

Re: Forestation – By Way of Planting Lungs

In the new dawn, hope springs eternal.
A soft whisper of life, a vibrant splash of joy.

What we birth, we must defend,
A steady shield, planted firmly,
Rooted in promise, reaching sky-high.

From every forest, a new life breathes,
A testament born of fulfilled needs.
A peace that softens hope's chaos,
The lively chatter of new beginnings.

Though the sun burns and the water dries,
Though storms break and quakes bury,
Still, they grow when hands are kind.

 If we protect, if we restore,
 The forest breathes, and so do we.
So let us not strike the lungs we planted,
Nor choke the breath we swore to save.

 If we do not guard what grows,
 We dig the graves we hope to outrun.

 Plant a tree, and you plant for many.
 One root grows into shelter for plenty.
 But teach the heart to tend the land,
 And forests bloom from every hand.



Oluwafemi <3