



If Reefs Could Write Obituaries

— A Farewell Letter from the Great Barrier Reef

I was once a living kaleidoscope—

2,300 kilometers of coral,

home to turtles, rays, parrotfish,

and colors too wild for words.

But heat came.

The water warmed.

I turned pale—then silent.

Acid bit my bones.

Runoff fed poison into my veins.

Anchors scraped my skin.

Tourists loved me to death.

If I could write my own obituary:

“Born millions of years ago.

Died slowly—of indifference.”

I don’t want mourning.

I want mercy.

Burn less.

Waste less.

Tread lightly.

Let me live—not as memory, but miracle.

— **The Great Barrier Reef**

