

TREASURE TRASH POEM

Name: Esosa Ivy Airen

Class: Year 11

What is said to be unwanted,
And said to be discarded,
Part of human daily activities,
Used every day in serenities,
Yet its presence causes calamities,
Oh trash! Be very junked

So much trash exhausts the land and sea,
From reckless habits by you and me,
Single-use plastics flung each day,
While factories discard waste away far away,
Wastefulness continues its steady, growing climb,
Leaving impurities that linger through time,

But treasure trash helps cleanse the earth,
Granting archaic materials with depth,
Old tyres become flowerpots bright,
Bringing beauty and shining light,
Tin cans transform in a clever way,
Into useful holders everyday.

The school and environment play their part,
Teaching recycling with caring hearts,
Clean-up campaigns make cities shine,
Protecting oceans, tress, and vines,
When waste is manage the proper way,
Our world grows greener everyday.

TREASURE TRASH

Plastic bottles littered everywhere
Something once treasured beyond compare,
Instantly turned into trash.
Every day, everywhere, every time,
Millions of dirt can be found,
But hidden there are little treasures.

People see trash and turn away,
Leaving it scattered every day,
Plastic bottles, old tin cans,
Pieces of paper in our hands,
Can be reused in different ways
To make new things for future days.

Trash damages our environments,
Causing harm to people, animals and plants.
But if we recycle and clean our earth,
The world becomes fresh with greater worth.

Trash can become a treasure still.
A dirty place can shine once more,
If we stop throwing waste on the floor
And recycle what we can.

So let us act and play our part,
With caring hands and thoughtful hearts.
Treasure trash is living proof
That trash can become treasure too.

BY: STEPHANIE CHIMEREUCHEYA

TREASURE TRASH

Matter in a Different Form

They can call it waste, call it trash, but it's just matter in a different crash— a second life, a different role, a broken system we must control.

From plastic bags that kiss the breeze, to bottle caps beneath the trees, we throw, we toss, we look away— but every choice is a debt we pay.

Recycle, remix, reshape the old, turn "useless" things into something bold. Glass to sparkle, paper reborn, steel from cans that once were torn.

But not all things get that chance, some meet landfill's silent dance— buried deep where futures fade, in the quiet ruin of the mess we've made.

So sort it right, don't just dispose, don't let the cycle decompose into chaos, smoke, and blame— we're all burning in this game.

Reduce the load, refuse the harm, reuse the power in your arm. One small act, one better plan, ripples farther than we can.

The soil remembers what we bury, the ocean holds what we thought temporary— every wrapper, every can, writes the verdict on this land.

So hear this rhythm, sharp and true: the Earth is breathing — barely — because of you. Recycle, rethink, refuse to let it die— even broken things deserve to fly.

Written by Nnamdi Ijeh

Name: EMELOGU LESLEY

Class: SS1 ALPHA

I Was Built to Carry

I was born flat.

My skin was rough, brown, unimpressive. Not beautiful like silk wrapping paper or polished like glass. I was ordinary from the beginning.

Yet they trusted me with valuable things.

Books rested inside me. New laboratory equipment slept safely beneath my folded arms. Reams of fresh paper. Sports uniforms. Art Supplies. I carried importance without ever being called important myself.

That was my purpose.

To carry.

To protect.

To endure.

Hands folded me into shape with sharp precision, sealing my edges tightly as though I were armor. I travelled through storerooms, crowded hallways, and noisy classrooms. Students dragged me across floors without apology. Teachers stacked files inside me until my sides bent inward with exhaustion.

Still, I held.

I always held.

Is that not what humans admire most? Endurance? Strength? Reliability?

Then why is strength only loved until it begins to weaken?

A tear appeared near my corner. Then another followed. One afternoon, the books were removed from inside me and suddenly I was no longer useful.

Funny.

One minute you are trusted with knowledge.

The next, you are rubbish.

Is usefulness the only thing that gives something value?
Does exhaustion deserve abandonment?
Must everything worn become worthless?

They pushed me beside the back wall near a pile of forgotten things. Broken rulers. Empty snack packs. Dust settled onto me slowly, gently, like burial ash.

I listened from the corner.

Students laughed.

School bells screamed through the corridors.

Rain tapped against the roof overhead.

Life moved forward so quickly for creatures who throw things away so easily.

Tell me, what truly makes something worthless?
A tear?
A stain?
Exhaustion?
Or simply the moment it can no longer serve people conveniently?

