

Oasis of Unscripted Tales

by Felix O Wisdom

This barren land holds a thousand secrets...

And on that spot flows an oasis of unscripted tales--

Tales of woe, and of victory,

Of sonnets sung and innocence robbed.

Of sinners who strip me, enweaving my spirit in poisoned threads...

My tears polluted, my offspring envenomed,

My daughters uprooted, their brothers razed...

Children's children scamper, desolate lands a safer refuge.

The bitter taste of my seeds--

Fallen dreams carried on tainted breezes.

The ozone, now nude, a flimsy veil of forgotten care.

But hush--are those beats of renewal I hear?

They dance closer, bearing promises of hope:

One for deloused seas,

Another for new planting in all seasons,

One for purer skies,

And cleaner breezes for my sisters.

Four-legged and winged offspring--

All promised stronger refuge.

But it starts with us, my friends,

With the seeds in your hands...

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With the power of your voice,

And the resilience of Mother Nature's gifts.

Together, we can clothe my spirit again--

And save me from the barrenness

Humanity has long promised.