“Throw Away”

By Unknown

The women in my apartment building
Are so pretentious.
Refuse must be sorted they say
Wash the recyclables
Stack the newspaper
Separate the plastics.
Sometimes it’s easier
Just to take myself off to the neighboring town
There’s a trailer park there
With an unlocked dumpster
The girls wear short shorts
And tiny little tanks
And want to talk to me about things other than
What’s in my bag.
Yeah, there can be joy in
Taking out the trash.