

2025 TRASH ART CONTEST

LITERATURE SUBMISSIONS

Link to this post on Substack: [Garbage collection by Tess Wroblecki](#)

GARBAGE COLLECTION

A couple weeks ago I went to an event hosted by SnoFlow Seattle dedicated to waste land how to reduce it. I learned some fun facts about waste in Seattle and King County that I wanted to share with you, along with a [video about garbage](#) because why not.

GARBAGE FACTS + DISPOSAL TIPS

- In Seattle, all of our garbage is sent by train to a landfill in Arlington, Ore. These dedicated garbage trains run five days per week.
- The rest of King County garbage is sent to Cedar Hills Regional Landfill in Maple Valley, Wash. The landfill is projected to be full and need to closed by 2030. That being said, the landfill has been "cleared" for decades, according to [this article from the Seattle Times](#).
- King County has a team dedicated to reducing the amount of garbage sent to the landfill. Their ambitious vision is for a zero-waste King County. One of their approaches is to push companies that make consumer products to take responsibility for how the products are disposed of (called "extended producer responsibility").
- Tip: Avoid recycling anything smaller than your fist, as it can slip through the grates in the recycling container.
- Tip: You can recycle aluminum ball caps to do this. Collect clean ball caps into a bag and once you have a bag bigger than your fist, throw it in the recycling. Start her honest, I haven't been doing this. But it's a nice idea!
- Tip: King County has a tool to help you figure out [what to do with items](#) destined for landfill, recycling or compost sorting.

*More notes from my research: King County Solid Waste Division is currently planning to expand the landfill facility, meaning inside the current 1,000-acre buffer zone that separates the landfill from homes and businesses. These plans would expand the landfill by 400,000 sq ft. Construction of the new landfill area could begin in June 2023, according to King County's webpage on the matter last updated in March 2022.

PLAYLIST

Listen to the [playlist on Spotify](#)

- [Trashy Kids Club](#)

In this song, Noah takes a relationship to trash, and she doesn't shy away from some down-and-dirty images to really drive her point home. "Impure toxic devotion runs"

garbage collection
by Tess Wroblecki

Mission: Washington's Vision

There comes a time where space is filled with just full of stars. Even ago, a distant land 50,000 light miles away came close to existence. A home of floating geophysics rotates around a cosmic system, companion to Pluto. Micro organisms seek to evolve and exact historic trouble. The big one's greater than from a distance, so close. The Terminator habits becomes weaker. Agents of the unknown must march forward. Ancient Terra floats among us.

Code: Ancient Terra28
Operation: Health Inspection 0111
Agent 1: Marlon
Agent 2: Julius

"This is such an unethical term," Agent Marlon says. His 3 finger hand sits the wheel, as a group starts to slip down his faulty hand. A few buttons were pushed on the dashboard. A strong gusting of air becomes apparent behind the control room, its sound flooding the chilly wind space.

"Stop the ship if you plan to produce any more complaints," Agent Julius whips back.

"Objection. We're close to landing." A Marlon pulls a long red lever, causing the foreign ship to disintegrate into the ocean. Black sea reflects the blue above, shimmering aquatic stars hovering on their cosmic sides. The cushion of this planetary form builds on the margin of all of matter's dimensions. An icy essence solidifies the ship. Water droplets seepens the roof. Wheels from the ship starts itself from muddy sand.

A fire broke out from the engine tank beneath the belly of the craft.

"Not good."

"You mean disaster?" A Marlon slams on the self eject button. Dust and sand fills the swirling air surrounding them rapidly, the roof of the ship disintegrating into the air. Both of the agents flew out as they violently surfed the sky. Crash landing onto a huge solid side rock. Much unfortunate occurrences they thought.

The two strangers walked onto the surface of the rock. Their long arms flung open while their long gaped eyes peeped against the hoodler. As a result, all of their eyes hoodled back into their skulls. Inverted sight to be seen. Literally. Slowly, their healthy dysfunction begins to regress. The craft is no longer in shape to be hauled out from at the moment while the two men their first earthly visit.

