

## **Vijay Songire**

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### **The Silent Guardian**

Though small I seem in form  
and face, I hold a duty none can  
replace. To guard the Earth, our  
nurturing land, A task so great,  
yet close at hand.

She feels no touch, nor hears a  
sound, Yet spreads her love the  
world around.

She feeds, she heals, she lets us  
grow—

Still, greed has made our hearts  
turn low.

No pity shown, no care, no grace,  
They scar her skin, they choke  
her face.

For all we give—fresh air, the  
rain,

The fruits of soil, the golden  
grain—

They take, they tear, they toss  
aside, In selfish dreams and  
swollen pride.

But time will come, not far  
away, When nature's wrath will  
have its say.

And we, the givers, lost and  
gone, Will leave them weeping  
for the dawn.  
Yet hope still breathes in every  
tree, A chance to change what  
fate might be.

If minds awake and hearts do  
learn,  
To love the Earth at every  
turn— Then we, the roots of  
life's own song, Might help  
them thrive, might keep them  
strong.

Let wisdom rise in urgency,  
To save us all—from you to me.