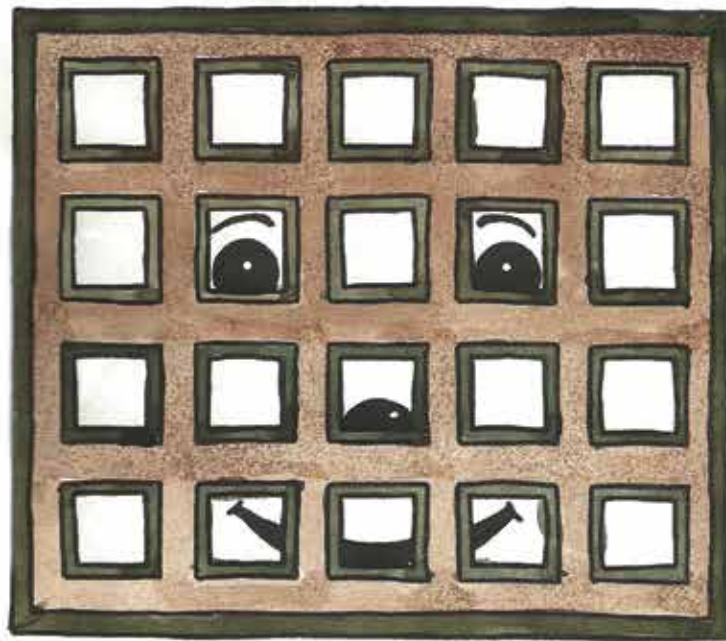


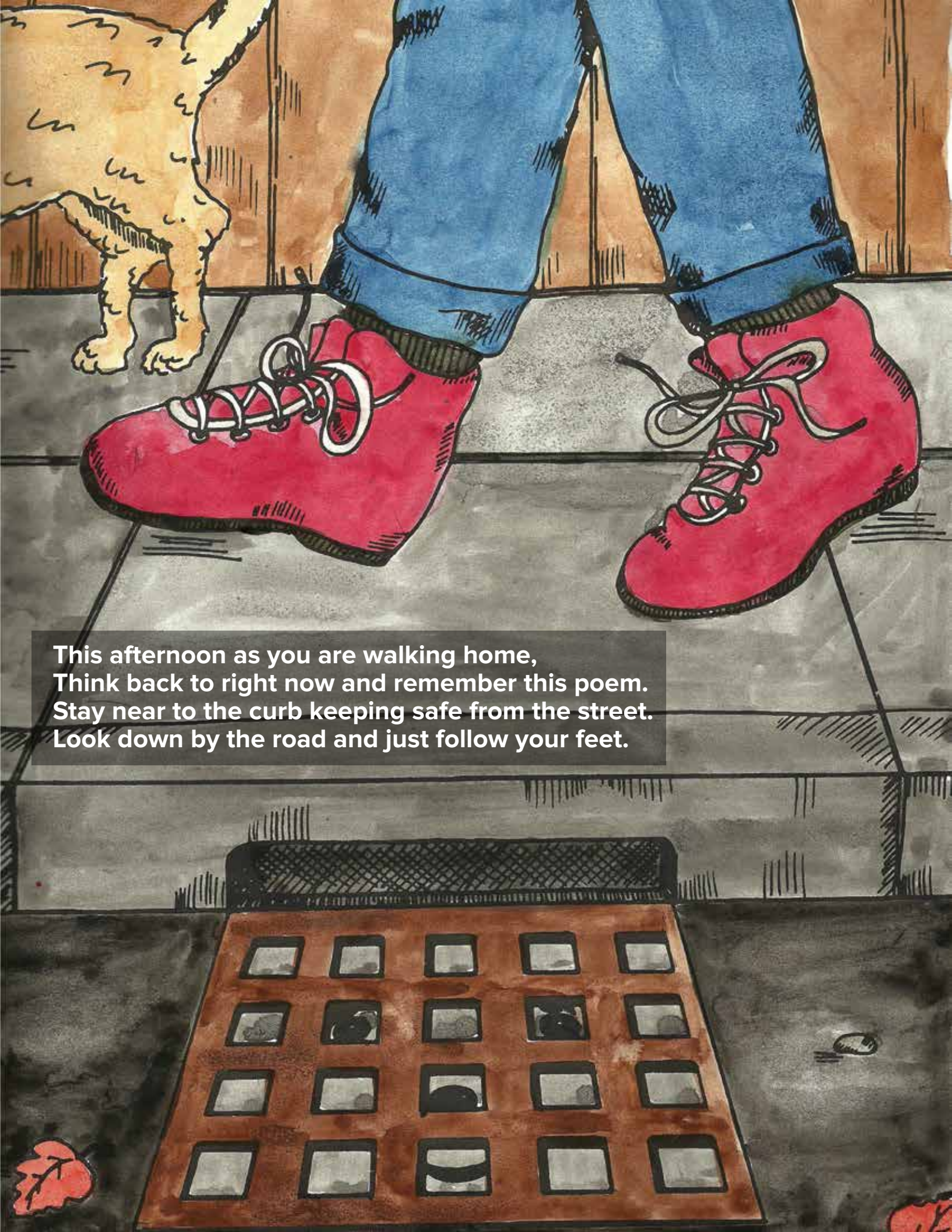
DWAYNE

the Storm Drain

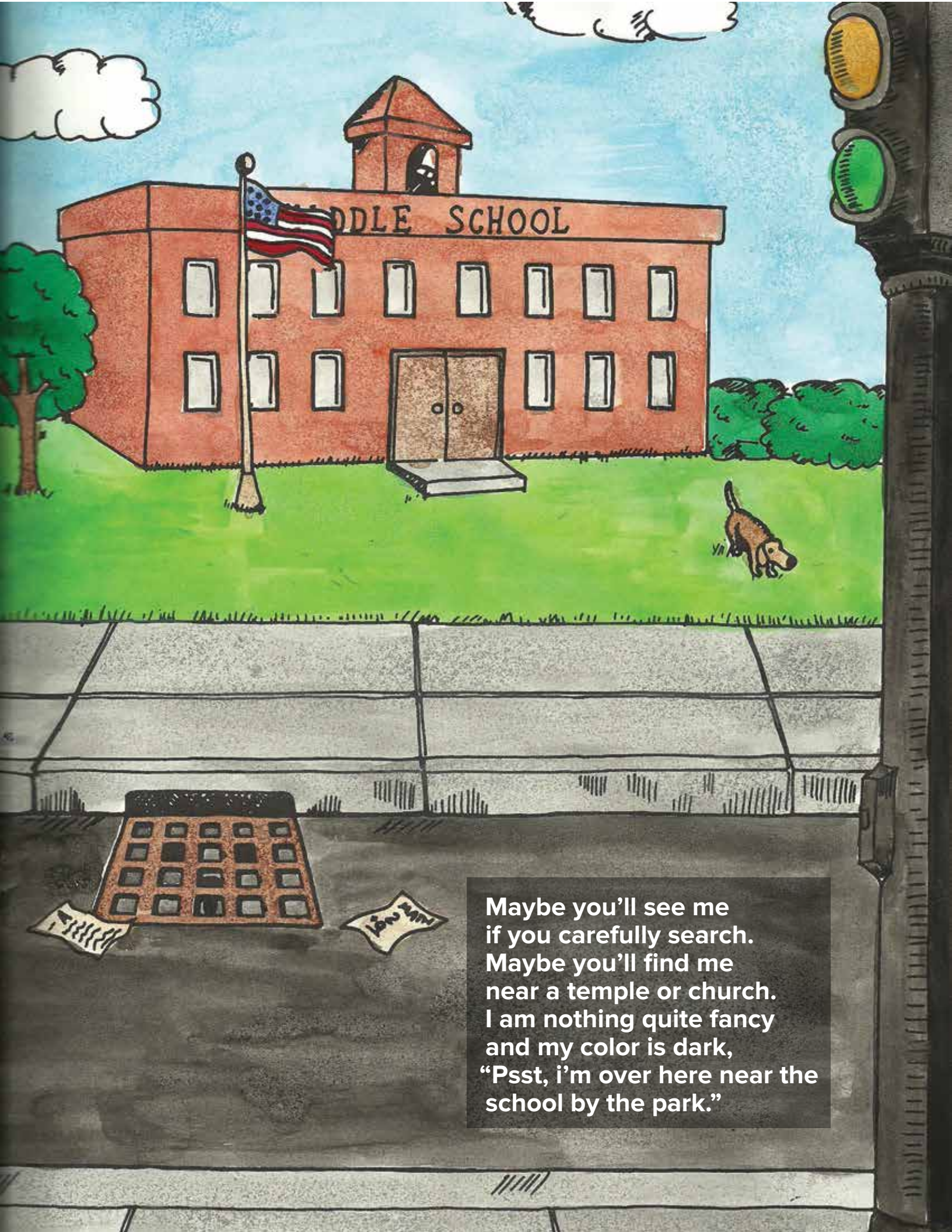


a drain for all seasons

written by Donna Papapietro
illustrated and designed by Rita Berkeley
for the MWRA School Education Program



This afternoon as you are walking home,
Think back to right now and remember this poem.
Stay near to the curb keeping safe from the street.
Look down by the road and just follow your feet.



Maybe you'll see me
if you carefully search.
Maybe you'll find me
near a temple or church.
I am nothing quite fancy
and my color is dark,
"Psst, i'm over here near the
school by the park."



Come
