

NEEDS

On a Coventry hillside there's nestled a landfill,
Or is the hillside the landfill, snuggled into itself?
The relief map is changing, the contours are spreading
As our valleys fill up and our mountains expand
With items we purchased, dragged home "for the children,"
Bagged up two years later and hauled off as trash.

But the stuff in that diaper is nearly worth gold,
The uneaten kiwi that's starting to mold,
And weeds from our gardens, half licked candy canes
Go into the landfill and come out as methane.

Now methane's a bad gas to let loose in the air
So most landfills torch it in eternal flares,
What a partial solution, what a waste of the gas!
Enter our Cooperative, eyeing the trash.
We've ended dependence on a source that's not green:
If we're talking "eternal," its waste is obscene.
Members be proud, we voted "yes" to conservation
And took a big step with courageous innovation.

If it's organic and starting to rot,
Some leftover soup too long in the pot,
Banana peels! Bananas! Toss organic waste with felicity,
If it makes it to Coventry, it'll come back as electricity!

With respect for our neighbors and with love for the land,
With respect for ourselves, if that's not too grand,
We can go even farther, reduce our reliance
On energy eating, greedy appliances.
We'll consume with care and try to replace
What we are taking from earth's heart and its face.
There should never be valleys that fill up with trash
Or nukes that go haywire when oil supplies crash,
So we're making good progress, we have so much to gain
When we cut back our "needs" and make use of methane!

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