

Shel Silverstein

"Sahra Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take..."

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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 greasy 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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