

"Whispers of the Deep"

Beneath the vast expanse where waves hold sway,
A silent tragedy in the sea's ballet.
Echoes of pollution, a muted plea,
As once azure waters yield to debris.

Plastics drift, a shadow on the tide,
A perilous dance where sea creatures hide.
Oil-stained rainbows mark a desolate dream,
Nature's reflection in a polluted stream.

Creatures of the deep, tales of despair,
Corals bleached, life's vibrant hues wear.
In the silence of the sea's lament,
A plea emerges, a call to repent.

Yet, amid the darkness, a flicker of light,
A call to action, to make it right.
In unity, as stewards of the tide,
Let's restore the sea, where life abides.

For every bottle adrift, every plastic tide,
A promise we make to turn the tide.
To cleanse the seas of the human stain,
And gift the ocean its rhythm again.

In the symphony of waves, let hope be heard,
For every dolphin, every seabird.
Let our hands be the tide that heals,
In the whispers of the deep, life reveals.

As sunsets linger on horizons afar,
Let the oceans be, once again, our guiding star.
In the embrace of the sea, may we find,
A harmony renewed, a legacy enshrined.