

The Dragonfly on the Rail

See nature's beauty
At least what's still left,
You better appreciate what remains,
Not yet taken by our theft.
It seems you do not notice
The dragonfly on the rail,
Shivering in the morning dew,
As the snail paints his trail.
It seems you turn way
From the trees crashing down,
From the disappearing creatures,
From the grass turning brown.
It seems you don't appreciate
The beauty of it all
The things that are so tiny
Yet humongous, proud and tall.
It seems you do not gaze at the mountains
The giants full of strength,
Or at the deep dark canyons,
Never ending in their length.
It seems you do not notice...