

THIS TIME, WE LISTEN

The Earth has long cried out,
through burning forests and drowning cities.
Nature spoke in wildfires and floods,
but we dismissed her voice as distant noise.

We walked past fallen trees,
as though roots held no stories,
as though silence wasn't a language.
We paved over rivers and called it progress.

We traded green for grey,
then asked why the air choked us back.
We heard the hush of vanished birds,
saw ash-grey skies mourn forgotten green.
Still, we looked away.

But this time, we listen.
To soil begging for care,
to trees pleading not to be felled, but fostered.
We plant not just for shade,
but for breath, for balance, for tomorrow.

We trade plastics for purpose,
choose need over greed,
and paint our future in green, not grey.
We teach, we act, we innovate.

No longer will we vote for profit over planet.
With green hands, we rebuild what was broken.
We've lost too much of yesterday,
but the Earth still speaks.
And this time, we listen.