

Rebecca Burch

9/28/06

The Navy Ain't Gravy

One Saturday morning, when normal people sleep,

A band of crazed ecologists gathered by a creek,

“Skunk River Navy!” was their battle cry,

As they marched into the water.

Who cares if they're dry?

With dedicated leaders and some fresh new volunteers,

They headed down the river with canoes the only gear.

To clean up Squaw Creek was their final goal,

And every person there was there to play a role,

In picking up the garbage that had gathered over time,

And sunken in so deeply, into the muck and grime.

Digging deep and pulling hard, they found a picnic table,

An I-Beam and a fridge door, and things no one could label.

Torn up tires and plastic bags were buried in the muck,

With enough golf balls to prove upstream golfers have bad luck!

It was a hard, long day,

But very satisfying,

Their legs were cold and wet,

And they almost felt like dying,

But ask any volunteer you choose,

Even the one with the muddiest shoes,

If they had a good time on Saturday,

Or if their weekend was wasted away,

And they'll reply, every single one,

“The Navy ain't gravy, but it sure is fun!”