

The Silent Cry of the Earth - Micheal Kwasi Ackumey

The rivers dark, the forests weep,
The air is thick with death's embrace.
As war and greed their poison seep,
Yet hope still shines with quiet grace.

The children dream of peaceful days,
Beyond the smoke, beyond the pain.
Yet leaders march in reckless ways,
And lives are lost like drops of rain.

But if the world can dare to change,
And hearts can learn to heal and feel,
Then peace won't seem so far or strange,
And love will shape a world more real.