

Plea Etched in Bark and Tide

**Oh, ancient Earth, whose skin we've etched with scars,
How do we mend the rifts beneath the silent stars?
The plastic bloom, a choking, spectral reef,
Begins with moments, brief beyond belief,
A tossed-away convenience, stark and grim,
That chokes the currents at your ocean's brim.**

She weeps in silence now, Mother Earth, wounded and alone.

**The forest's sigh, a fading, whispered plea,
Starts with a hunger for unburdened glee,
A fleeting fashion, a resource devoured,
Leaving the wildwood tragically disempowered,
Where forests bow their blackened crowns, and ashes
memories keep;
A silent lineage of giants overthrown,
Their ancient wisdom to the winds asleep.
Birdsong forgets its tune, as fragile new life can't sleep.**

**The warming tremor in your deep embrace,
Is born of journeys, run with careless pace,
Of fumes unheeded, a pervasive stain,
That dims the brilliance of your sun and rain.**

**Skies wear the weight of steel-smoke, clouds cry acid tears;
Each thoughtless mile, a fragile balance lost,
A heavy future, counting up the years.
Oceans whisper in hush, beneath their plastic veneers.**

**Man hurls his refuse where the rivers grieve,
Buries his poison in the soil's green weave.
Streets wear the stench of forgotten decay,
And Earth, betrayed, slowly wastes away.**

**The barren breath where vibrant life held sway,
Speaks of the poisons we unleashed each day,
A sterile promise, a deceptive yield,
That left the nurturing motherland unhealed.**

Mountains wear scars of greed—each peak groans in pain;

**The very essence, vital and profound,
Lost to the silence of a sorrowful reign.
All these wounds cry out, in one silent refrain.**

**But hope unfurls, a fragile, reaching vine,
In every seedling kissed by morning shine.
Yet deep beneath her bruised soil, a resilient heart beats.
With hands that gather fragments, small and slight,
We seek the beauty banished from our streets.
Green seeds of defiance push through dust and heats;**

**In conscious choices, whispered on the breeze,
We strive to mend, to finally find release.
They pulse with memory of how the world once bloomed—
Ready to renew, as dawn the tired earth greets.**

**Now arise, children of Earth, draw courage from this night;
Let each hand become a lantern, guiding the dim light.
Plant gardens in wastelands, let barren fields heal;
Feed the flame of promise with each turn of the wheel.**

**Together we cradle our future—restoration is our call;
With faith in each step, we answer hope's clarion call.
Rise, O world, from your slumber; let your heartstrings sing;
Behold the dawn of a new day, and let tomorrow spring.**