

The Whispering Wind: A lament for lost wild things

The whispering wind, through branches bare,
Carries a song of sorrow in the air.
No vibrant plumes or furred forms pass below,
Just echoes where the wild things used to flow.

The ocean's depths, once teeming bright,
Now choked with plastic, robbed of light.
Fish, silent schools, where laughter used to gleam,
Replaced by ghosts, adrift in a plastic dream.

The meadows sing a tune of empty space,
Where butterflies no longer leave their trace.
No buzzing bees, no hummingbirds in flight,
Just silent blooms, withering in the light.

We built our towers, claimed the land and sky,
Blind to the whispers, as the wild things die.
The web of life, we severed with our greed,
Now face the silence, the barren seed.

But hark! A whisper, on the wind it rides,
A call to heal, a chance to set things right.
With open hearts and hands that mend,
We can rebuild, where brokenness descends.

Plant a seed, protect a fragile wing,
Let empathy bloom, a new song for life to sing.
For in the wild, our own reflection lies,
A chance to rise, beneath forgiving skies.

So let us listen, to the whispering wind,
And mend the tapestry, where broken threads
begin. For the Earth's wild heart, still faintly beats,
Awaiting hands, to make its future sweet.