

## **Taking out the Trash**

By Zach Zander

Calmness, like an ocean. Then suddenly,  
my dear mother calls me  
to do what to me is a bore,  
for taking out the trash to me is a real chore.

But still I do as I am instructed,  
I get out the bag and I get started.  
I pick up all the trash and dump it in,  
making sure to pick up every little bit,  
otherwise, my mother will have a fit.

After about twenty to thirty minutes, the deed is done.  
It goes in the big bin and I am done,  
no more trash to shun.  
But still the job never seems quite done,  
for it seems to repeat itself every Mon.