"Not pleasant." A Julius groans. He smacks his head around until his neck turns like an owl. Once they had settled, they gazed at the metal sign near the beach shore. A green and blue square sign reads,

Mission: Washington's
Vision by Sandy Vo

Setting Up Camp

Incorporating
is the word — as if the hard plastic feet
of this five-dollar camp chair
were settling into moon dust

or knocking against the rough mineral earth of the ocean floor.
As I decline

into a sitting position, my stiff human body
cracked on polyester — a petroleum product
nearly as ubiquitous as the complex molecules
that surrounded coherence to merge into this black sludge —

I am in nature, in a state of nature,
blood pumping in tandem

with water coursing over shiny grey rocks,
where sockeye salmon

struggle upstream toward climax and dissolution
pulled on by electric impulses

I can never fully grasp
I imagine myself as a man
greater than I am —
the Mar ambled through

the Sierras, living out his heavy youth
in a remarkable beam, in prospect of starlight splitting in —

or Berry planting a knotty coil of tangled roots deep
in Kentucky soil, a man outside of time,

existing in a notebook with dirt-crusted fingers,
it is to stay

to imagine
as I crack open a beer and tear into a package of hotdogs.

Setting Up Camp
by Joe Selmont



The National Recycler Unleashes
Littering Bombshell by Greg Olsen



Link to this post on Substack: [Garbage collection - by Tess Wro](#)

GARBAGE COLLECTION

A couple weeks ago I went to an event hosted by Soapbox Seattle dedicated to waste (and how to reduce it). I learned some fun facts about waste in Seattle and King County that I wanted to share with you, along with a [playlist about garbage](#) (because why not).

GARBO FACTS + DISPOSAL TIPS

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- The rest of King County garbage is sent to Cedar Hills Regional Landfill in Maple Valley, Wash. The landfill is projected to be full (and need to close) by 2030. That being said, the landfill has been “closing” for decades, according to [reporting from the Seattle Times](#). *
- King County has a team dedicated to reducing the amount of garbage sent to the landfill. Their ambitious vision is for a zero-waste King County. One of their approaches is to push companies that make consumer products to take responsibility for how the products are disposed of (called “extended producer responsibility”).
- Tip! Avoid recycling anything smaller than your fist, as it can slip through the grates in the recycling compactor.
- Tip! You can recycle aluminum foil! How to do this: Collect clean foil, compress it into a ball, and once you have a ball larger than your fist, throw it in the recycling. (Let’s be honest, I haven’t been doing this. But it’s a nice idea!)
- Tip! King County has a tool to help you figure out [what to do with](#) items destined for landfill, recycling or compost sorting.

* *More notes from my research:* King County Solid Waste Division is currently planning to expand the landfill (while remaining inside the current 1,000-foot buffer zone that separates the landfill from homes and businesses). These plans would extend the landfill’s life until 2038. Construction of the new landfill area could begin in June 2025, according to King County’s webpage on the matter (last updated in March 2022).

PLAYLIST

Listen to the [playlist on Spotify](#).

- [“Trash,” Kate Nash](#)
In this song, Nash likens a relationship to trash. And she doesn’t shy away from some down-and-dirty images to really drive her point home. “Impure toxic devotion runs

through me like a river to a plastic ocean," she sings. Her love is poisonous, and she herself is fake. "I'm trash! Trash! Trash for you!" is a powerful and freeing refrain.

- ["Dead Batteries," Scarves](#)

To me, this song is about one person, among a generation of people, who feels like their future has been corrupted by previous generations. And what better way to capture that feeling than likening it to the types of things you might find tossed in a landfill! This song is catchy and singable without ever being predictable or boring. The clean, jingly guitar riff at the beginning dissolves into something more grungy and distorted at the end. I love this song!

- ["Junk Bond Trader," Elliott Smith](#)

"Taking out the trash to the man/ Give the people something they'd understand." In this song, Smith relates to people through one of the most quotidian, unglamorous parts of life – garbage. It's not a very flattering portrait of humanity.

- ["Leftovers," Johnny Flynn](#)

Don't waste anything fresh on me, Flynn insists in this song. I'm fine with scraps. Then he finds his perfect match – a girl who only eats half her meals and gives away the rest. This song is folksy, driving and lyrical.

- ["Dump," Kero Kero Bonito](#)

It was such a pleasant surprise to stumble on this song while searching Spotify with keywords "garbage," "trash," and "dumpster." It describes the sensory experience of being at a dump — crunching sounds, unpleasant smells, a mess of colors and textures — but the melody and instrumentals are relaxed and sweet, almost like a lullaby. What a contrast!

- ["Debris," Lowertown](#)

This song seems to be about trauma dumping, though they never use those words specifically. "Feeling so strong you have nowhere else to go/So you dump them out in a scattered mess of debris."