check
me out!

The illustration shows a storm drain with a face, a speech bubble, and a thought bubble. The drain is a brown metal grate with a black mesh cover. It has a face with eyes and a mouth. A speech bubble comes from the drain, and a thought bubble comes from the drain. The drain is set into a concrete sidewalk. In the background, there are yellow flowers, green grass, and a blue sky with a butterfly. The drain is looking up at the sky.

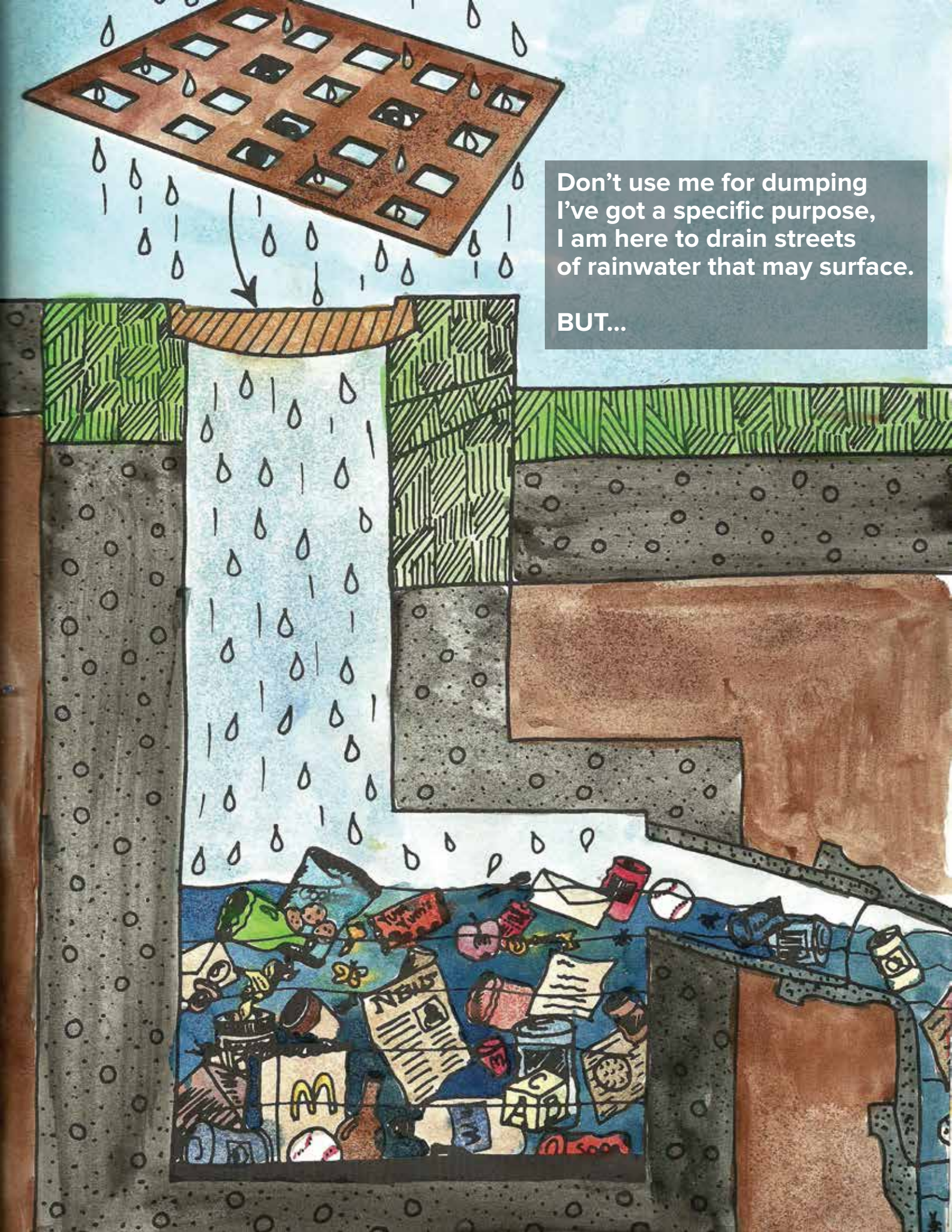
Here I am! I'm hanging
out in this gutter,
Watching people go by
and not a word do I utter.
But, if I could speak I'd
look up and shout,
"I'm Dwayne the Storm Drain
come check me out!"



