

when we have proof.

The Lagos-Ibadan expressway was always my fascination,

127.6km surreal view of nature,

tall vegetations, it had me in question,

Mother will say, it was life's anchor,

One of many, which gave life to many.

At nineteen, I took that road once more,

Factories with chimneys and buildings bordered its sides

A brutal transformation,

The ripple of population explosion and human demands,

churned more tree felling and endangered species,

Pollution became our '*o compatriots,*'

and climate irregularities, the *bata we danced to.*

At age 22, I had had enough,

I lent my voice,

not in whispers, not in thoughts,

for deemed inconsequential,

the only vast eco on campus

to be cleared for political infrastructure

Generation restoration is not a competition,

not a war of age or ego

It's a cry for cascade

To pull one another; Gen X, Y, Z and the alpha,
with the right knowledge and action
what better ways when we have proof,
if solar panels can replace fumes,
then planting can be second nature at schools, homes,
sensitizations through expressive forms, like the dawns,
Unlearning habits of trashing on streets,
Recycling and clean energy by factories,
one step at a time,
a safer future can be sustained.