

## HEAR THE CRIES OF THE DYING WORLD

A silence demands, yet in the silence deep,  
A thousand broken, whispered sorrows creep.  
As old trees fall, the forest sighs,  
A timbered suffering, heeding natures cries.

The raging winds, a climates angry war,  
Unleash their fury on a fragile shore.  
The scorching heat, a continuous burning breath,  
Whispers of droughts and widespread slow-drawn death.

As the desert breathes, they expand plain and wide,  
Where once green life in vibrant beauty thrived.  
Hear the cries of the dying world,  
In oceans rising, ancient stories twirled.

From acid oceans, corals exposed and bare,  
To plastic islands floating in misery and despair.  
No longer whispers, but a furious scream,  
As species vanish, just like a fading dream.

The Earth's lungs, gasping for clean air,  
A planet struggling, burdened by our lack of care.  
However in these cries, a desperate plea we find,  
A final whisper, stirring humankind.

To awake from slumber, break the silent trance,  
To mend the damage, and grab a second chance.  
A world that once was pure and bright,  
Now calls for help to set things right.

So as you listen closer, to the winds soft groan, the Earth's weeping, and we're not left alone. The Earth's still breathing, that's something we must embrace, to mend our errors, and make a better place.