

Mother Earth cries.
She wails.
As wildfire spreads,
Suffocating her children.
When smoke expands and
Soil begins to upheave the trees.

She cries when climate goes against his words
And begins to transpose
As opposed to their agreement
She cries as the ozone cracks
And the UVs barges in,
Arresting her children's shell
Mother Earth cries.

But does she cry in vain?
Does her heart wail for no cause?
A generation has seen her tragedy,
The wicked that has befallen Mother,
And they fight for her honor.
With initiatives towards pure energy,
The youths pledged themselves to the thirteenth SDG
And forbade a plethora of fossil fuel emissions.
They replant and plant anew,
And restore their relationship with Mother.

Deforestation in the name of land and buildings,
Pollution in the name of free will,

Things of the past

Gradually, Mother Earth is made anew

To prosper and resemble something:

Celestial; if not, elysian.