

SARAH CYNTHIA SYLVIA STOUT by Shel Silverstein



Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would not take the garbage out.

She'd scour the and scape the

Candy the yams and spice the hams,

And though her daddy would and shout,

She simply would not take the garbage out.

And so it piled up to the :

Coffee grounds, potato peelings,

Brown and rotten peas,

Chunks of sour cottage .

It filled the can, it covered the ,

It cracked the and blocked the door,

With bacon rinds and bones,

Drippy ends of cones,

Prune , peach , orange peels,

Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,

Pizza crusts and withered greens,

Soggy beans, and ,

Crusts of black-burned buttered ,

Grisly bits of beefy roast.

The garbage rolled on down the halls,

It raised the roof, it broke the ,

With greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,

Globs of gooey bubble ,

Cellophane from old belony,
Rubbery, blubbery macaroni,
Peanut butter, caked and dry,
Curdled milk, and crusts of ,
Moldy melons, dried-up ,
Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,
French fries and rancid meat,
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.
At last the reached so high
That finally it touched the ,
And none of her friends would come to ,
And all of her moved away;
And finally, Sarah Cynthia Stout Said,
"Okay, I'll take the garbage out!"
But then, of course it was too ,
The garbage reached the state,
From to the Golden Gate;
And there in the garbage she did
Sarah met an awful fate
That I cannot right relate
Because the hour is much too
But children Sarah Stout,
And take the garbage out.