

Climate Crisis Poem

By Beata Reintjes

Cry me a river,
Cry me an ocean.
But those are polluted and broken,
Along with a forests,
And our smoked filled skies,
Because people can't seem to stop telling lies.
'Climate change doesn't exist',
They say.
'Our world is at no risk',
They sneer.
Chemicals taint our rivers,
Toxins poison our ground.
And yet we are at no risk?
Our world is crumbling.
We are filling it with plastics,
That we named,
Manufactured,
And sold.
We can't ignore the fact that we are the one's breaking it.
We can't ignore the fact of garbage piles so high,
They seem ever reaching towards the sky.
We can't ignore the fact,
That some places have so little water,
That it cracks the Earth in two.
While others have an abundance of it,
Overflowing their streets, and their buildings.
We can't ignore these facts,
And yet we do.
We put them aside,
Place them in the box labeled 'later'.
Write them on our to-do list, but never check them off.
We need to help our Earth.
We took her resources.
Breathed her air,
Fished her Oceans dry,
Killed off her animals.
And not once did she ask for something in return.
We need to help our Earth, before it is too late.