

### The hungry garbage bin

He sits alone idle and tall, the garbage bin that's not full at all  
He's stomach it gurgles, it yearns to be filled  
There so much litter, he should be thrilled  
But none of this litter quite make it to him  
Poppers fall to the ground instead of the bin  
Snap lock bags get chased by the breeze  
Where birds pick them up with sudden ease  
Chip packets then join in the fray  
The garbage man does not have a say  
He sits alone idle and tall, the garbage bin that's not full at all  
Join in the craze it's kind of fun  
Conservation can be done  
While you're at it learn some more  
Pick some plastic off the floor  
Fill up the bin and heed the call  
Of the garbage bin that's not full at all



Title of Poem: The Hungry Garbage Bin  
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