

To Everyone (and the future most likely)

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by OccasionalPoemDoer (Australia)

Prompt:

Nature and Environmental Poetry Competition
2021



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Hear the clock ticking down the hours
Until the end's upon the flowers
And all the grass that takes this world

Stop writing, leave yourself unheard.

The rhythm, rhyme, that surely stop
We're looking past the wretched clocks
And know we're diving into hell

Sit down and just enjoy the bells.

You think this poem will preserve the breeze
Preserve the dark and oaky trees
The snakes that like to bicker, hiss

We're stopping you, please don't do this.

Write your emotions, fears, beliefs
Engrave them onto paper sheets
Fight the abyss others often gaze

Enjoy the light these stars have made..

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Message to Readers

How would poems stop problems?

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