

## What If

A life of color,  
A world of hope,  
Air so fresh it stings.  
Water like crystal,  
Soft summer mornings,  
And gentle bubbling springs.  
Silent winter nights,  
Flower buds in May...

All gifts that Earth does bring.

So fragile now,  
Earth seems to be,  
With waste and pain and sorrow.  
Many have begun to lose  
All hope for those of tomorrow.

But 'not too fast',  
The wind does scream,  
On rage-filled, stormy days.  
'You have the chance,  
You have the will,  
To return Earth to better days.'

What if we listened  
To the skies,  
Who begged and cried and pleaded?

What if we made  
A stand for the Earth,  
Whose sacrifices are unimpeded?

Could we change the future,  
Which lingers dark and deep?  
Or will we succumb to despair  
And watch Mother Nature weep?

Preserve the days  
Of sun-speckled lakes,  
The days of clean blue skies.  
Don't let us lose  
The purple evenings,  
Or the stars that lit our eyes.

Our gift is the earth,  
And nothing less,  
Yet nothing more could we want.

What if we stopped  
The down-hill spiral,  
And became confident,  
That earth is ready  
To be reborn,  
And awaits your bold response.

What if?