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Ode to a Dying Planet

Pearl weed will never grow,
Stories will be left untold.
Golden Toads forever gone,
Now we dread the break of dawn.

Antarctica will lose the snow;
Australia encased in gold.
The progress that we hope to make,
Forgotten now; an empty ache.

The glaciers all have sunk so low,
While rising waters take their toll.
The world we have so selfishly borrowed,
Could be all but gone tomorrow.

We thread hope with broken string,
As forests burn down so readily.
The grasslands are all on fire,
Yet we pretend the situation is not so dire.

Animals produce no offspring,
We burn fossil fuels so senselessly.
The government will turn their heads,
Then another species winds up dead.

Birds fly without their wings,
Hurricanes come endlessly.
We are all choking on the air,
Yet people are impossible to scare.

We wonder if winter will ever come,
As glaciers face their ruination.
They all refuse the call to action,
Even if the work is but a fraction.

We see record highs and blame the sun,
While polar bears face starvation.
We wonder why the earth is shaking,
As the atmosphere is breaking.

Our thirst for oil is never done,
Have we made our own damnation?
We let the carbon steal away our breath,
Only to be surprised
when we are met with death.