

The Ruin

The rainforest displays differentiated features,
And is complete with all sorts of creatures.
Tree frogs who hop and dance,
Lemurs that swing and prance.
Butterflies beautifully divine,
Orangutans clipped to the vine.
Tapirs wandering astray,
Anteaters snuffling away.
Tightly tangled together, yet nothing a struggle.
Each an important part of the dreamlike jungle.
But within the fairytale forest, a nightmare lurks.
Waiting to attack, a danger emerges.
An uproar begins to be heard,
Crashing, commotion surges.
Animals are fleeing left, right and centre,
They have nowhere to go, no shelter.
To get out of what was once their home,
Now captured and destroyed.
Or harshly hacked down.
Or tugged to the ground.
Just to be made into tables and toys.
Fearful and frightened.
Nowhere to live.
Trees here and there,
Maybe burnt to a crisp.
Where forests used to stand,
Now lies a grazing land.
Or stands a massive pit,
To mine where the ores sit.
Mulch on the ground,
From fauna knocked down.
Twigs lay still and motionless,
Like life now in the rainforest.
Once regions turn to no more than sand,
They move on to a perfect new place.
To begin the process on new land.
How to break free from this endless case?

Charlotte Holden (Year 8)