

Earth Day Poem: A Protest About Life

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Trash fills the moist air,
Pollution, killing the earth,
Has anyone ever looked around,
And noticed: they're hurting us?

The wind flows through my leaves,
Leaving them dry and cracked.
They still don't notice:
They're hurting us, too.

A lone plastic bag flies on by,
With a smirk on its face,
Lands on a branch,
And calls it his own.

People don't know
What a piece of plastic can do,
Whether it be about life or death,
The plastic can do both,

I've seen humans use paper bags,
Those help...
5 cents...
Does a lot for a tree

Anyone noticed a dying tree,
It's 2056, and I still can't be.