

Concrete Tree

I long to see trees
That are wooden,
No they are replaced,
So I ask couldn't
They see the problems
Involved in this
Not an objection,
disagreement or fist.

I can see the concrete trees everywhere,
They reach as high as clouds,
But what use are these trees?
When they don't benefit but bring us down
They fail to replace our exit fumes,
They also serve no help to the ground,
And where-ever they are, people gather
Damaging us and always being loud.

When will we learn that these
concrete trees serve no purpose?
Or will we carry on using them
And make our future increasingly hopeless?
Because only when every resource,
Our fish, our wildlife, our honey,
Is used up will the men in suits learn,
You can not eat money.