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The Sorrow of Nature

Greenish ground, bluish expanse,
Peace sensation and pure wind.
We are creating and creating distance
From our past authentic mind.

No matter how much the fountain
Dried up. No one looked back.
We think all in our pertain.
But egoism makes in it creak.

Butterflies have flown to another
Planet, hoping for a flower.
We are not try to think farther,
Unable to see the animals glower.

No one is responding to
Just a crickets call.
Which civilization and culture do
Humans gradually fall?

The world has continued it's great
Shady deforestation program.
Do they think it's right?
What is their fictional diagram?

Now, we are the best being, try
For nature harm amends to pay.
Mankind, tired of being chased by
Natural disasters, has woken up today.

Wants to survive every life and creature.
About the meaning of life they have lines.
What heaven were human in, when nature
Was whipping under the power of science?