

## Plea Etched in Bark and Tide

Oh Mother Earth, whose skin bears scars of greed,  
A plastic petal blooms in coral's grave.  
The sea exhales silence, breath held too long,  
And shadows choke where sunlight used to dance.

Where elders once stood, robes of dust now sway,  
Birdsong forgets its tune, life slips away.  
Smog-stained skies drip acid tears that bite,  
While mountains groan beneath our reckless flight.

I walk these scorched lands with quiet shame,  
Each step a vow to mend what I became.  
I trace the cracks where roots once whispered names,  
And hear the soil weep beneath poisoned time.

Yet still, a seed dares crack the ash and stone,  
A vine clings fierce to ruins, making them home.  
Still, a lone star stitches the sky with light-  
A thread of hope in extinction's night.

In hands that plant, in feet that softly tread,  
Light falls again where ancient forests bled.  
No crown or claim-just hands that heal and sow,  
Restoring what we failed to know.

So rise, O world-let healing be our fight,  
Restore the dawn, reclaim the night.

*Written by Poetic Dave*