

When the waters cry out to me,

I hear them.

They are dying, their stomachs pumped with thousands of pieces of plastic and trash.

The humans decide to take action.

Although to many it may seem rash,

I, Mother nature detects their passion.

And as a result, I am filled with compassion.

I am suddenly reminded of the golden days.

When the sun gracefully shone, reflecting its rays

Oh, those days

When the oceans would call for a swim in the clear, blue waters that contained life's deepest secrets.

Or the animals in the jungle sang in unison, drawing me out of my realm and into an ethereal world of harmony, peace, and unity.

Experiencing nothing like pain or regret

But now, I do not sing a joyful song but that of a plea.

Join hands, make our world clean.

So that Mother nature's gifts to you can be happy and free.

Restore what was once lost.

A generation, your generation, is more than enough.

To make a sustainable future rise

Rise like Adam did from the dust.

Oh, clean the oceans,

Sow seeds,

Protect the animals.

And just maybe shall my dream of everlasting peace come to be.