I love trash,

Anything dirty or dingy or dusty,

anything ragged or rotten or rusty. Oh I love trash!

I have here a sneaker that’s tattered and worn.

It’s all full of holes and the laces are torn, a gift from my mother the day I was born I love it because it’s trash.

I have here some newspaper thirteen months old,

I’ve wrapped fish inside it, it’s smelly and cold. But I wouldn’t trade it for a big pot of gold. I love it because it’s trash.