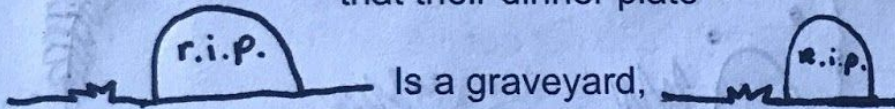
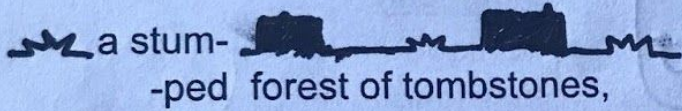


Self-Destruction

Most do not realize
that their dinner plate



Is a graveyard,
contributing to



malnourished children,
and an effluvia of greenhouse g a



That to produce **One** burger



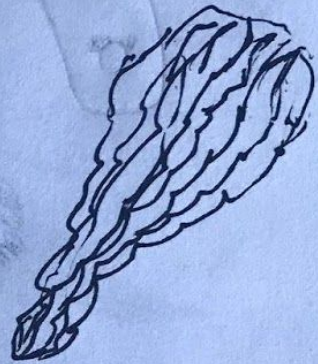
it takes

660

Gallons

Of water.

But at least it *tastes good.*





A sensational array of vegetation,
overgrown tangles of leaves and vines.

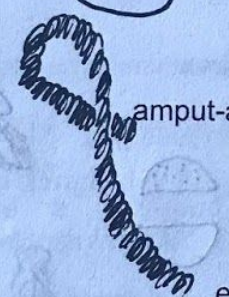
Our lungs -
Breathing in our death,
and out our life.



Shading
a Home of

16
Thousand
Unique
Individual
Species.

Her life,
amputated from her home.

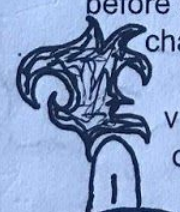


L a c
e
r
t a



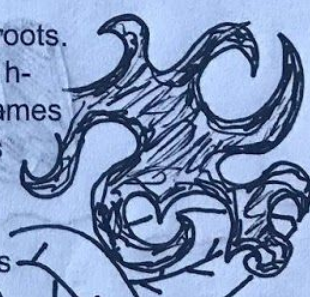
d from her roots.

One last breath-
before scorching flames
char her trunks



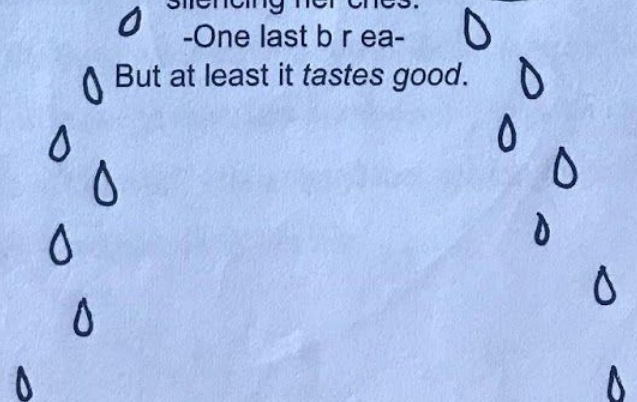
e D

v
o her leaves
u r



and parch her tongue,
silencing her cries.

-One last br ea-
But at least it tastes good.



Nothing compares
to waking up with a symphony
of birds outside the window.



Or watching vibrant golden frogs
L - e - a - p from pad to pad.

Seeing slate saccharine souls



Snuggle and s
l
e
e
p

Chowing on eucalyptus leaves
Or snowy safeguarding mothers



Protect their cubs.

Observing w



a
t
t
l
i
n
g feet

and sliding bellies.



But now they rest,

If not today,

tomorrow.

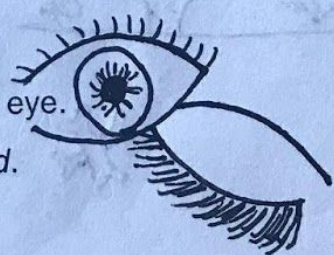
29

Million

species-

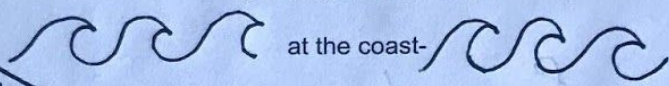
Gone with the b-l-i-n-k of an eye.

But at least it *tastes good*.

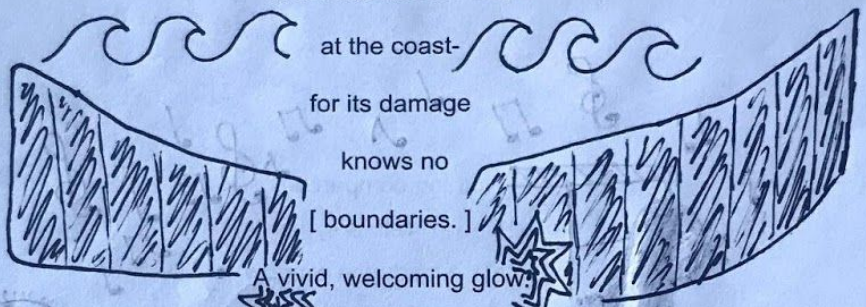




The battle doesn't stop



at the coast-



for its damage

knows no

[boundaries.]

