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### **Echoes of a Wounded Crown**

She is Earth—our cradle, our crown,  
Where oceans dance and stars look down.  
From sky to soil, from root to rain,  
She gives us breath, she bears our name.

The hills hum softly in her grace,  
The forests stretch, the rivers trace.  
Yet we, her favored, bruise her skin—  
With plastic tides and choking winds.

Smoke spills from towers into air,  
We cut her trees, we do not care.  
Her oceans cry, her balance sways—  
And still we look the other way.

But I have dreamed a brighter path:  
We reuse, recycle and mend the wrath.  
We plant where we once tore apart,  
And heal the earth with mindful art.

We turn to sun and wind for light,  
Not fuel that feeds the endless night.  
And as we act, we raise our voice—  
To teach, to build, to make a choice.

So when the future takes our place,  
May they still feel her warm embrace—  
May they still call her, bold and free,  
Our Earth. Our Queen.  
Her Majesty.