

Under the massive, old willow.
The gentle breeze blew.
The field of grass that stretched far beyond.
The yellow flowers that grew and grew.
In the glimpse of my eye,
the plastic bag did fly.
I cautiously stepped over.
Reach out,
Grab.
I held it in my hands.
The blue plastic glistened in the sun.
One foot in front of the other.
Onto the pavement
Over to the bin.
Reach out,
Drop.