

## The Romance of Recycling

One day while out strolling along by the stream  
that meanders quite close to my Emerson home  
I sat for a while and then started to dream  
of “green leaves a-floating and castles of foam”

So into that stream I then launched a small jar  
with a sweetly penned note sealed tightly inside  
And onward it went, as I wondered how far  
to begin its adventuresome downstream ride

Under the old Bryant bridge it next went  
then on past the Lexington Christian High School  
And swiftly along by the flood it was sent  
to the inlet of Arlington’s reservoir pool

Drifting on down, thanks to winds and some rain  
it went over the dam and into Mill Brook  
(On some of this journey I’m wont to explain  
all the lucky maneuvers that little jar took)

The historic Schwamb Mill was next to be passed  
as that jar continued its downstream course  
Mill Brook here becomes Mystic Stream at last  
wider and deeper, now miles from its source

Bumping and bouncing off logs everywhere  
that jar cruises onward to Mystic Lake shore  
And then washes up on the sandy beach there  
not likely to be going afloat any more

Now a woman who lives nearby on High Street  
was helping with pickup of trash near and far  
When she spotted it stuck in the sand by her feet  
so she said to herself, must recycle that jar

The end of his story I’m sure you’ll surmise  
but while only my version of dream fantasy  
The point of this verse is to just dramatize  
how romantic recycling can turn out to be

(with thanks to Robert Louis Stevenson)

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