



# A Poem about Climate change.

While us humans  
live on and on, the arctic slowly dies,  
all because of the smoke and gas through the  
air it slowly flies. While  
none of us really cares, it really isn't fair,  
how they are slowly wilting, and we  
always have repair.

Oh what about landfill too?

Which will pretty much  
always grow,

but don't you think

it would be nice for

the ocean to freely flow?

We must do something about this.

Right this minute, now,

and to stop climate change and landfill is  
something I truthfully vow.

