

What would the future hold?

A humid wind whistles past, laced with the sting of cigarette smoke
And the hum of city lights flickers out the moon's bleak breaths

Under the blinking glow of the TV screen I watch, stunned -
About the melting icecaps and drought-ridden homes
Until the darkness that our earth has plunged bring tears to my eyes
Down filth-splattered streets children whisper, " Climate change knows no borders"

Chemistry teachers will point at whiteboards with bitter eyes
" Unrenewable fuels are adding to the earth's carbon dioxide"
This bustling landscape that used to be full of life now sinks in its own heat
I look out the tainted classroom windows; buildings stand, but no trees

Now I walk through winter after winter, each one warmer than the last
I remember cyclone Gambrielle, fixing the roofs on a rain-lashed night
And the torrents of floodwaters that choked the drains
Pondering how our lives could stretch on in the midst of this blight

But today, I kneel in a community garden where grass thickens and leaves bloom
I scroll through environmental activists speaking out about energy efficiency
About rebirthing the earth's nature through restoring our ecosystems
Resilience glistens on every calloused palm, every seed pressed into the soil

I know the globe can unite in harmony to combat climate change
One day, I will be looking out the classroom windows, this time with tears of joy
Watching as groups of skipping children plant seeds into the ground
The wind tipping their shovels as they laugh