A GREEN DAWN

- Let's create a world where our care is a needle stitching green threads across the torn seams of time,
- Where the sky unlearns it bruises, forgets the taste of fumes, and wears its blue unapologetically,
- Where wind sings through trees, cradling birdsongs, not soot, not even the dust of endings,
- Where trees are planted like prayers, like lifelines, and allowed to age like empires, to bloom into forests grand as cathedrals,
- forests that outnumber factories, not products waiting to be stripped bare without renewal, not sacrifices without seeds,
- Where the soil is no longer fed our toxins, nor scarred with chemicals, but honoured as the womb of all becoming,
- where we don't feed the oceans our careless convenience, but allow them run, unclogged from plastics choking the bellies of sea creatures,
- Where all homes grow a garden, and become havens of green joy, seedbeds for climate hope—for hope isn't passive, but grown in the soil of action—
- Where every poison dressed as progress is barred, and conservation made louder than extraction,
- Where we're heralds of a green dawn, crafting a future where the earth recovers.