

## Poem: Lost Treasures

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Where are the days  
when the warm sun rays  
enveloped the wings of a pretty butterfly?

The blooms, the blossoms, and the buds await in hope,  
But with the filth of pollution, the butterflies find it hard to cope.

Where, oh where are the days when a dainty sparrow  
Twittered on the windowsill to share your sorrow?

Today, the sparrows are amiss.  
Sadly, they may perish tomorrow.

Where are the days when, in pure, unpolluted air,  
The morning glories bloomed, without having to brace themselves to bear  
The diffusion of pollution?

Is there a solution?  
No answers to this question.

Where are the days when lush Gul Mohar bloomed regally,  
Nature's crimson rubies, glowing naturally  
Did not have to make way  
For pollution astray?

Letting these simple, but significant treasures, give space to dust and grime  
would be a sin, or call it a crime.

It is not too late  
to replenish Nature's fate

There is still time,  
There is still time.