I'm made of cast iron
and resemble a grate,
If you walk a few blocks
you'll meet another fine mate.
I'm shaped like a square
and have bars that are crossed,
I keep objects from drain pipes
that are littered or lost.

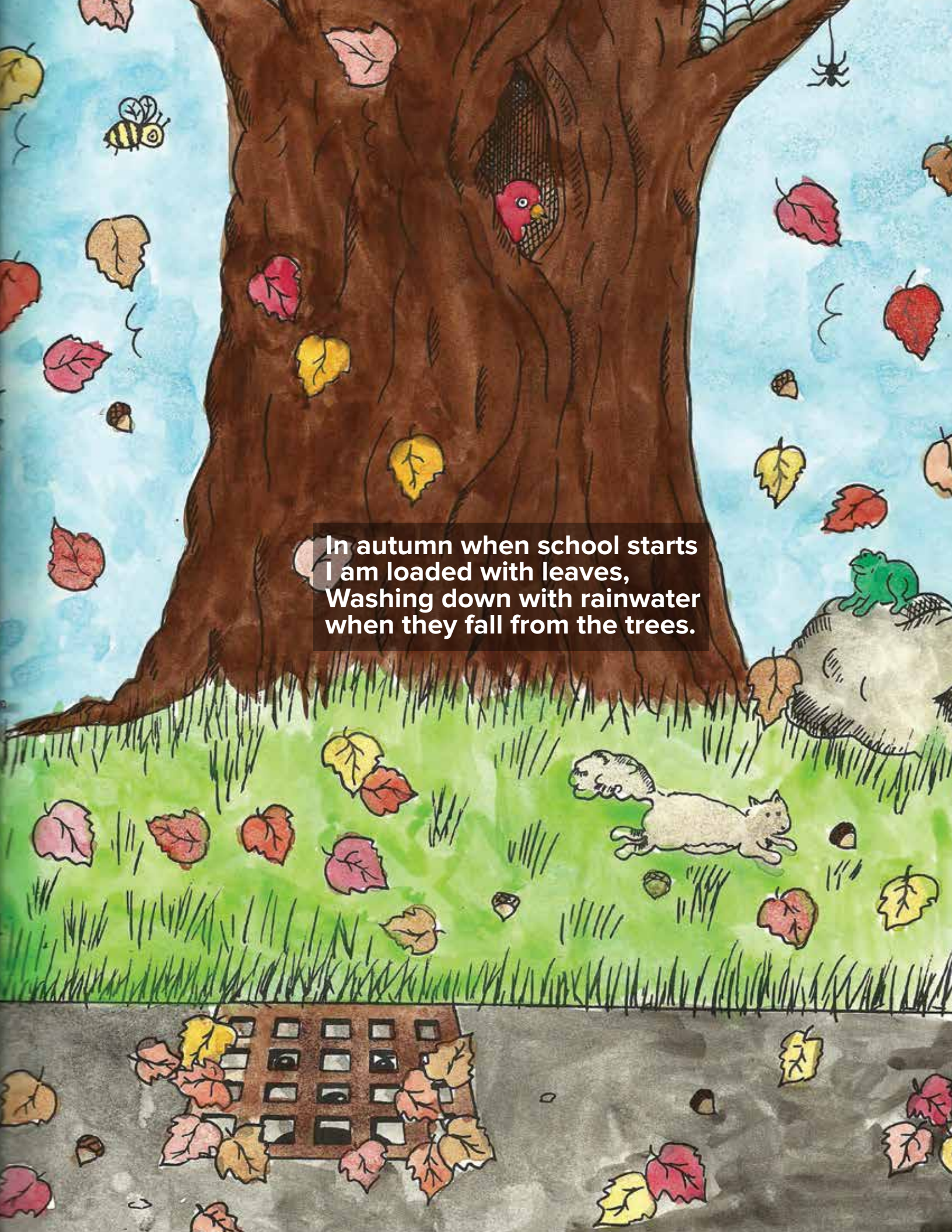


Gutters are my business
this street I dutifully drain,
I am often overworked
in times of heavy rain.
Rainwater runs through me
travelling down to drain pipes,
But along with the water
I see garbage of all types.



Don't use me for dumping
I've got a specific purpose,
I am here to drain streets
of rainwater that may surface.

