

Collection Affection

Cherry Carl

Prudy's filled with such affection
When she sees her great collection!
Her dad just looks and likes to mutter
That he's never seen such clutter.
Her mom says that "It's such a mess!"
and "Clean it up!" (with no success).
Will her room just grow and strain?
Will it burst and ruin and rain?
Will all the things that really matter
Fly around and simply scatter?
What to do with strings and things,
Shiny wrappers, bugs with wings?
Prudy's collection of clutter and mess
Is now a museum of enormous excess!

