

Shel Silverstein

"Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take&hellip"

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Oh Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout would not take the garbage out

She'd wash the dishes and scrub the pans cook the yams and spice the hams

And though her parents would scream and shout

She simply would not take the garbage out

And so it piled up to the ceilings coffee grounds potato peelings

Brown bananas and rotten peas chunks of sour cottage cheese

It filled the can it covered the floor it cracked the windows and blocked the door

With bacon rinds and chicken bones drippy ends of icecream cones

Prone pits peach pits orange peel gloppy glumps of cold oat meal

Pizza crust and withered greens soggy beans and tangerines

Crust of black burned buttered toast gristly bits of beefy roast

The garbage rolled on down the hall it raised the roof it broke the walls

I mean greesy napkins cookie crumbs blobs of gooey bubble gum

Cellophane from old baloney rubber blubbry macaroni Peanut butter caced and dry curdled off milk and crusts of pie

Ridy melons dried up mustard eggs shells mixed with lemon custard

Cold french fries and rancid meat yellow lumps of cream of wheat

Uuh at last the garbage reached so high that finally it touched the sky

And none of her friends would come to play and all the neighbors moved away

And finally Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout said okay I'll take the garbage out

But then of course it was too late the garbage reached across the state

From New York to the Golden Gate and there in the garbage she did hate

Poor Sahra met an awful fate then I cannot right now relate
Because the hour is much too late
But children remember Sylvia Stout and always take the garbage out

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