

Her Cries

by: Mary Capadocia

Blindly we walk, in shadows of our making,
Mother Nature's pain, our hearts forsaking.
Don't you see? Don't you hear? Don't you feel?
Her cries for healing, so raw, so real.

Don't you see her rivers, dry and choked?
Her forests vanish under skies all smoked.
Can't you feel her oceans' angry cries?
Creatures fade where warming waters lie.

In the heart of chaos, with many passersby,
A busy city where dreams learn to fly.
But amidst the buildings and bustling streets,
Mother Nature's cry, a silent defeat.

Mother Nature weeps, her tears unseen,
In polluted waters, that once ran clean.
Her breath stolen by fumes of our creation,
Yet she offers hope, a chance for salvation.

Envision a city, green and alive,
Where nature and progress harmoniously thrive.
With gardens everywhere, and parks all around,
Life in concrete blooms, with nature unbound.

In the end, it's our choice, our fate,
To mend the wounds, before it's too late.
In these cities, with nature as our guide,
A brighter, sustainable future, where all can reside.