

The Gears of Waste

By William Bowman

Many years ago, centuries if you feel so inclined,
There was an era where Mother Nature was running out of her time.

Watching as Humanity was experimenting with creation,
Mother Nature couldn't help but feel immense devastation.

Running the oil rigs, and mining for coal,
Everything for the environment was starting to sound dull.

Humanity's descent into the darkest of pits
Was beginning to settle into the creation they knit.

"The Industrial Revolution" is what they named their achievement.

Though for Mother Nature, it was deceptively inconvenient.

And over the years, as Humanity went further,
Everything about this was just screaming "Murder!"

Their finest creation, a noteworthy automaton,
Was a robot, simply designed to be more brains than brawn.

This clever thinker could be around for centuries,
But Humanity didn't stop to think if it wanted to be carried.

Equipped with flames, blades, and even a small furnace,
Its bright yellow eyes would glow, just to concern us.

Coming to a realization on Humanity's mistake,
They all knew what to do, only to be far too late.

Fires were spreading and the smoke was rising,
Not to mention the animals that were currently dying.
A dog covered in tar, a duck with a sneeze,
And even a small flower who couldn't sway in the breeze.

The robot laughs as it sees its destruction,
Everything has happened thanks to its programming instruction.
But for Mother Nature, and Humanity as well...
Nothing was impossible, as all could tell.

To this day, the mechanical beast still roams.
Still lighting its fires, and destroying our homes.
Yet after all this time, we aren't backing down,
After all, this looming threat won't be keeping its crown.

So now you know the story of Mother Nature's struggle.
You know why it's happened, and why she's trapped in her bubble.
All we ask is for her to go without being erased
From this mechanical menace we call "The Gears of Waste".

