



DECAYING NATURE

BY NAVID NOOREN

Endangered are the spirits of the forest. Harmless creatures worn around feeble bodies for the exposure of grandeur. Their cries unheard by their wearers. Would they flinch if they could listen to the whispers? Would it stop them from slaughtering? Trapped underneath the putrid oils, rotting away in their providence. Marine life perishes every moment, unbalancing Gaia. Chaos is imminent. Pollution seeps through the sewers, toxemic liquid flowing through the veins accumulating the sea beds. Cycling trivialities, we reap without sowing. Brushing away

all the danger signs in the name of "development". Destruction will be our only salvation, awakening us from our doped minds. Sleep of ignorance produces monsters. Fumigating into poisons we breathe knowingly. Cigars causing less damage to our alveoli rich sponges than the city air.

Polluted consciousness emits the same into the surroundings. We have become our downfall. We can see our world rebelling, building up momentum. Still, the cycle of destruction continues. Ignorant of our fate.

