abe's sunglasses, weary and battered

So much stuff lies near half sunk in snow
I'm afraid what I'll see if farther I go!

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