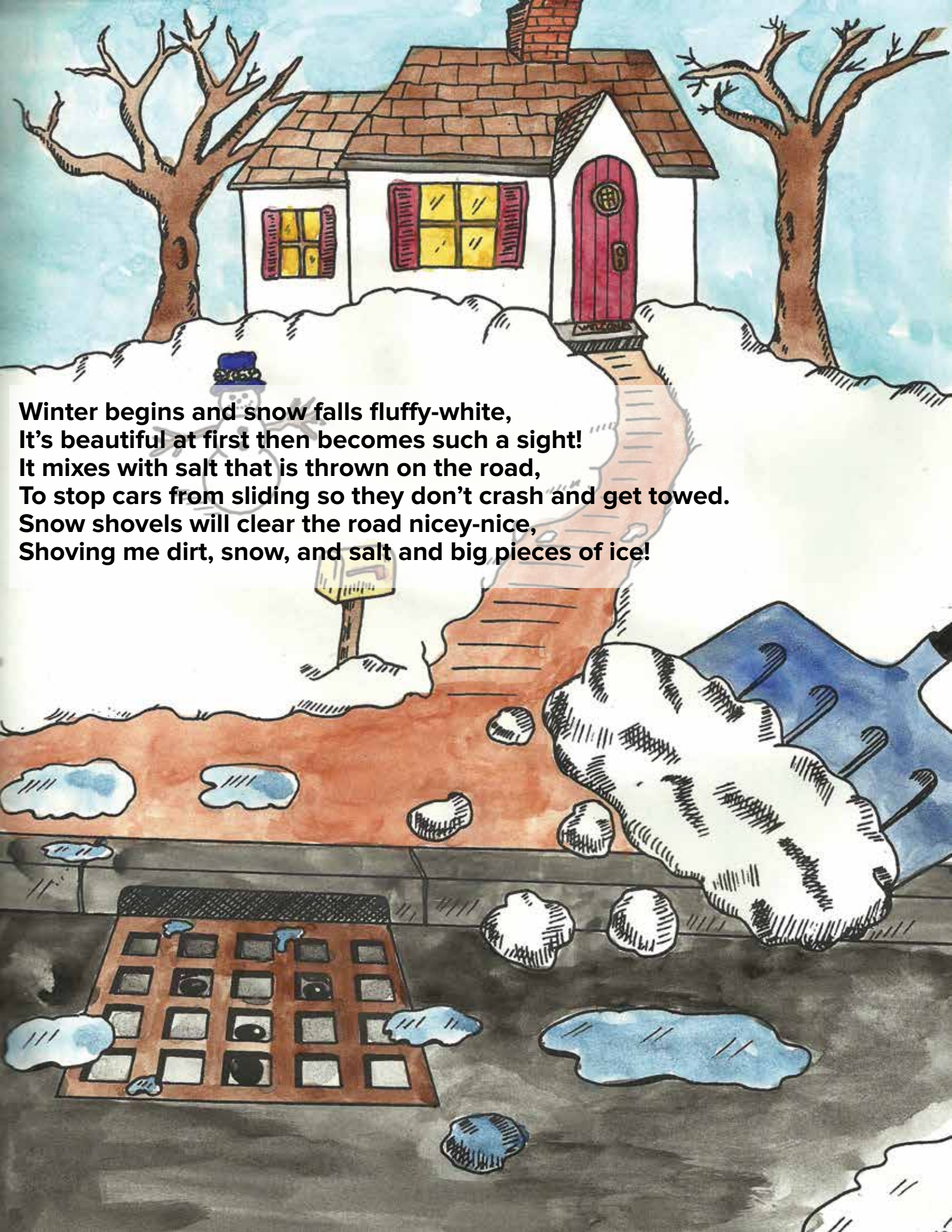
BUT...



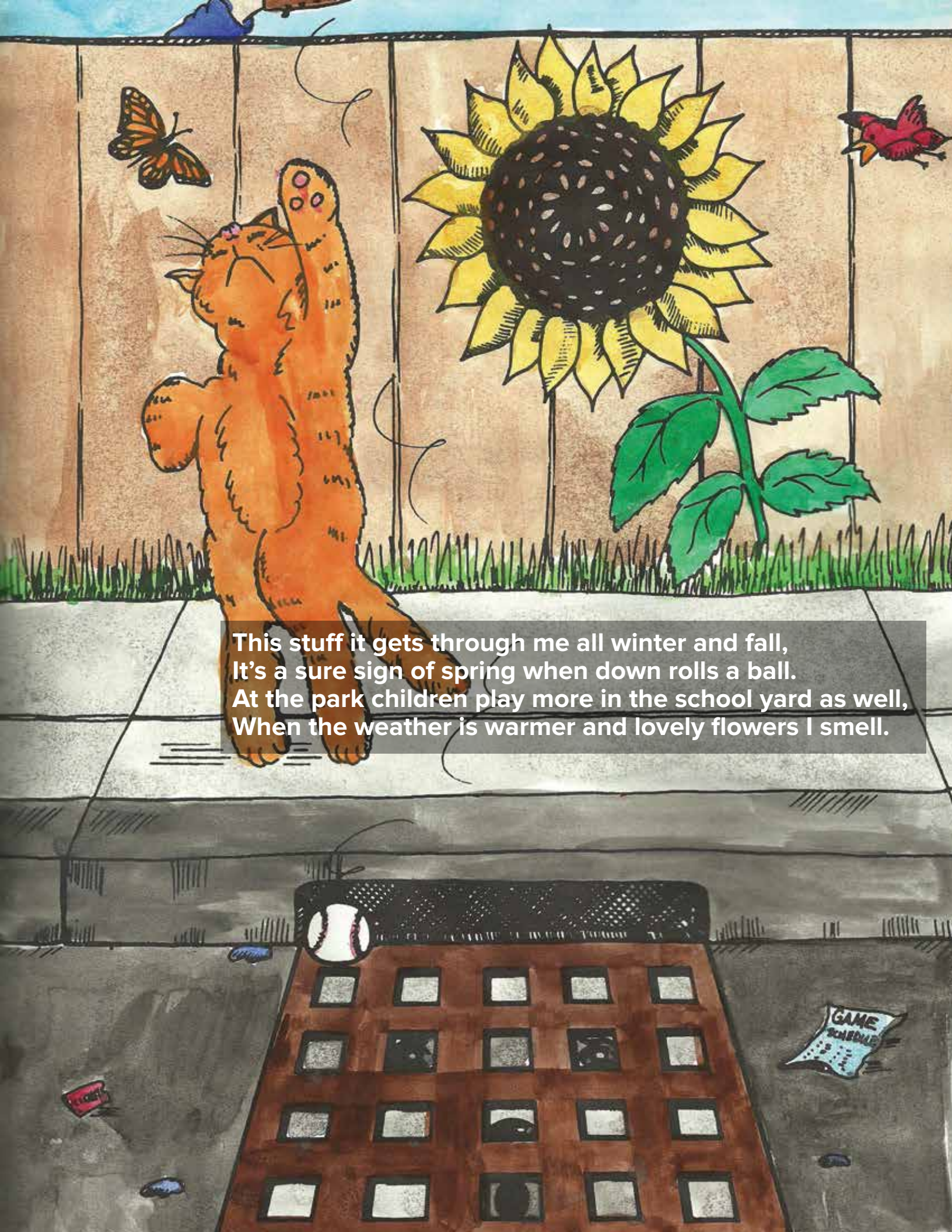
In autumn when school starts
I am loaded with leaves,
Washing down with rainwater
when they fall from the trees.