- ["Trash," New York Dolls](#)

Ripped clothes, safety pins and even garbage bags became the ultimate aesthetic for punks in the 70s and 80s. So it's no surprise that punk rockers sing about trash. Pick up the trash, the singer says to their lover. Clean yourself up. The song is both jaded and desperate, disparaging and sympathetic.

- ["Oom Sha La La," Hayley Heynderickx](#)

Here, the singer is burdened by the expectations they held for the world and for their future. So they're throwing away things that weigh them down — starting with spoiled

milk and old olives — and they're starting fresh, by planting a garden. The nonsense lyrics "oom sha la la" make this song feel a little off-kilter and playful, despite its heavy themes.

RESOURCES/REFERENCES:

- [Where does my waste go? - King County](#)
- [What do I do with...? - King County](#)
- [Re+ Fast Start Action Overview - Extended Producer Responsibility for Packaging and Paper Products - King County Solid Waste Div](#)
- [King County's landfill has been almost full for two decades. What happens next? | The Seattle Times](#)
- [2019 Comprehensive Solid Waste Management Plan](#)
- [Cedar Hills Regional Landfill Development - King County, Washington](#)

Mission: Washington's Vision

There comes a time where space is filled with junk full of stars. Eons ago, a distant howl 50,000 light miles away came close to existence. A home of flaming geographics rotates around a cosmic system, companion to Pluto. Micro organisms seek to evolve and enact historic trouble. The big star's power roars from a distance, so close. The Terrarian bubble becomes weaker. Agents of the unknown must march forward. Ancient Terra floats among us.

Code: Ancient Terra28

Operation: Health Inspection1018

Agent 1: Martius

Agent 2: Julius

"This is such an imbecilic turn," Agent Martius says. His 3 finger hand stirs the wheel, as a goop starts to drip down his fleshy head. A few buttons were pushed on the dashboard. A strong gushing of air becomes apparent behind the control room, its sound flooding the chilly metal space.

"Stop the ship if you plan to produce any more complaints," Agent Julius whips back.

"Objection. We're close to landing." A. Martius pulls a long red lever, causing the foreign ship to decelerate into the ozone. Black seas reflect the skies above, shimmering aquatic stars bouncing on their cosmic tides. The custom of this planetary form builds on the magic of all of mother's elements. An airy essence welcomes the ship. Water droplets caresses the roof. Wheels from the ship stains itself from muddy sand.

A fire broke out from the engine tank beneath the belly of the craft.

"Not good."

"You mean departure." A. Martius slams on the self eject button. Dust and sand fills the swirling air surrounding them rapidly, the roof of the ship dissolving into the mist. Both of the agents flew out as they violently surfed the sky. Crash landing onto a huge solid tide rock. Much unfortunate occurrence they thought.

The two strangers sulked onto the surface of the rock. Their long arms flung open while their long gated eyes plopped against the boulder. As a result, all of their eyes bounced back into their skulls. Inverted sights to be unseen. Literally. Slowly, their bodily dysfunction begins to regenerate. The craft is no longer in shape to be healed nor fixed at the moment while the two mourn their first earthly visit.

"Not pleasant." A. Julius groans. He smacks his head around until his neck turns like an owl. Once they had settled, they gazed at the metal sign near the beachy shore. A green and blue square sign reads:

**WASHINGTON STATE: OCEAN WATER SUSTAINABILITY
NO WASTE ZONE**

THE 5 C'S

CLEAN

COMMUNITY

CULTURE

CARE

CORPORATE GOVERNANCE

As their eyes lay on humanly words, they shift towards the filth beneath. Bags among bags. Strange long tubes bundled up like tumble weaves. Ragged and ripped clothing hanging on the edge of the sign. Corpses of starfishes on top of the sand. And one perished sea turtle strangled by a flimsy plastic wrap sleeps there as though it has been for eternity. All of the sudden, their legs felt empty like styrofoam- fragile and weightless, more than ever.

“It is ultimately unbearable to witness such destruction.” A. Julius clenched his tri-fist into a ball. His eyes squint out liquid gas as he reached for a strange device from his galactic suit.

“We must proceed with caution and execute the operation as ordered.” A. Martius replied.

