



Senses Poem

I can see;
Glass reflecting the sunlight green,
Piles of cans glittering bright,
Steam drifting from the compost heap.

I can hear;
Trucks rumbling past,
Squeaking and rumbling of the conveyor belt,
People chattering at the recycling site.

I can touch;
The swishy rotten fruit,
Hard, cold metal,
Rough, crumpled old paper.

I can smell;
Rotten decaying plants,
Soap and shampoo from old plastic bottles,
Sweet and fresh compost.

I can taste;
The bitter sadness of all this waste
And the sweet success of our recycling hopes.

This poem appeals to our five senses.