

RESTORATION CALL

In muddy currents, Affi and Mangrove weep,
The Nigerian Delta Swamp fades with every breath,
The saplings bare with roots asleep,
On dry and barren land of death.

The Osun River's beauty starved,
Her South Southern sisters cough of plastic waste,
All these are scars in earth we've carved,
We've left mother earth with sour a taste.

But hope is planted right at us,
It's time to rise and mend the soil,
With spirit bold and great focus,
We shape the future with our toil.

Our hands must work, our mouths must speak,
To restore a healthy world to the peak.

