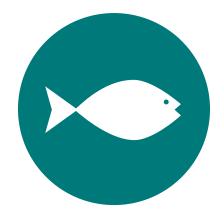
FISH

Hello, good morning, good evening and good afternoon. Thank you for asking for my point of **view**. As a fish I've swim, swum and swam for twenty-five years in the water of this land. And twenty-five more I'd like to pursue If I keep on dodging a hook or **two**. I grant my perspective may differ from **yours**, But in these rivers and streams and along these shores Plastics are permanent I'll say that to **start**, They never go away, they just break **apart**. Macro and micro (that's smaller than **small**) So many pieces on beaches you don't see them at **all**. With rivers and lakes on their shores all around. We fish think they're food and just gobble them **down**. When fish eat plastics red, green, yellow and **blue** And then you have fish sticks for dinner — now that plastic's in **you**. Even the medicines and make-ups you wash down the **drain**, Seep into the water we live with and invade the food **chain**. And don't get me started on the nets that come free And drift all around as marine debris. They travel over the water on the waves as they **float**, And they don't catch any fish — just a passing **boat**. The ramifications are startling no doubt that it's **true**, And if we want it to stop — That stop *starts*

with **you**.



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KAYAKER

I've paddled and explored every inch of these shores And seen *miles* of debris that can't be **ignored**. Watershed rains wash debris into lakes -Where we picnic and play for goodness sake. All kinds of debris now float in the **water** And keeping it clean is getting harder and harder. Bottles of detergent we use to clean our **clothes**, foam coolers and cup holders that fell out of **boats**, Abandoned tarps and crates on the shores are **strewn** Even a few silvery deflated birthday **balloons**. Margarine tubs and old yogurt **cups**, Forks and spoons and — gasp — even cigarette **butts**!! And the bags. The bags. O the bags that are **there**, The shore, the trees — Plastic bags everywhere! Look, I'm sorry, I don't mean to make you sad But if you love this land, you should be **mad**! There's so much more work to be **done**. It's the kind of work where we need most everyone. There are people and groups working **diligently** But this much work —

It takes a **community**.



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CRANE

Salutations and regards from your wing'ed watery friends I'm here to provide you with all the odds and the ends About the things you don't want, and things you throw away Like plastic water bottles and the mask from **yesterday**. I regret to inform you, well, all of us **really**, That those "disposable" things, really **sincerely**, Can stick around for twenty years or more, and cause great strife. Twenty to thirty years! Why that's all of my life! They don't break down they merely wait and they wait. Speaking for the animals — plastic gets in our way! When we sleep, we play, we hunt, we **eat**. I've tangled and mangled my wings, feet and **beak**. I know I'm an animal and you're a person, that's **true**, But we all need clean water no matter the who. Water's what we share with every living **thing**, Let's put our hands together — Or, your hands and my wing — And let us promise each other We will look out for the **other**.







KID

Where do I start? No, really, where? With all this trash and these toxins I really am scared. Not scared that I'll eat it or drink it, though I'm scared of that **too**, But scared that the problem's so big What can one kid do? The world is covered in plastic it's been found everywhere. With so much trash in the world, it's like nobody cares. I'm just one kid, what can I do?



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