The world worships usefulness and buries exhaustion.

I began to understand then. Humans love containers while they still carry something for them. Once emptied, they become invisible.

Was I not still the same thing that once protected books from damage? Was I not the same body trusted with fragile objects? Had my worth truly disappeared so quickly, or had human attention simply moved elsewhere?

A cracked bucket leaned against the wall like an injured soldier. Torn notebooks lay open with their secrets exposed. Empty bottles rolled across the floor whenever the wind entered through the broken window.

We had all once been useful.

What cruel magic transforms usefulness into invisibility?

Then hands found me again..

Scissors sliced through my body. Paint covered my scars. Glue stitched my weaknesses. The transformation hurt. How else can broken things become something new?

When they finished, I no longer resembled the object abandoned beside the classroom wall. I stood proudly on a teacher's desk, reborn into compartments carrying pens, markers, scissors, and rulers.

Useful again.

How strange.

Humans only seem to respect survival after witnessing destruction first.

Now students compliment me daily without recognizing what I used to be. They call me creative. Sustainable. Smart. Some even photograph me during environmental awareness week as though rebirth itself were miraculous.

But I was always capable of becoming more.

You simply failed to see it when I looked broken.

And perhaps that is humanity's greatest flaw.

Not creating waste.

But believing that something loses its worth simply because it has been worn, bent, softened, or torn.

Are broken things truly worthless

After all, a torn edge does not mean a useless purpose.

TREASURE TRASH

Old boxes leaning by the wall,
A broken chair, a cracked old ball,
A bottle tossed beside the street,
Things people call “worn out” or “beat.”

But look again with careful eyes,
There’s hidden worth in each disguise.
A jar can hold a flower bright,
Old fabric turns to art delight.

A rusted can may start a seed,
A faded book still helps us read.
Small scraps of wood, some string, some glue,
Can build creations fresh and new.

The world is fuller than we see
When we waste carelessly and free.
Too often people throw away
The things that still have use each day.

For every object once was made
By someone’s hands, by effort paid.
By Earth’s own gifts — the trees, the ore,
The waters, winds, and so much more.

So treasure what you have today,
Before you cast it all away.
A wiser heart will always find
That value lives in thoughtful minds.

Because the greatest skill by far
Is seeing worth in what things are.
To turn old trash to treasure bright
Is giving lost things second light.

BY JOCHEBED AMOS-PENDA

A Poem on Treasure Trash

A broken toy, a faded photograph,
A rusted key to some long-forgotten laugh,
Discarded remnants of a bustling day,
Thrown to the curb to slowly fade away.

Yet here I walk with keen and searching eye,
To see what treasures I can soon descry.
A discarded button, bright and blue,
Becomes a centerpiece that's shiny new.

One man's rubbish, to me is fine,
A gleaming pearl in a muddy line.
I see the story, the charm, the worth,
Restoring beauty to this quiet earth.

For what is broken can often mend,
And rubbish brings a new, refreshing trend.
It's not just garbage upon the shore,
It's hidden treasure, and so much more.

Written by **'Fikunayomi Adesanya**

TREASURE TRASH

BY ESOSA ADAMS-ALIU

CLASS: JSS 2 BETA

Let's be real,
We all get new things,
The feeling is surreal.

We throw the old things away,
Not realizing we're making a mistake,
Not realizing those things can stay.

Yes, those things are old,
But we can turn it to gold,
Newspapers can become artworks,
Plastics can become toys.

One step at a time,
We can make this world sublime,
All we have to do is reuse and recycle.

TREASURE TRASH: A CLEAN WORLD

A garbage can is filled with wastes,
The grasses are all littered,
The gutters are full of plastics,
Numerous papers are flying on the streets!

A once serene environment has been disturbed,
Every day the blue seas and vast oceans are being contaminated,
The river banks and streams are washed with disposables,
The land is having an obscure look!

How can we stop these menaces and make our world a beautiful place?
Let's recycle used items; reduction of disposables is possible,
Lest we forget, we should cultivate the habit to reuse waste materials,
Our world must be a safe and clean haven for plants and animals.

Written by Anonymous.

Trash to Treasure

Trash may seem useless every day,
But it can be treasure in its own way.
Old bottles, cans, and paper too,
Can be recycled and made like new.

Instead of throwing waste around,
Let's keep our environment clean and sound.
When we reuse things with care,
We turn trash into treasure everywhere.

By: Akachi-Ikenna-Nwaezeigwe

JSS1Alpha