

## Letters from the Children

Dear Mummy and Dear Daddy,  
I walked through the park today,  
I stopped in the dust to write this  
for I have many things to say.

Dear Mummy, I must tell you  
how the water is not clear,  
how it makes us all so sick,  
the thirst though steals our fear.

And dear Daddy can I tell you  
of the hunger that I know?  
There is not enough to feed us,  
not enough to make us grow.

But dear Mummy now I'm scared,  
for the fights have broken out,  
there is no more time for kindness  
only time to shoot and shout.

And dear Daddy I don't sleep,  
for the storms they come at night,  
the floods and fires and earthquakes,  
all such an awful sight.

But dear Mummy they say it was different  
no so long ago,  
that the grass was green and trees would grow  
in the time that you did know.

So dear Daddy did you think of me  
when you watched the ice caps melt?  
When you cut the trees and burnt the gas  
was there remorse that you felt?

But dear Mummy and dear Daddy  
it doesn't have to be this way,  
the world that you give to me  
is the one you choose today.

So dear Mummy and dear Daddy,  
decide now the world you'll give to me  
and know that the world you make today  
will be the only one I'll see.