Children start to wear coats
made of flannel and wool,
I get lost buttons and bows
when seams tightly pull.
Pencils and rulers are swept
through my grate,
And notes to parents
for homework that's late.

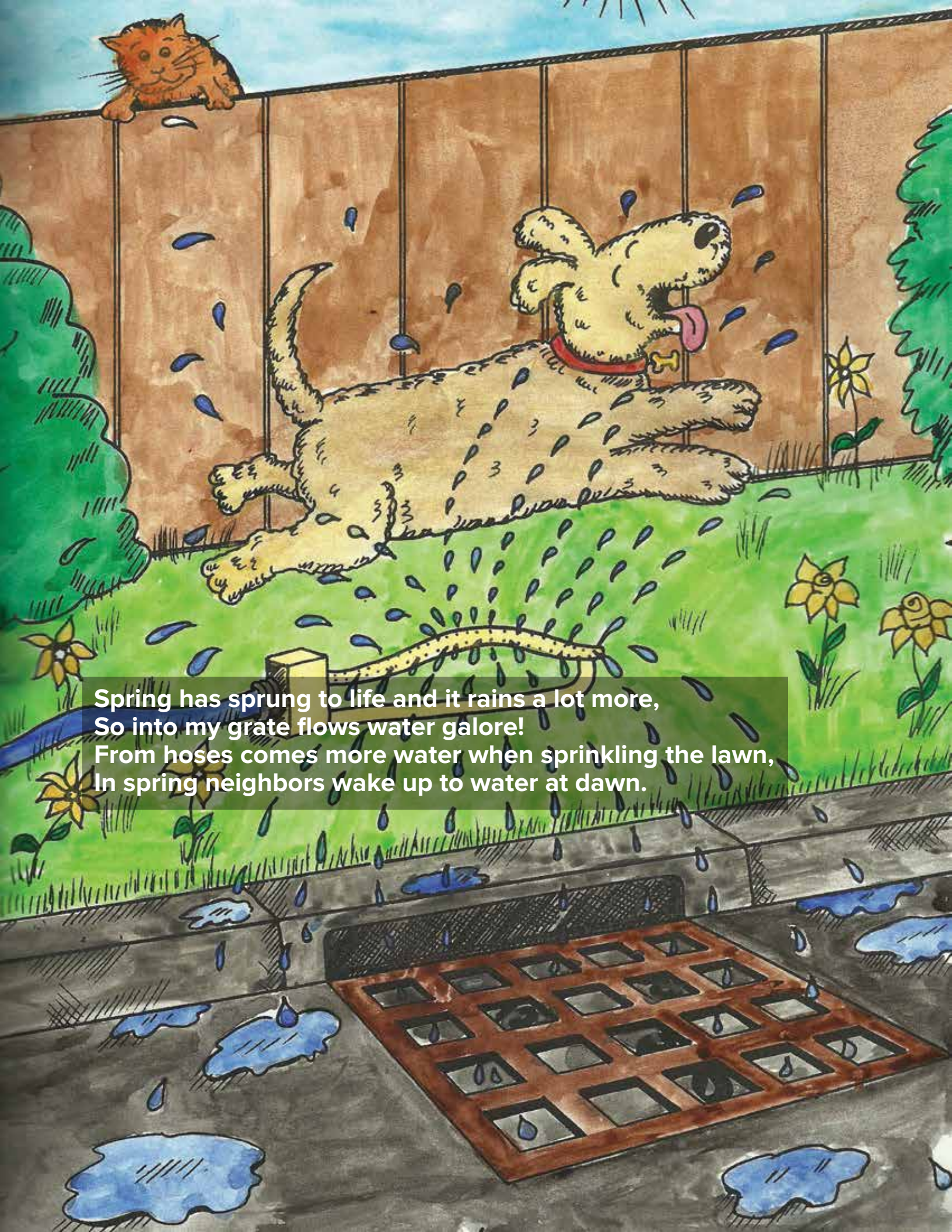




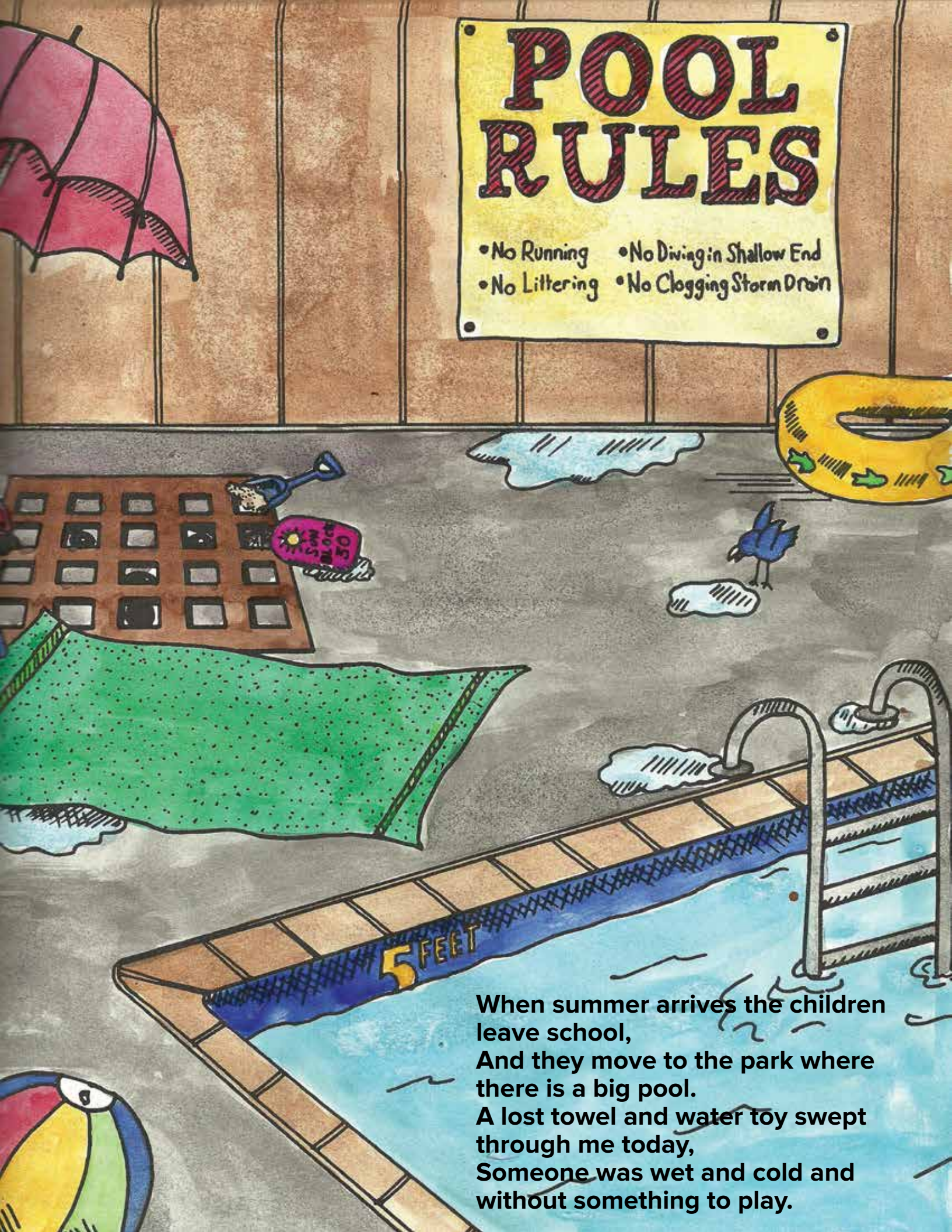
Winter begins and snow falls fluffy-white,
It's beautiful at first then becomes such a sight!
It mixes with salt that is thrown on the road,
To stop cars from sliding so they don't crash and get towed.
Snow shovels will clear the road nicey-nice,
Shoving me dirt, snow, and salt and big pieces of ice!



This stuff it gets through me all winter and fall,
