

Recycle-Fever*

(Don't Look at Me; That's Not My Trash)

By Nancy Martz

I must go out to recycle again, to the big green bin by the wall,
And all I ask is a grocery cart whose wheels can carry the haul,
And the cart's there and the sidewalk's wide and the bin has space
And a strong bag to hold the stuff I've separated from waste.

I must go out to recycle again, for the pile of paper and cans
Is a copious pile and a prodigal pile with no space to advance;
And all I ask is a rainless day with the ozone layer holding,
And a windless day so the papers stay, and an effortless unloading.

I must go out to recycle again to the bin of resurrection.
To the salvager's way and the savior's way where the spared gain a new direction;
And all I ask is sorted trash with paper and cans in the bin,
And less to dump in a landfill with cast-offs born again.

*Parody of *Sea-Fever*

By John Masefield

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky.
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life.
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.