

Jermaine Morrison

The Beauty of Nature, and Impact of Humans

Autumn Blues

Their bright leaves in the crisp fresh air,
We revel in the beauty of their colors.
Some yellow, orange, and brown, beauties taken at face value,
But what we don't see are the blues they hide.
For they must die, at winter's delight,
And though they'll die, still bright they shine.

Dropping their leaves, all shapes and size,
For miles we drive, to capture such beauty.
Yet in their demise, alone they stand,
Naked branches now left in the cold.
For with the ending of fall comes autumn's blues.

Humankind, the Unkind

Another ice breaks, and the drips continue,
How long before the landslides, will our actions change?
Arctic animals in heated gaze,
For very soon their home, they'll lose.

Sea levels will rise, and glaciers disappear,
Yet human actions continue without change.
How long will we wait? Until there's no seasons to change?
We trod how we please, carbon footprints we leave.

The Sunset's Pride

Lighting the sky with bursting red, and yellow,
Signaling the end of another long day.
A symphony of colors, prideful and bright,
Sparkling the clouds and illuminating the earth.

Demanding the eyes of its eager onlookers,
Then in a flash, melts below the horizon.
The cycle continues, so again we'll gather,
For sunsets bring, the promise of tomorrow.

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When Tomorrow Comes

Today we cleared the forest, new homes were built,
But no thoughts given the wildlife's village.
Today we got new furniture, but no trees replanted,
Today we threw a huge party, plastic cups, straws, conveniently used.

Still no thoughts given to the hazardous wastes created,
Tomorrow, mother nature will fight back.
Landslides, heatwaves, tsunamis, and droughts,
There will be no mercy, for humans like us.

Winter's Demise

Finally, the stems break through the winter's ice,
Branches half green, preparing for life.
A small bud rises, rosy and bright,
Trees now green, refreshed and revived.

Pure white cherry blossoms, tinged with pink,
Though short-lived they welcome the spring.
Fluttering butterflies, bold in colors,
Signals to others, winter's demise.

Troubled Sea

Clothed by the illumination of the sky,
Turquoise blue, the pigment we see.
Treacherous waters, a depth unknown,
Splashing and dashing up the ocean shore.

Perilous waters, turbulent tides,
With vengeance and fury, pulls everything in sight.
We can't ignore its unyielding strength,
And though afar we stay, it's crashing sounds bring us fright.

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An Orchard's Grace

Hefty branches, old but fruitful,
Rows of strawberries, stems of apples.
Tree stems so heavy, with round citrus fruits,
Pineapples stand tall, a village they'll feed.

The birds you house, with your bountiful trees,
Productive you are, yet aesthetics you serve.
From dusk to dawn, through sowing and harvest,
Faithfull orchard, oh when do you rest.