It's a sure sign of spring when down rolls a ball.
At the park children play more in the school yard as well,
When the weather is warmer and lovely flowers I smell.



Spring has sprung to life and it rains a lot more,
So into my grate flows water galore!
From hoses comes more water when sprinkling the lawn,
In spring neighbors wake up to water at dawn.



- No Running
- No Diving in Shallow End
- No Littering
- No Clogging Storm Drain

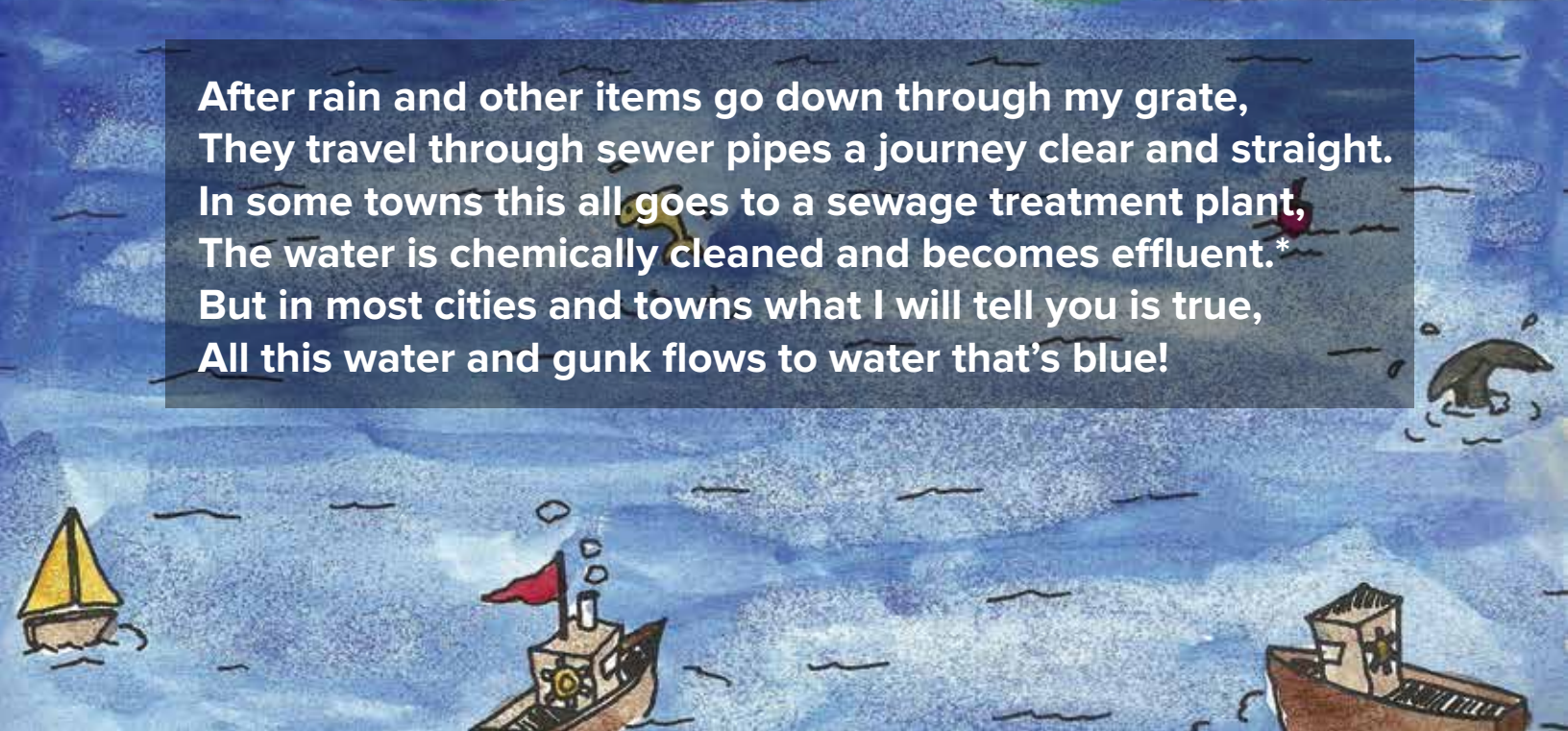
When summer arrives the children
leave school,
And they move to the park where
there is a big pool.
A lost towel and water toy swept
through me today,
Someone was wet and cold and
without something to play.

