



A Vanished Purity

A woman dreamed of a world untouched by time,
Where flowers opened softly, and all was green.
A tender breeze whispered across her face,
While birds painted freedom across the sky.

Squirrels danced among branches laden with fruit,
And trees murmured secrets to the wandering wind.
Silver streams wandered through the waiting earth,
And every living thing breathed without fear.

She woke to a world she could hardly know
Forests were falling, and clear rivers ran dark.
The fruits once sweet had lost their natural taste,
While silent machines replaced the songs of birds.

She stood and wondered where the green had gone,
And who had stolen the purity she knew.
Then she understood: the dream was Nature's voice,
A fragile warning carried through the night.

What we destroy today may not return tomorrow;
What we poison may never flow clear again.
The earth still waits beneath our careless hands
To be protected, not possessed, before she fades.

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