

## **A Wild Tomorrow**

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At first, a silent sigh,  
From the oceans past the horizon.  
A vibrant pulse from penguins wadding from left to right,  
The green turtles, emeralds of the ocean, comfort for the foam of Victoria.

Second, a powerful cry  
So heavy its own shields collapses.  
Its core now exposed.  
Its wonders now unspoken  
Victoria now gone astray.

Third, a violent roar,  
That could be heard from mountains further beyond the place we call home.  
Is this our fault?

We don't notice how the ocean,  
carves itself to fulfil our needs.  
When people ask why the ocean is so salty,  
They've never considered maybe it's been crying for centuries.

A Wild Tomorrow,  
You must agree,  
Is how it should be.  
A tomorrow Victorian wildlife should live to see.