

A POEM

TITTLE: GENERATIONAL HABITAT

Under the clear blue skies, mirror like waters flowing like an endless string of songs clean and clear, trees bending elegantly to the blowing of the crisp fresh air refreshing soul and minds. There gather our people enjoying the warm embrace of mother nature, from nature we came, in nature we grow and to nature we go back to. Although of different breed and lifestyle generations passing on, but nature provides the constant entity of existence it is always there, giving it's best to the people, but for all the years of nurturing, it has been on the short end of receiving the trash, inconvenience and unwanted materials of its inhabitant. Turning a safe haven into a haunted palace of waste, because we choose disposal over reduce, reuse and recycling, encouraging in the habit of splurging without replenishing we drain nature of its glow. Looking ahead we can do better and we would do better, because around us from the erratic climate condition, stale air, polluted water bodies, we can hear the cries of nature demanding for a change. This is a call for action NATURE MUST FLOURISH, SAVE OUR HABITAT.