



Beautiful Tomorrow?

In the desolation of today,
I hang on to the promises of tomorrow:
When life will be in harmony
And struggles gone.

I believe that things will change
And I will fly again over the rainbows
Looking down at forests and rivers
Spotting wildlife, as they enjoy their day.

Waiting for tomorrow, I watch
Videos about nature and read books
About wildlife; I imagine the future
And think of stuff to take along.

And, then, I remember, yesterday and today:
Where we pump more oil and burn more coal
Cut more forests and mine more gold.
And then, I wonder, how tomorrow will be.

How will tomorrow be, if today:
We kill each other and nature too;
We build more borders and weapons too?
Will tomorrow be beautiful, if today we neglect?