

I wonder where the youths and the future leaders of a promised tomorrow are?
How did I become a part of a generation
that trades trees for bonfires,
and air for smoke?

Yet I'm glad to break free,
As a voice, a wildfire, and a stitch in the fabric of change,
Where we dream a future of green rebirth,
One step at a time.

But tell me how we can envision our dreams to reality?
When the earth gags on our smoke,
Plastic slash her rivers like knives,
The forest, older than Grandma's tales, crumble to charcoal at our touch.

Yet we stuff her mouth with waste,
To muffle get whimpers.
When did living turn to a death wish?.

I still hear her heartbeat beneath the rubble,
When I press my ear to the ground
Her pulse still flickers_ beneath the scars on her surface.

We are the generation
That must learn to reclaim_
Silence greed to amplify life,
Not to destroy, but to dig new foundations

As ambassadors, we rise,
With calloused hands ,not with speeches,
But with footprints leading where the map ends,

As cartographers of restoration.