

Whispers of Change

In whispers soft, the earth does speak,
Its voice a melody, both mild and meek.
Beneath the azure canopy, it sighs,
Tales of old, where verdant valleys lie.

Through tangled woods, where shadows dance,
Nature weaves its fragile, fleeting trance.
Each leaf a note in the symphony of life,
A harmony that knows no mortal strife.

Yet in the hush, a somber chord resounds,
A dirge for lands where life once knew no bounds.
In barren plains and oceans choked with tears,
The melody of loss rings in our ears.

For we have wrought a discord in the song,
With heedless steps, we've danced our way along.
The rhythm falters, as glaciers mourn,
And forests weep for all that has been torn.

But still, amidst the chaos and the strife,
A glimmer of hope rekindles life.
In every act of kindness, every vow,
We plant the seeds of healing, here and now.

So let us heed the earth's impassioned plea,
And nurture every fragile melody.
For in the echoes of our shared refrain,
We'll find the harmony we seek, again.