

Reduced

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The trash can is hardly filled
Someone's drink has spilled
Paper is ripped to shreds
Along with people's old beds

I walk around them on the sidewalk
A place once full of chalk
Is now full of people's old junk
Why do they want to be such punks?

I look at the sky, once blue is now grey
I look at the grass, once green is now brown
I look at the Earth, now reduced to rubble
I look at you, what will you do?