Heavy Breathing.

"I'm hyperventilating a little bit, if I fall over pick me up because I've got some things to say."
Frances McDormand said while accepting an award.
People of prestige gather together and argue over matters of nay
While trash collects in the ocean, a massive hoard.

Dragons breathe fire. I breathe in and out, my lungs filled with embers and coals.
My voice is hot with anger, and sludge. I feel smog in the air.
We prioritize the red, white, and blue. A reminder of idiocracy on flagpoles.
A wish, a plea, begging that through faith our planet can be saved with prayer.

I hate how the world now feels.
I hate how the government continues with their appeals.
We learn about the American dream, but with the way it is, I want to wake up.
Now, I'm stuck behind a screen. I experience life through Instagram Reels.

How can it be expected of the youth to love our earth and love our lives?
When met with grief, the death of our planet, all that we can see is hate.
Words hurt, words cut, words are used against us to twist our minds up.
You have twisted my arm around and stabbed me in the back with a million knives.
You have ruined the sense of community brought to us by Planet Her. Gia, goddess of earth.

We are killing her. She was before us and she may not be ahead of us.
Chimneys of smoke fill the sky. A dove flies by. No longer white but black now.
Covered in soot, my eyes cannot see a future where we have hope.
The dove's lungs are filled with exhaust as am I, exhausted.
You have killed the dove, a symbol of peace, freedom, and love.