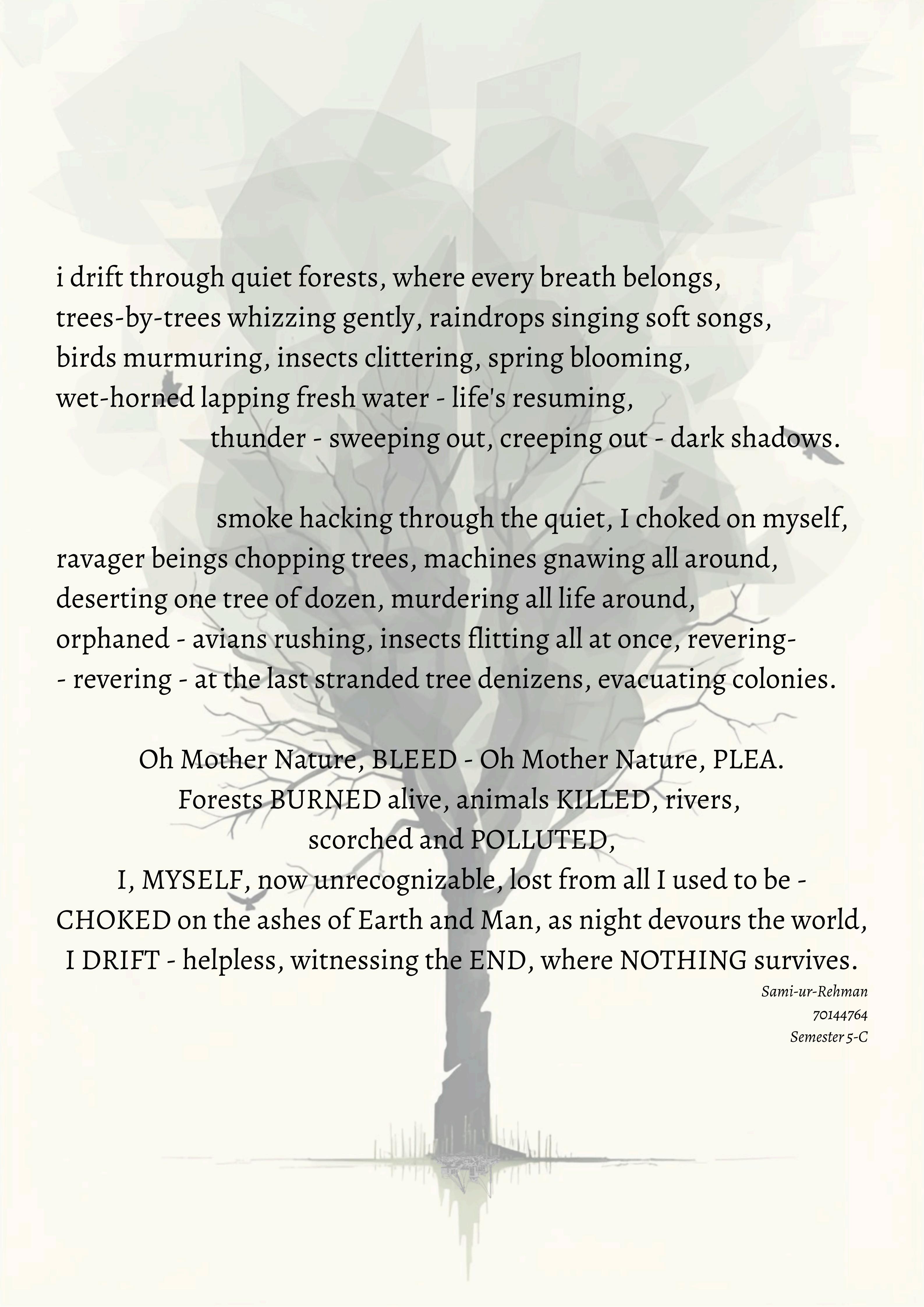




the last breath.

~ Sami-ur-Rehman



i drift through quiet forests, where every breath belongs,
trees-by-trees whizzing gently, raindrops singing soft songs,
birds murmuring, insects clittering, spring blooming,
wet-horned lapping fresh water - life's resuming,
thunder - sweeping out, creeping out - dark shadows.

smoke hacking through the quiet, I choked on myself,
ravager beings chopping trees, machines gnawing all around,
deserting one tree of dozen, murdering all life around,
orphaned - avians rushing, insects flitting all at once, revering-
- revering - at the last stranded tree denizens, evacuating colonies.

Oh Mother Nature, BLEED - Oh Mother Nature, PLEA.
Forests BURNED alive, animals KILLED, rivers,
scorched and POLLUTED,
I, MYSELF, now unrecognizable, lost from all I used to be -
CHOKED on the ashes of Earth and Man, as night devours the world,
I DRIFT - helpless, witnessing the END, where NOTHING survives.

Sami-ur-Rehman

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Semester 5-C