

TRASH IT!

That's out of sense!

Present in the four walls of the classroom, beyond academic teachings was a room for morality.

Claps of leaves could be heard as wind effects.

He said "Why would a normal citizen litter the floor" if there is no trashcan nearby put it in your bag!

This was my teacher Mr. Hamzah ...

How long can the broken stand?

Trees that once stood gallant

Now shrouds its face from the gazes of its past admirers .

The sea that once flowed graciously

Now gasps as plastics invade

Soil that housed seeds now begs for a chance to exist.

The pursuit of economic development veiled our sights to future harm.

My hands opened to seek restoration's art.

I returned sad,

majority of hands withdrawn

seeming to await "The Worse"

Honour to the ones in practice.

It is said "some battles are to be fought multiple times to be won"

This is one of them

Please, Rise!

Restoration is not mercy, it is memory.

A weed cannot bloom where care reside.

Our forefathers left the earth in pride.

Let's tend the wounds of that which embraced us.