**PSALM OF THE EARTH**

Weary at work by the dead of night,

I longed for a break to make it light’

When a mesmerizing nocturne urged for attention;

A troupe of teen grylloidea had their recitation.

I glanced closer to cogitate their ditty.

A Hooah of ambush or a tune of mirth?

Or is it the sacred psalm of the earth;

Sung at peace by every organic entity.

Perhaps the melophiles were worshipping our planet:

For furnishing a life and a cordial habitat.

But do we ever compute the debts we owe

To nature, for all we squandered years ago.

The reckless exploitation should be halted soon;

Else our posterity will yearn for this boon.