

The Destruction of Beauty

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In warm or cold climate
The beauty is always shown
Where sources are mostly found
And sailors with their boats go
Through the water with a salty smell
In the night sky with the star's guide
South or North, East or West
Always surrounded by blue sky
Calm breeze gently passing by
And shiny sunlight reflecting the sand
The sound of waves breaking near by
And pink shells embedded in the sand
When I get tired of life's routine
From childhood to teenage year
With absolutely no fear
I go to sleep under the shade of the trees
By my own in the place
Thinking about all the beauty things of life
Nothing can compare with what I'm looking at
As well as the feeling that I'm at home

But not everything lasts for ever
This beauty is getting destroyed
By trash and other stuff
Between all this incredible beauty
I feel a knot in my chest
Like I'm going to cry
Seems a small turtle walking by
With a can holder on his neck
I run toward the narrow shallow
And grab the little turtle on my arms
To the shade of the trees where I belong at
Carefully taking the can holder out of his neck
I notice that his neck was all red
I thought how painful would that be
How could this little creature be suffering for our mistakes
It's not his fault and how come he is paying for us
Our mistake has been destroying the beauty
Entire ecosystems and not only that
Corals, and all type of creatures are dying
And the Earth is crying
For our generous hand
To do what we can
So the Earth doesn't get to an end