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## My cry for restoration

Drip, drip, drip

Can you hear that?

The groans that come from within:

Agonizing,

Endless,

Raw.

The blood of my land pours out,

Gushing at alarming rates.

I pleaded for help.

Sniff, Sniff –

Can't you smell that ?

The odour of toxicity fills my air.

The smell of decay emits from my soul.

My core aches.

Where are those who dwell upon me,

Who cause all my suffering?

I give, you take—nothing more.

My forests, once luscious

Now barren.

My creatures forage beside plastic corpses.

The seasons,

Unpredictable even to me...

Listen!

Be warned, for my plea must be heard:

All that is taken must be returned;

What has been destroyed must be restored;

What has been defiled must be made whole.

Gather.

Repair.

Redeem what you have soiled.

Together, a change can still be made

And perhaps

Someday, a smile will return to my face.

My enduring scars will be a testament to how far we've grown.