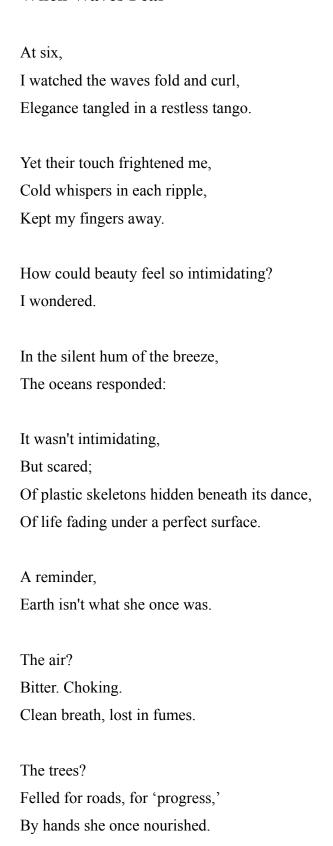
## When Waves Fear



Where did our love go?

Mother Nature weeps,

Not just for herself,

But for our breath, our future.

Enough!

Of this slow suicide,

These plastic prisons choking our seas.

In our hands lies hope.

Let our waste be reborn,

Not to haunt, but serve.

Let progress build with roots, not smoke.

And one day,

Our footprints will no longer make her flinch.

In her quiet healing,

She'll dare to smile again.