

Rainforest

Francesca Scappaticci

The hiss of the rainforest rises and settles.

A song of serenity, hymn of life.

The towering trees decorated with leaves,

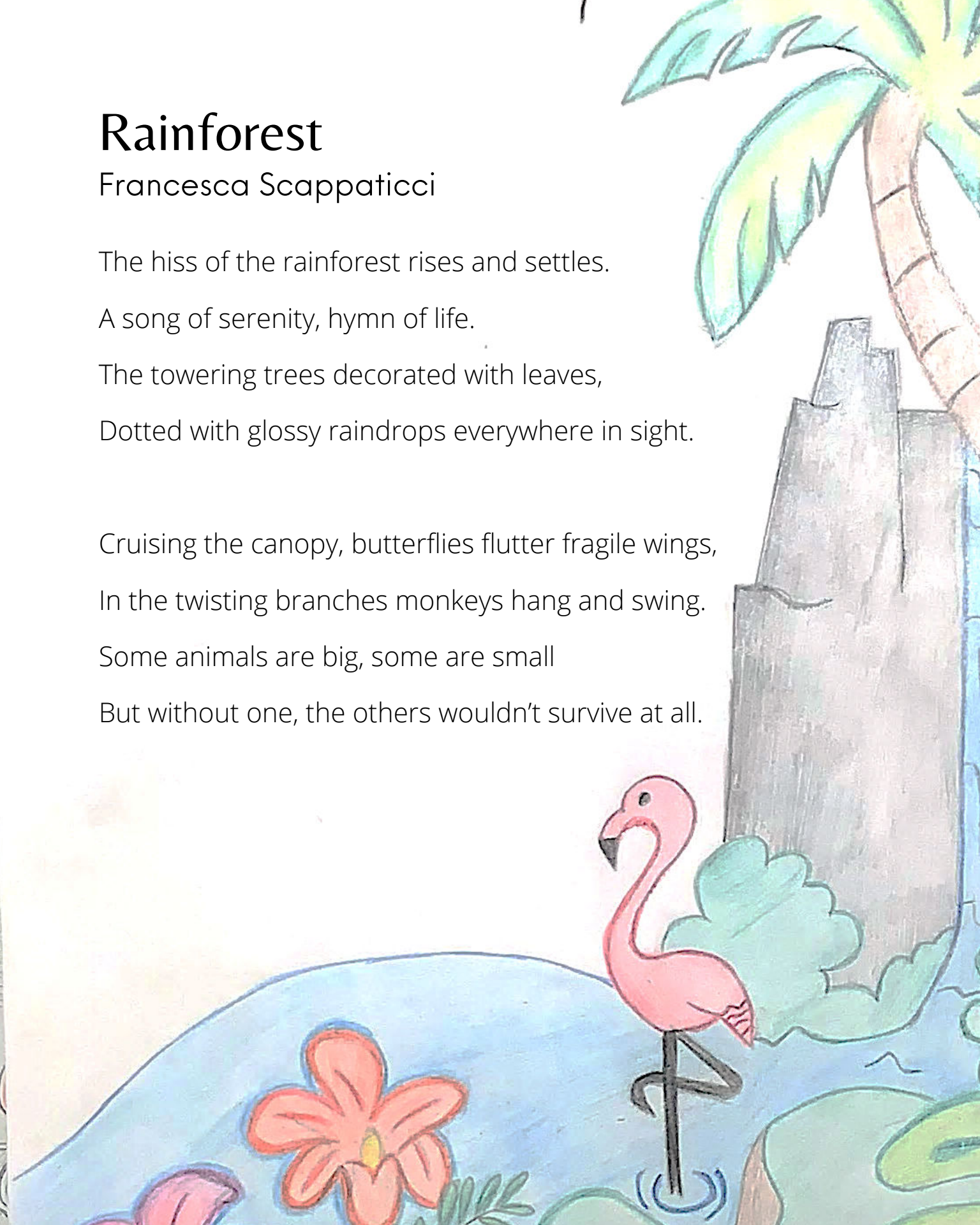
Dotted with glossy raindrops everywhere in sight.

Cruising the canopy, butterflies flutter fragile wings,

In the twisting branches monkeys hang and swing.

Some animals are big, some are small

But without one, the others wouldn't survive at all.





Meanwhile, in the city the air is swamped with fumes,
heaving with people pushing past to make room.
A brush stroked grey sky so damaging,
We breathe but don't know how we're managing.

The people are unaware of destruction,
Think it won't impact their concrete lives.
Without knowing their habits mean animals now,
Are competing in a race to survive.

Now back to bliss and beauty and green,
More natural wildlife than you have ever seen.
But with poaching rates and deforestation rising
Pollution is thriving and the Eden is dying.

Going,

Going,

Gone?

