

## **The Story of One Plastic Bottle**

“Pick me!” I hoped from shelf in shop, and happily he did!  
He drank me at the bus stop, then left me with my lid.  
At Punches Cross I sadly lay, empty and not pretty,  
Until a sudden gust arrived and blew me towards the city.  
Down O’Connell Street I rolled and bounced, from wind that made you shiver.  
‘Til it picked me up at Mallow Street and sent me towards the River.  
“Pick me up, pick me up” I hoped, but sadly no one did,  
and suddenly the wind had blown me off the Shannon Bridge.  
Onward I floated with the current, passing Foynes and Glin,  
And sadly fellow bottles joined me next to dolphin fin.  
The broad Atlantic lay ahead, I wondered where I’d land,  
Until a wave washed me ashore on Ballybunion Strand.

From city street to ocean, it really is that simple.  
So please remember, do not drop, reuse, dispose of or recycle!

*By Maura O Neill, Limerick City Centre Tidy Towns*