

Mama used to say the beauty of life laid in the surroundings we see,  
She'd singing praises of the mother Earth in all her beauty and glory, constantly saying where  
we stepped feet in was a definition of who we were

But what happens,when the one thing in all her ethereal beauty is being laid to waste,where  
lands which are to tell tales of the ancient diversity in unity are left to ruins?

How do we reshape our future if the origins are not being restored?

How do we create a generation rich in bio diversity if the basicity of our ecosystem does not  
speak solidity?

How do we dream of a better world when the smallest of organisms which sit at the bottom of  
the ecological system does not even have a chain to bank on without the fear of extinction

These are not just feeble words,this is a reawakening, a call to reminder that the future we  
dream of starts from the environment we create,so let us use the power of our voice for the  
reformation and reshaping of our future