

TITLE: WHERE FRESH AIR IS STILL FREE

CATEGORY: WRITING (ADULT CATEGORY)

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The world is a small place because it revolves around just one commodity: energy. Therefore, energy possessors call the shots. Crude oil was discovered, and people died because of it. The world is so small, such that under constant extraction, whatever seems abundant will eventually fade—except it renews itself.

Besides, food is also energy—my energy. Can a Black man eat black gold? Let us remember the only wealth the poorest dare to desire. Let us remember our true legacy. Why don't we, in grand style this time, go green again?

Heat is a dark weapon fashioned against a good night's rest. There may be electric fans and air conditioners but... energy possessors call the shots.

So I love spending nights at my friend's place, which is surrounded by trees and flowers. That's why we became close anyway. When powered, the air conditioner is an option. While it handles the temperature, it lacks that breezy feeling of golden peace.

I mean, who would ever prefer paid air conditioning to free fresh air?

The world is a small place, really—but large enough for those with large hearts and good vision. Greens don't only symbolize life—they form it.