

## Poem

### Our Power, Our Planet

I remember when the park near my house  
had trees so tall they touched the sky.  
Now I walk past empty lots and wonder,  
Where did all the green go, and why?  
We throw away without a thought,  
bags and bottles, day by day.  
Not realizing the damage done,  
not seeing what we throw away.  
I've seen the photos of oceans choked,  
polar bears on melting ice.  
It shouldn't take a disaster  
for us to think about the price.  
But I also see my neighbor  
sorting cans on Sunday mornings.  
I see kids planting seeds in school,  
finally heeding nature's warnings.  
Because this planet isn't broken yet,  
She's just asking us to care.  
To trade convenience for conscience,  
to remember what we share.  
Our power isn't in machines,  
it's in the choices that we make.  
Every bottle that we recycle,  
every step we choose to take.  
This Earth was here before us,  
and with care, she'll outlast time.  
Protecting her isn't someone else's job,  
she's yours, she's mine.