“How could *care* and *clean* be on the same premise of this notice? Must it have this sort of dichotomy for humans to waste this easily?” They opened up the device with their finger as a compound key and unrolled a scroll hidden inside the small wooden box. Errands that are meant to be done so in an orderly fashion. As it will leave scarring on the souls of these creatures. But yet, these agents of amendments have suffered from the depths of wastage from other space nations.

However, humans are no exception to this degree of mass extinction of multifaceted species including their own. So, agents Martius and Julius were commended to serenade the planet with a short ode. It acts as a poem that is meant to be devoured by the earth's core. As a sort of galactic spell to cast nuclear healing properties to restore the greenery of earth before its current demise.

“Is there hope in wishing for humans to learn? To cultivate better ways to reduce plastic? To reduce their disgusting emissions..”

“There is no use in hopes. We must continue.” A. Martius replied back to Julius. Julius bows his head down and sighed. He nodded at the last moment before fully revealing the scroll. The duo held the scroll together as they glanced at the words before speaking to the scene.

The poem reads:

*Only a fraction of the universe
may exist beyond
coexisting
elements
of
ticking cadence.*

*Solar peak flows the dark matter
as it follows the promise soldier
she sings to her orbiting children
stars that become nobodies.*

*Cluster filled spaces
nurtured with poison
thorns fall from meteoroid showers
rains acid onto flames
let it cease to be primal.*

Dimensions of astronomical growth lacerate among decaying vines of stars.

There was silence. Nothing had worked. The mechanical nature of this world is now hopeless. Only a mere conversation between the extraterrestrial beings occurred.

“Must we disable human existence?”

A.Martius sighs and plops on his back and says,

“There must be something greater than kindness to pacify them,” He hovers his hand over his face.

“Nothing can neutralize human’s greed.” He continues. The air bleached their skins by now. Their strength in their complete belief fades, they desire to bury it by rotting alongside Terra's dim pulse. In their utter numbing moments, the cognitive function of theirs came to calculate the upcoming lost traces of the past. No other home planets had suffered this intensely by their factors. They weren’t programmed to feel this personal to a distant planet that’s not their own. Neither have they been sent down like assigned angels from a lonely haven of tomorrow. Can a whimsy prayer be manufactured by an immeasurable fate? They waste their thoughts.

“I am of a different discipline.” Both of them spoke synchronously. They are now one with the waste of the current earth cycle. They became a fraction to the cruel equation that lives within the elements of—the termination of environmental creation. Everything seems all so fabricating, now than ever.

Setting Up Camp

Incongruity
is the word — as if the hard plastic feet

of this five-dollar camp chair
were settling into moon dust

or knocking against the rough mineral earth of the ocean floor.
As I decline

into a sitting position, my stiff human body
cradled in polyester — a petroleum product

nearly as ubiquitous as the complex lifeforms
that surrendered coherence to merge into thick black sludge —

I am in nature, in a state of elation,
blood pumping in tandem

with water coursing over shiny gray rocks,
where sockeye salmon

struggle upstream toward climax and dissolution
pushed on by electric impulses

I can never fully grasp.
I imagine myself as a man

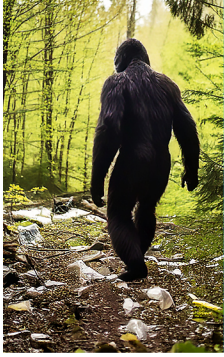
greater than I am —
like Muir ambling through

the Sierras, living out his happy youth
in a ramshackle lean-to, pinpricks of starlight spilling in —

or Berry planting a knotty coil of tangled roots deep
in Kentucky soil, a man outside of time,

scribbling in a notebook with dirt-crusting fingers.
It is so easy

to imagine
as I crack open a beer and tear into a package of hotdogs.



Bigfoot declares war on litterbugs: **"STOP DESTROYING MY HOME!"**

FREMONT TROLL WEDS IN "TRASHY" CEREMONY—LITERALLY!

■ **NEXT UP:** Honeymoon under Ballard Bridge... if they can find their VW Bug in all the litter!



NATIONAL RECYCLER

EXCLUSIVE

KRAKEN'S MOM TELLS ALL!

"He's a good kid who just got mixed up with the wrong mound of floating trash."

LOCAL KRAKEN MISTAKES GARBAGE PILE FOR PIRATE SHIP

■ Private texts from the pirates prove they were **IN ON IT!**

■ Locals worry for kraken's life, **"HE DEVoured A LOT OF GROSS WET STUFF!"**

