

Death of the Immortal

My birth was heralded by sunshine,
Watery bliss.
A never-ending supply of happiness.
It all came to an end when they arrived,
My benevolent beauty bought my demise.
They were supposed to cherish me,
For my immortelle loveliness.
But, they forgot my needs,

I did not want much.
Just simple sunshine, water,
Some clean air once in a while.
I tried to survive on what I received,
But, I did not get much,

Except all the poisons they injected into me.
Years on death row,
Dying,
While polluted air drowned me.
As their waste rose,
It buried me.

I tried to express my cries through
My falling leaves,
My gnarled fingers,
Combing my balded head.
My passionate pleas were heard,
Finally,

They noticed me,
They tried to help me,
They watered me,
They made their light shine.
But, it was too late.

I left my home,
And as my life floated above,
I witnessed the chaos they had caused.
Urgently,
I wanted to return,
To tell them, beware.
Don't cure the symptoms,
Cure yourselves,
Before it is too late.