

Poem Title: Dilemma of the Future  
Poet's Name: Ojeade Joseph

We say the Earth is chocking,  
Yet act as if she's joking.  
When birdsong fade into the air,  
All we hear is trees stripped bare.

Three hearts now beat the gong of war.  
First, Mother Ocean  
Her eyes weeps streams of plastics rain,  
She held her breath tight in silent pain.

Then comes Earth,  
A once lush gaint is now worn.  
Her fertile robe is ripped and torn.  
She limps through landfills, clothed in dust,  
Betrayed by those she learned to trust.

And the sky?  
This dome of life and light  
Now dims beneath the smoke at night.  
The once fresh and free wind,  
Now whispers death in every wave.

We stand between two fragile doors,  
One paved with greed, one with restored shores.  
Will comfort now worth the cost,  
If future voices mourn what's lost?

We mine the world yet call it fate,  
As though regret can come too late.  
But time still turns and hope still grows  
In every tree every hand sows.

If this is legacy,

Then, we'll lay down  
What is right for those yet to come.