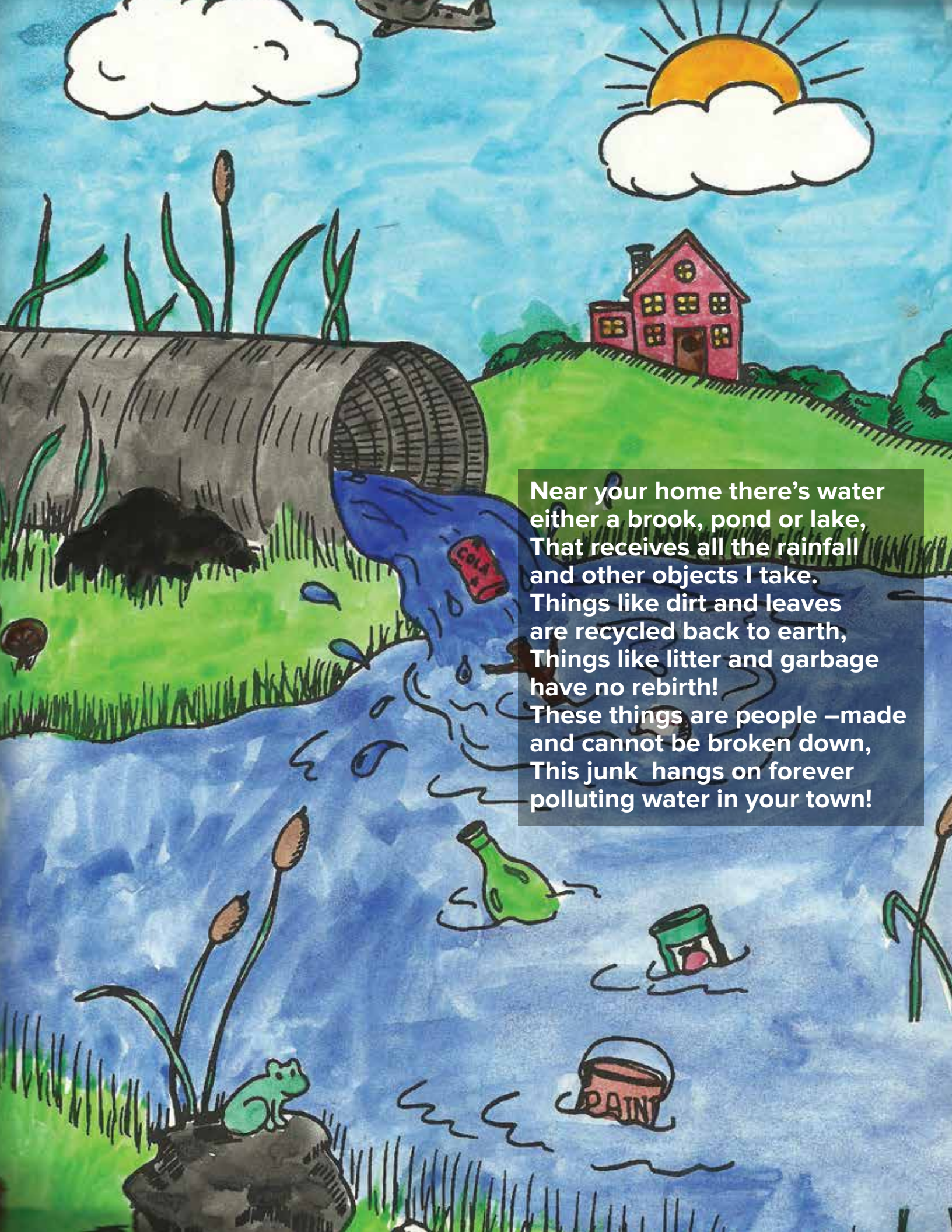


With the days growing longer
dogs are walked up 'til nine.
There's more dog-poop curbside
that's eventually mine.
So what's my point as I chatter on and on?
What does it all mean to you I now warn.
Where does it go? I'm sure you will ask.
Explaining this now is no easy task.

