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Torch Club
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What If...

The sun showers the plants in a ray of sunlight as
the trees dance to the winds music
The sweet smell of honey lingers in the air as
I hear the bumble bees buzzing beside me
The streets are so clean they seem to sparkle
Despite the groups of people that storm over them
As I walk by I see smiles
I see people breathing in the fresh air
I see people being happy

I feel a sudden jostle and I am suddenly transported to real life

The sun is hidden behind the clouds making futile attempts to get by
The trees have been cut down and all that is shown are the stumps, the memories of
what was
The smell of cigarettes clouds my nostrils as I try anything to elude the deathly aroma
I hear the eerie sounds of traffic and cannot manage to find any moment where it is
quiet
The streets are covered with trash
I see people throwing what they disregard onto the ground and continuing to walk
I cringe at every sight
I am only left to see heads looking down at phones, not paying attention to the world
that we have been given
I see people rushing around
I see people being stressed

We live in a new generation
A generation where change is pivotal
A generation where we can no longer accept pollution and apathetic people destroying
our world as we know it
A generation where we need to start seeing leaders rise from the crowd
A generation where we confront our problems and work for a solution

It is no longer what if...
It is no longer a thought
It is no longer a dream
It needs to become a reality