

The Amazing Amazon Rainforest

Where the trees and plants form a crowd
The ancient Sumerian tree stands tall and proud.
Its luscious leaves, best dancer you had seen,
Throughout the most amazing gradient green.

A sea of green no boat shall ever navigate,
Many secrets waiting for someone to locate.
Ancient temples protected by a curse,
To come people to come unearthen.

Vines hug the branches of trees,
While flowers all scatter the ground with ease.
Many plants, so juicy and fruity,
Only few people have seen its full and true beauty.

Suddenly the flutter of wings high up in the canopy,
The most beautiful bird flew down from his balcony.
He comes to join them and sing all day long,
As crickets and birds perform their song.

Then comes a roar from an old jaguar,
He wore a jet-black coat like a sky with no star.
His face was scarred, he'd had a hard upbringing,
They froze in fear and they all stopped singing.

The Beast leapt up and grabbed the thin, brittle branch,
Then it snapped off fell to the ground with one big, massive crunch.
To escape the beast, they all flew away,
He would have to not eat for one more day.

Suddenly, came a small crackling sound,
Coming closer, and closer and closing around.
And the smell of smoke and of lives being lost,
All this damage but for what cost

His ears pricked up and he turned around,
The silent screams of the rainforest sound.
The innocent lives of creatures not beloved,
Never to be remembered or ever to be loved.

More lives had been lost; this saddened the trees,
They start to bend down and touched the floor with their leaves.
As the previous day, their family chopped down,
The forest was disappearing and was losing its crown.

All because of them, the humans of course,
Destroying like a careless rider on a big, fiery horse.
not one single care all this not for the animal kingdom,
All of this just for their own income.

No guilt strikes their face,
As if they have no feelings to embrace.
As they must not care,
Have they always been so, so unaware?

One day there will be none,
All this fine life and beauty, gone.
This oasis of life will become a myth lost in time,
A dream that will last forever, the most horrendous crime.

When the last day before there won't be a trace,
Once the close of the gate.
Would then have lost faith,
In the beauty and grace.

In one thousand years when the scientists come,
And they'll try to add up the sum.
And try and work out what used to be there,
They'll just have to think it's always been bare.