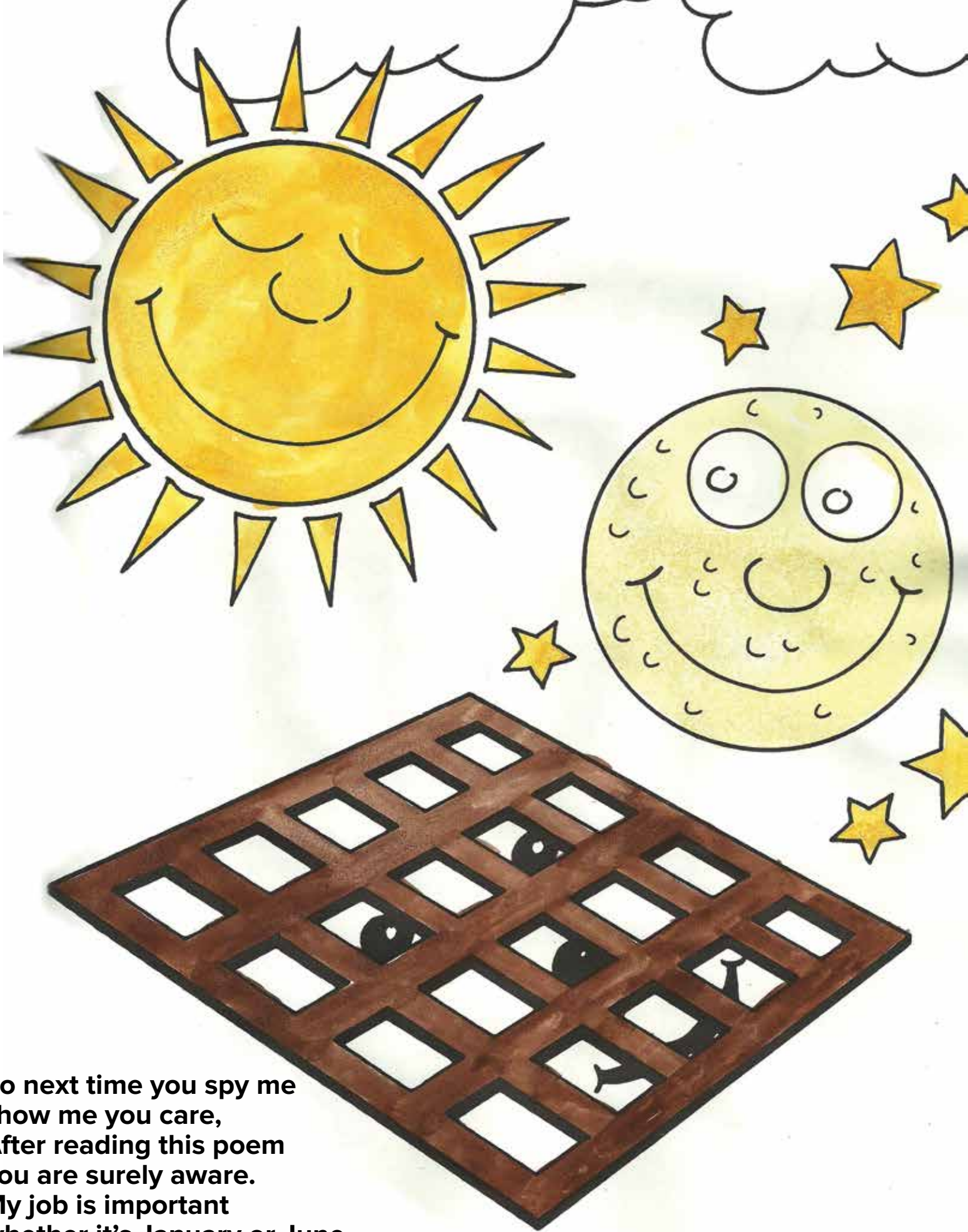


After rain and other items go down through my grate,
They travel through sewer pipes a journey clear and straight.
In some towns this all goes to a sewage treatment plant,
The water is chemically cleaned and becomes effluent.*
But in most cities and towns what I will tell you is true,
All this water and gunk flows to water that's blue!

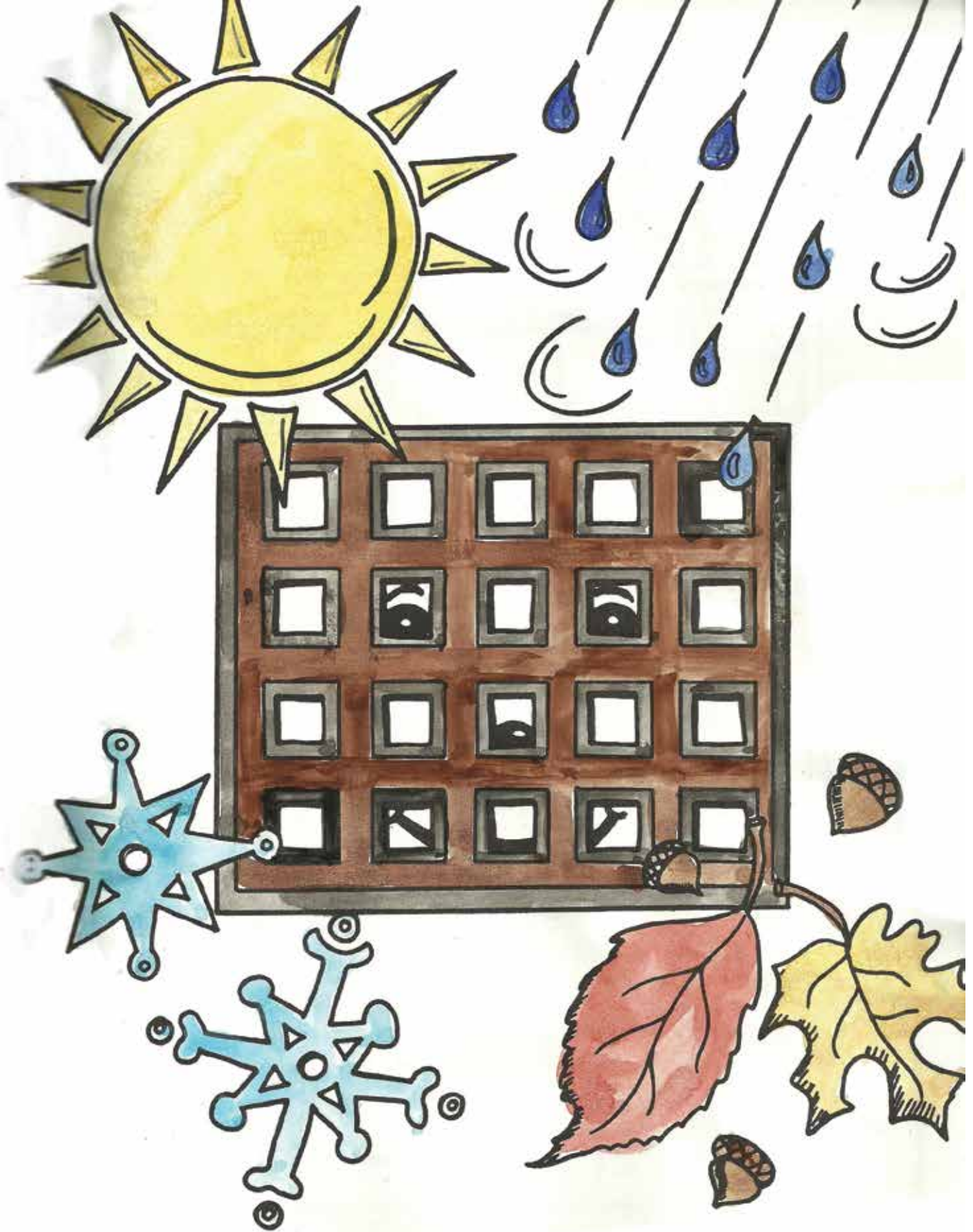




Near your home there's water
either a brook, pond or lake,
That receives all the rainfall
and other objects I take.
Things like dirt and leaves
are recycled back to earth,
Things like litter and garbage
have no rebirth!
These things are people –made
and cannot be broken down,
This junk hangs on forever
polluting water in your town!



So next time you spy me
show me you care,
After reading this poem
you are surely aware.
My job is important
whether it's January or June,
By the light of the sun
and the light of the moon.



**That's my story – I'm a drain for all seasons,
I keep streets clear and dry health and safety are my reasons!**

The End