

## OUR CLIMATE, OUR FUTURE

Alas! The season goes-a-treason,  
As summer goes bummed out  
And winter goes duller,  
Our climate is no greener.

I wonder why the earth of fruitfulness  
And abundance she is sapped?  
Hmmm! The green grows grey,  
Her existence is prey.

The gazelles whimper  
For the shady trees are gone,  
All felled and quelled,  
Without a seed to spare.

The axe goes on-a-chopping,  
The cutlass goes on-a-cutting,  
Just then, the rain gives birth  
And Mr. Soil cries, "help!"

The ocean cries, "doom! doom!"  
For her inhabitants perish,  
As the estuaries and her banks usher in  
A confluence of oils spilled and polluted waters.

The air chokes with smokes  
Perusing the atmosphere  
And constantly breaking the harmony  
Between the sun and her covering.

But there is hope,  
To plant trees,  
Stop the felling and the burning,  
For a green rebirth.

There is hope,  
To value water,  
Savour every drop,  
To nurture every crop.



There is hope to restore,  
To conserve and to protect  
The earth, if only every household  
Make sustainability a priority.

There is hope,  
That a better climate awaits,  
If everyone ensures to  
Reduce, reuse and recycle solid waste.

There is hope,  
That you and I,  
Nature won't deny,  
In a future awaiting us!

