

“When Mother Earth Forgets Us”

**What if Mother Earth, in fury,
erased our names?**

**What if the winds, tired of
whispering, howled in rage?**

**What if the trees, once towering,
stood frozen—**

Not rooted, but defeated,

**No longer reaching for a sky that
forgets them?**

We were born from her breath—

Yet we treat her like a stranger.

**We mine her, poison her,
Claim her as ours,
Unaware we are nothing without
her.**

**What would the world be if rivers
ran dry,
If soil crumbled beneath our feet,
Like memories buried in dust?**

**Can you hear it?
Mother Earth's heartbeat, faint,
distant,
Drowned by engines roaring,
Cities swelling, cries for more—**

Until there's nothing left to give.

The soil calls you back,

**Whispering, "I hold the power to
heal,**

But only if you stop and listen."

**We are stewards of an unwritten
story—**

**Not masters, but caretakers,
healers.**

**Our future will not rise in glass
towers,**

But in the green of the leaves,

**In the quiet of mountains,
In the unfolding of a single petal.**

**Let us begin now—
To restore, to rebuild,
To listen, to walk with her,
To plant the seeds for tomorrow**