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CATEGORY: WRITING(ADULT CATEGORY)

THE FOREST THAT USED TO SING

"Remembering the smell of fresh tree sap and the soothing breeze is an outstanding memory I will never forget while traveling on road, everything goes silent like I were in some trance.

The trees stood like choirs in uniform attires singing a lullaby. They were safe haven for the birds of the sky and shades for the land dwellers, without a doubt they were elegant and home to life.

These memories, feelings have began to fade because I no longer see these choirs in attires, All I see are emptiness with black dust that fills the air, which are no longer soothing but rather itch my throat as I take deep breath. I long for these trees but deep down I know they are no more, they are lost by scorching heat and sharp machete.

These trees need to be restored. Reforestation is one way, but it doesn't ensure their safety. Government conservative policies need to be enacted as well to protect trees from harm. But we, we as individuals need to protect these trees, a single choir might be the reason you breathe easier tomorrow, it might be home to the birds of the sky."

