

A Sacred Plea

By Mia Bader

If you look into the sky, tell me what you see.

Do you see clouds?

Do you see the sun?

Or do you see just the bright blue sky?

If you take a deep breath of air what do you feel?

Do you feel a cold shiver run up your spine?

Do you smell the seasons change? Or do you just smell life?

And if you look at the ground do you see the green grass?

The flowers blooming?

Or the feet of your neighbor asking if you want to play?

Our earth is our planet.

Our earth is our home.

So let's keep it safe for all of us to roam.

Rip a sweatshirt make something new,

Bring a water bottle that can be used again too.

Break a box, make a box. Use the old for something new.

By helping yourself with these things, you help the world too.

By reusing our things, not throwing them away.

We're saving them for another day.

It's a tangle when you don't want to throw something away,

But all you have to do is look at a new angle.

By saying goodbye it's like saying see you soon,

Because before you know it your can could be in the shape of the moon.

Like a quote once said upon an old book,

"Even trash can be recycled into something beautiful, if you just look."

If you lessen your trash,

You can minimize the gash in the poor earth's heart.

If you get things you can reuse,

Then you can reduce,

Make your mark,

And do your part,

To help our beautiful green earth.

Our earth is our planet.

Our earth is our home.

So let's keep it safe for all of us to roam.

So all I ask as I get on a knee, is to help the earth.

To listen to its sacred plea.

