

## **WE, OF COURSE!**

It was a thursday morning in Ebutte-metta,  
Something did not look right about the atmosphere  
The gutter before me was filled with metal,  
Pollution touring round the city without fare.

### ***Who will repair the ruin? WE, OF COURSE!***

Though we are raised on the ashes of broken seas,  
But the future begins when we stop watching  
We were born to the silence of vanishing trees  
Like soldiers we must start planting with legs matching

### ***Who will replant the trees? WE, OF COURSE!***

Smoke in the sky: they called it progress,  
But beneath the rubble, our voices stirred.  
They drilled the earth till even the stars stress,  
A restless rhythm asking for attention to be heard.

### ***Who will protect the stars? WE, OF COURSE!***

The rivers remember what we have forgotten,  
Of healing soil and lifted eyes,  
Rooting hope where fear was once eaten,  
Ours is the era of turning tides.

### ***Who will heal the earth? WE, OF COURSE!***

And when the earth cries – who will restore?  
Our generation arose saying *we are the ones*

It is time to mend the maps our ancestors tore  
Bringing sanity to our world for once!

Generation Alpha;  
Arise, before it goes too far!