

The Sapiens rendering the Earth useless  
But Useful as a dump site-  
Mother Nature now in rage;  
Uplifting her shield from Nature's harm

The pastoral now a Nightmare.  
A panacea not to be thought-

To cure this misery, think like the old hour  
When the Planet was never sour  
Producing with no fare  
Mother Nature always so tender

Plant and give her more children,  
The greens, and she nurtures them

Never steal a child from her embrace;  
It awakens a storm no force can face.  
For in a mother's anguished cry,  
Even the heavens learn to sigh.



