

## In a Perfect Society by Alina Wise

The year is two thousand and twenty  
Entering into this year happiness aplenty.  
As time went on the light got dimmer,  
With not even the slightest hint of a glimmer.

Leading us to flee inside our houses,  
The Coronavirus made its impact.  
As we ran away,  
The waterways of Italy are now seeing better days.  
The sky has gotten clearer  
The air feels healthier  
Making us contemplate,  
Have we been the ticking time bomb waiting to detonate?  
Destroying nature unknowingly along our evolving path,  
Is there a way we can create a civilization to combat nature's true wrath?

In a perfect society  
There exists a place of no notoriety.  
The grass is always greener, and there is no other side;  
Communities recycle, without having rules by which they must abide

In a perfect society  
Individuals wish to take care of the home we call Earth,  
Moving onward from the infestation of COVID-19 as if rebirthed.  
Instead of blankly throwing trash on the ground,  
People are renewably educated and sustainability bound.

In a perfect society

Rather than purchasing food that took planes,

And cars to arrive from who knows where;

Locally sourced ingredients becoming the norm,

Lessening environmental warfare.

In a perfect society

The phrase Reuse, Reduce, and Recycle acquires an extra "R",

As we strive to lower our carbon footprint "bar".

Not only do we refuse to let harmful materials become a thing of the future,

But we also refuse to become who we once were.