

25<sup>th</sup> December 2040

The world is empty,  
Too hot to explore.  
No animals are left,  
And we want so much more.

Penetrating the Earth,  
Blistering heat traverses through,  
A non-existent Ozone Layer,  
Heating up the barren land we call our home.

Venturing outside,  
There is nothing to feel.  
No droplets of rain dripping on your face,  
Just lifeless, infertile soil,  
The bane of our human race.

Lonely we are,  
As our friends, we can't see,  
Too long spent outside,  
And burnt we would be.

Stepping outside,  
All one can taste,  
Is nothing.  
For our tongues become parched,  
Seconds after exposure to the heat.

Underwater wildlife, beautiful coral reefs,  
I would love to say,  
These I have seen,  
But,  
No oceans are here, for them to thrive and exist.

No trees nor plants can grow,  
To take in the CO<sub>2</sub>,  
No wonderful flowers and fruits,  
All because of **YOU**.

Yes, our technology more advanced may be,  
But used only in creating necessities.  
Artificial water, artificial food,  
And what's more, our planet's in chaos,  
Space exploration a lost dream,  
Our world is now a disaster, no more miracles to conceive.

Grandma, Grandad,  
Was your world the same?  
Because this is our Earth now,  
And **YOU** are to blame.