

Hear, Heal, Live

The bright blue sky turned dark,
Thick with clouds so stark.
My heart leapt like an athlete at the hurdle,
A beat before the downpour's puzzle.
Water crept in—threatening
Tugging at my feet, beckoning.

Bottles once placed in birthday packs
Charged at me like men in black.
Chocolate-colored waves bore waste so grave,
From my tiny toes to frail knees, it rose—a wave.

Plastics that once brought joy
Deployed in floods—so sly, so coy.
The rain, once a giver of fresh air,
Stole my breath without a care.
Rectangular films of childhood washed clean
A struggle to survive etched within.

The tale is ten years away,
Yet echoed in scenes today.
Plastics flung from traffic's heat,
and refuse dropped in gutters discreet,
Each careless act, more harm we create,
building a future we'll face with distaste.

Still— we can teach the waters pace,
To flow with grace, not storm the place.
By spreading the word in whispers or waves:
Recycle today with tomorrow in sight,
Restore, renew, reforest—let's set things right.
Give a breath of freshened air,
And the health that comes with mindful care.
So no more race helter-skelter,
But a world of calm—and shelter.