When the birds are gone
Will we care?
Will we sit outside
And mourn the quiet?
Will there be
A sense of loss?
Of missing beauty?
Of Nature diminished?

Or will we merely
Go inside
And turn on the TV?

When there are
No more animals
And we own the earth
What will we do?
When the wind
Is no longer
Soft and warm
But a raging monster
Tearing off roofs
And whipping fire,
Will we curse Nature
Or ourselves?

And, when the oceans die
And we own
The stinking cesspool
And the earth
Is a giant landfill,
Where will we go?

Mary de La Valette
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