

THE BUCKET

Each afternoon, I get a yen
to fill my tummy and that is when
ice cream and milk together are squished
into a milkshake, oh what bliss!

But, alas, ice cream in a tub!

And therein lies the hub
of my dilemma, as, you see,
recycling is a big part of me

Tubs are stacked neatly
reaching up to the sky
as my husband reflects

"Why? Why? Why!"

"They're useful," I say

"You don't understand!

I can't throw them away!

I'll think of a plan."

Youtube is a wonder!

I looked to see
and found an answer
with much glee

The outside is sturdy
and could stand alone

Inside is the bucket
to give it more bone

-over-

The handle is red and tucked inside
You can pull it out or set it aside
Fill up with items like yarn or TP
Whatever you want, whatever you see
If filling with trash is your desire
a wash with cold water will rid it of mire

So I'll state with shame,
though under duress,
that this gift is a witness
to my excess

But if this gift doesn't feel at home
with your other stuff, then let it roam
to friends or family, where'er they may be
Feel free to tuck it under their tree
And, if you should ever need a bucket
you now know where you can find it
So, this is our gift and we give it away
for you to receive on Christmas Day
as you celebrate the birth of God's little boy
we wish you a year of blessings and joy

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

c.2021 mygrandmatime