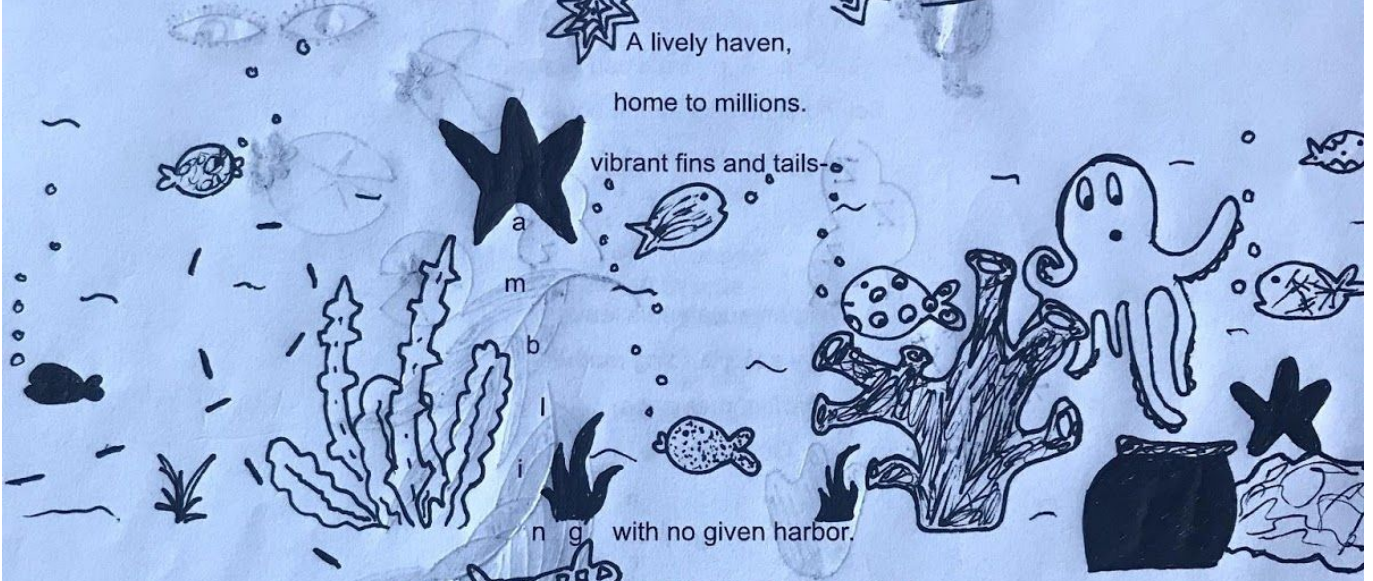
A vivid, welcoming glow,



A lively haven,

home to millions.

vibrant fins and tails-



a

m

b

i

n

g

with no given harbor.



A vacation destination like no other,

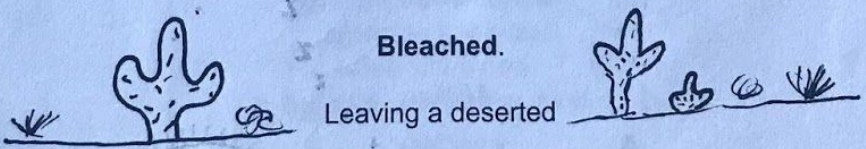
Deep beneath the ocean blues.

Yet Over

50

Percent

Bleached.



Leaving a deserted

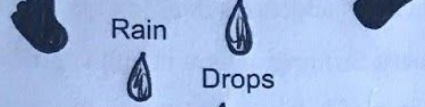
prosaic dessert of bones.



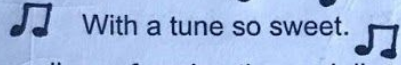
But at least it tastes good.



Sand hugging one's feet
and water tickling one's toes



Rain
Drops
Dropping.
With a tune so sweet.



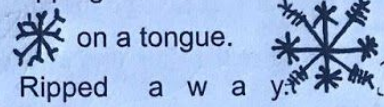
Deep dives of exploration and discovery.



The breath of the w
kissing one's cheek.

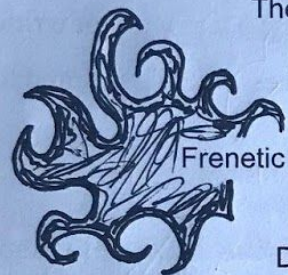


The nipping taste of snowflakes
on a tongue.



Ripped a w a y.

Frenetic flames of red, orange, and yellow.



Arid, barren lands.

Depraved tropical cyclones.

Monstrous towers of navy and teal.

Drowning cities, gasping for a breath of air.



Asinine ground concussions.

A big inescapable **Nightmare**.

But here we are-
beating to death

the very thing that keeps us alive.

O' Society, save her,
for her lungs are suf-fo-ca-ting....

While the world eats.

But at least it *tastes good*.

