

Age of Extinction

Some things never die, they only cease to multiply.

Once a stream of life, only diseases will we find.

To regret is but to rue.

Infectious a brew, pathogens anew.

There are animals we fear, others we endear, ones we like to cage.

Many free to range in the pristine and untouched wilderness.

Roughshod right over habitats.

Can we stratify our place in the world and not fall flat?

Cities are built where the forests once reigned, rivers all but tamed, deserts will remain.

Mysteries revealed in the ice that was made, carbon will put paid, to the earth from which we came.

In the midst of expansion at all costs bar none, progress has no price, nor does the sentience of life.

In an age of extinction, the damage is done, the past becomes our plight, with our myopic insight.

All of our widespread pollution and warming acidifies the seas, resulting in collapse of our way of life and harmony.